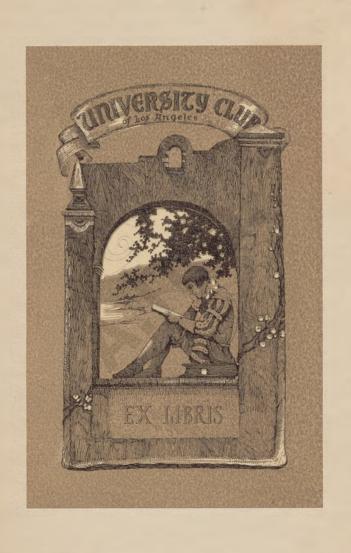
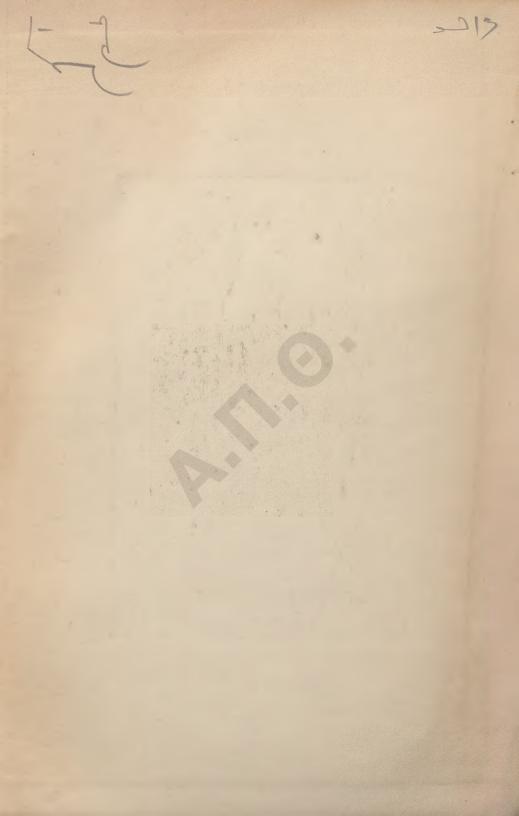
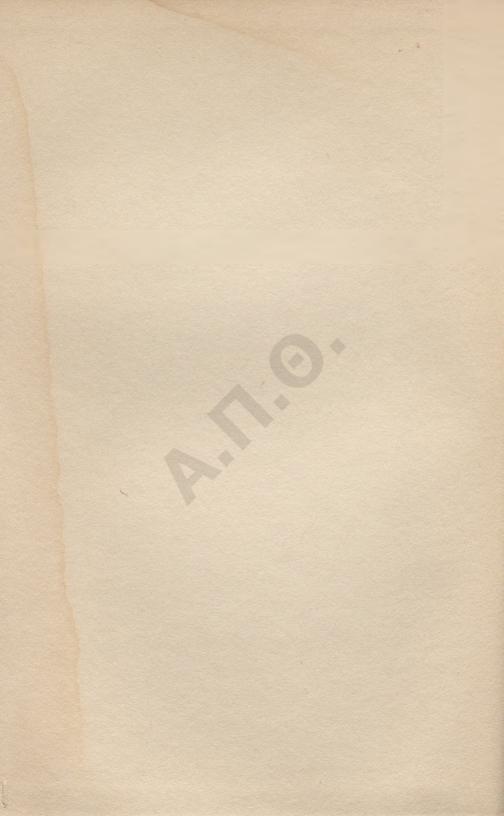
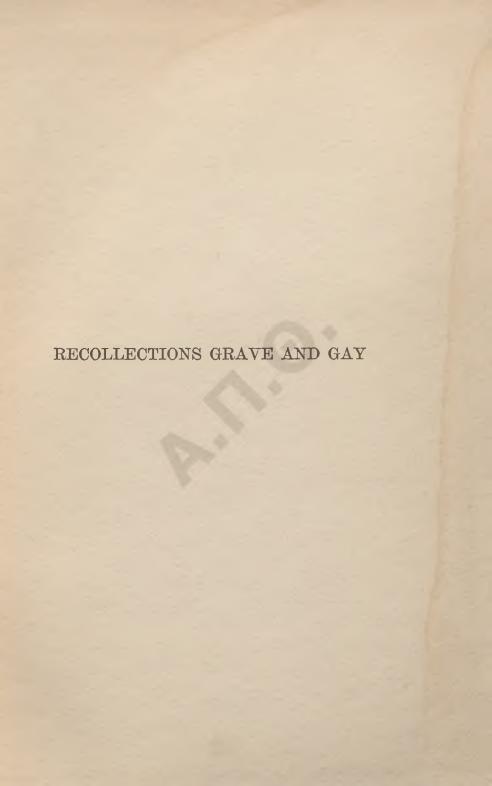
RECOLLECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

GEORGE HORTON

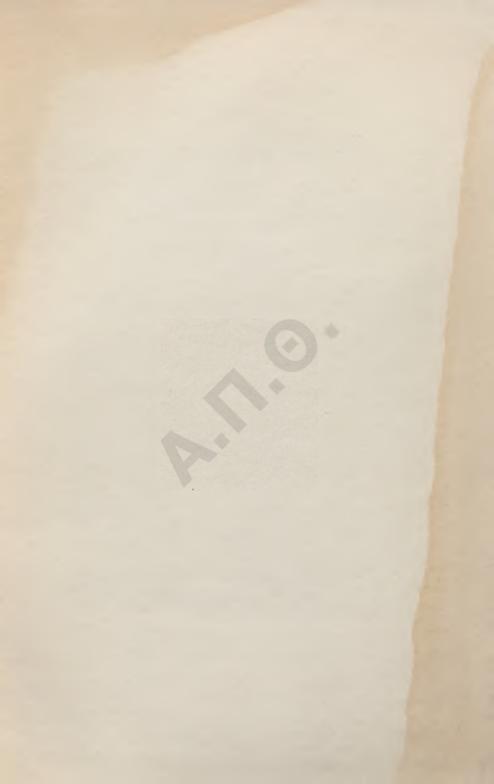














The author delivering a speech at Washington Monument, Budapest

Recollections Grave and Gay

The Story of

A Mediterranean Consul

BY GEORGE HORTON

Illustrated

ДОРЕА І. МЕГАХ ^{Аріон.} 20826

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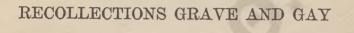
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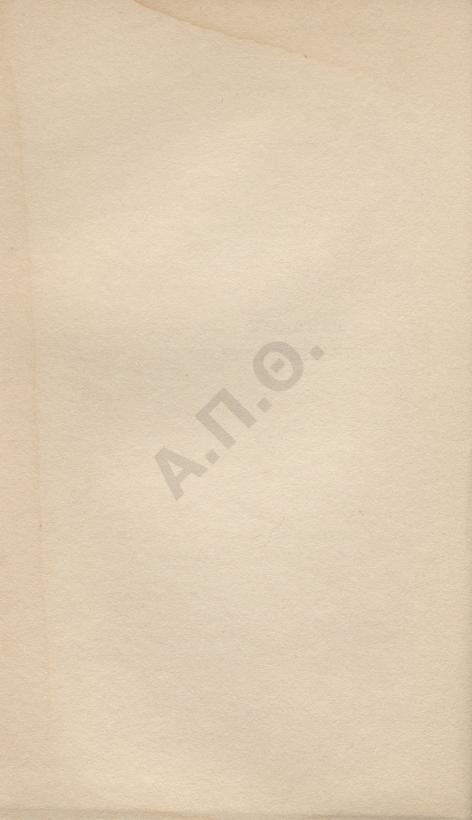
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PART ONE BEFORE THE GREAT WAR



RECOLLECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

CHAPTER I

PROCEEDING TO LONDON

In 1893 I was offered the post of Secretary of Legation at Berlin in recognition of some articles that I had written in the Chicago Herald in favor of President Cleveland, which had pleased that great man. I could see no connection between such editorials and the ability to fill a diplomatic post intelligently, nor do I now; at any rate I did not wish to go to Berlin and declined. I was a passionate lover of the classics, which, indeed, have been the solace and companion of my entire life, and I yearned mightily to go to Athens. I asked for a post there and obtained the consulate, duly receiving my commission with a letter from the Secretary of State, enjoining me, among other things, to "proceed to my post by leisurely and dignified stages, as befits a representative of the United States Government."

At Washington, whither I journeyed to receive my instructions, I was received in a paternal and affectionate manner by that dear old gentleman, Walter Q. Gresham, then Secretary of State.

Sitting by me he laid his hand upon my knee, and said, "When you arrive at Paris, you will have completed the first stage of your journey, and will doubtless feel fatigued. I advise you, before beginning upon the second

lap, to rest up for a couple of weeks in Paris." What delightful advice! And on full salary, too!

In the good old days of honest party politics, there was a feeling of good-will and camaraderie among those in befeathered nests. I have sweeter memories of Party than of Department politics. Periodic thunder-storms and seismic upheavals clean up the former from time to time, and give the other fellows a chance, but the latter go on forever.

I suppose the advice given me by Mr. Gresham would be considered rather out of date for the rank and file today, but it is a fact that Paris continues to be a favorite resting-place for our young diplomats and consuls "proceeding to their posts," who are quite sure to find themselves fatigued on reaching that city.

Paris is an ideal place to rest up in, especially for a young man. I went there via London. I could have sailed to the Piræus direct from New York, but how could I rest up in Paris if I did that?

The man who has been brought up on Shakespeare, Dickens, Charles Lamb, Goldsmith, Tennyson and the rest has a strong feeling that he is getting home as he approaches the British capital, especially if his ancestors came over in 1635, as mine did; for Captain Horton sailed on the good ship Swallow, and built what is now the oldest frame house on Long Island. I thought of that poem which Lord Byron wrote to a relative of mine, Lady Horton, beginning, "She walks in beauty like the night," and decided that I must go 'ome to London.

And did we not, when we were children, all of us sing,

"London Bridge is Falling Down, Falling Down"? There it is. There they all are: the Thames, the Bridge, Westminster Abbey, Fleet Street, the Tower and the other places and monuments made familiar to us in immortal literature.

When I arrived in London the fog was so thick that I could not see any of them, but I felt that they were there, and it seemed to me also that I had lived in that old town at some remote period. Whether that feeling was the result of early and late reading, or sprang from dim memories in brain cells inherited from beef-eating ancestors, now sleeping beneath the stones of London's streets, I can not tell. But it certainly existed.

Arriving in London I put up at the Cecil, I don't remember why. Certain friends who had come over on the ship with me went to the Holborn Viaduct, but I scorned it as not being sufficiently grand for a representative of the United States Government.

Steam heating was practically unknown in England in those days and I was given a damp room in the enormous caravansary, where I nearly froze to death. The sheets of my bed were so damp that I sat up till a late hour of the night, debating whether or not it were safe to get into them. There was a fireplace, ostensibly filled with wood, which proved on closer examination to be some artificial substance, resembling chunks of bone. I tried to light them, unsuccessfully, and at last concluded that this must be a gas grate. Long search failed to disclose where the combustible was turned on. I got into the damp bed at last and awoke the next morning still alive and well.

With returning consciousness, the feeling of arrival in my own country came back more vividly than ever.

"These," I reflected, "are my people. They speak my language. They think my thoughts. My ancestors fought for Cromwell—or King Charley." I couldn't quite remember which. For the moment, in my then romantic mood, King Charley made rather the stronger appeal.

I descended to the dining-room and took my place at a table. The *Thunderer* lay before me. I picked it up and commenced to read a long and dull—stenographically reported—speech by somebody or other, made the day before in the House of Commons. I had no idea what it was about, and it certainly was poor stuff, but I read on and on. Three hundred years of America had slipped away from me and I had become an Englishman in a single night.

I looked up. A little red-haired Cockney stood beside my chair, waiting for my order. I shall never forget him.

"What will you 'awve, sir?" he asked.

"Bring me," I said sternly, "two oranges, some muffins, a cup of coffee, and two soft-boiled eggs."

"I beg pawdon, sir," he replied, "but we awve no muffins."

I didn't really want the muffins anyway. I had been misled, I saw at a glance, by recollections of Chicago, where I had frequently eaten a sort of biscuit known as "English muffin." But I was too sure of my ground, too contemptuous of this young Cockney, to enter into an argument about the matter.

"Bring me some toast," I growled, "I presume you awve toast," and I went on with the speech in the *Times*.

But the little Cockney did not go away. He was looking at me, as I remembered, with a certain degree of consolation afterward, doubtfully.

"What do you want?" I demanded, in a cold, contemptuous British tone. "Why don't you go and get my breakfast?"

And then it came, like a thunderbolt, knocking all the English out of me like a punctured football.

"I beg pawdon, sir," he asked, "but will you 'awve your heggs broken in a glaws, sir?"

"Yes," I replied meekly, "and bring me the New York Herald." The oranges had betrayed me. I should have asked for "marmelawd."

It is very difficult for an American to pose for a long time as English. I remember, as a case in point, a father, mother, two sons and a daughter who were stopping at the same hotel with me in Switzerland. Their English manners and pronunciation were perfect. There was some suspicion that they might be Americans, but the general verdict was in favor of Great Britain. The day they were leaving, and had all, except the head of the family, piled into a big automobile, they couldn't find their "luggage." The paterfamilias walked up and down the porch, storming about the bally luggage, till at last he lost his patience, and blurted out, "Where is that damned baggage anyway?" That settled it.

Most Britishers find the American custom of breaking eggs into a glass disgusting, and I believe our best

Tory families have learned to use egg cups. The real backbone of this country, however, the genuine descendants of the "embattled farmers," stick to the good old practise.

I once gave a lesson in egg eating to an English baronet. He had stayed overnight with me, and we were having breakfast together on a sunny second-story porch, overlooking my garden in Athens.

"Oh, please," he begged, "may I eat my eggs in the American style?"

"Just watch me," I replied, "and do as I do."

He complied, with as much fixity of attention and earnestness as if he had been conducting a chemical experiment that would revolutionize warfare.

"First," he soliloquized, "you break the eggs into the glaws. Then you add a little buttah, a little peppeh, a little salt, and then you stir it round and round. What a chawming mess!"

But let us return to the Cecil, for we have got no farther than London in our dignified and leisurely journey to our post.

Having finished my "heggs broken in a glaws," I went to the door and looked out. The fog had increased in thickness, if that was possible. Men and women were suddenly appearing out of it and disappearing into it with magical, mysterious effect. Could a square block of London fog be sawed out and carted around—and the thing seems quite possible—it would make a splendid stage property for *Hamlet*. The Ghost could emerge from it and melt into it at will. On the several occasions when

I have been in London, there has always been a fog, and I think of it as inhabited by ghosts. Hence, perhaps, Conan Doyle.

I made my way across the street and found myself in a bar. I do not recall in which direction I went, but I presume that had I gone in any other the result would have been the same. Two gigantic, big-fisted, florid-faced girls were dispensing drinks, and several flashily dressed men, in short coats and high hats, were leaning against the bar, talking familiarly with them. The men had wicked, dissipated, roguish faces. I took them for gamblers of some sort. Perhaps they were gentlemen.

I returned to the hotel and even in that short distance was accosted by several hatchet-faced little girls, all wearing low-crowned hats, with stiff narrow brims. These hats seemed to be made of tin, covered with shiny black oilcloth.

I ascended to my room and began a systematic and exhaustive campaign to solve the mystery of the fire-place. I gave it up at last and rang the bell. A giantess appeared with cheeks the color of fresh raw beef. She was Cornish.

"I presume you want 'ot water, sir?" she said.

"I presume not," I replied, "I want fire."

She went away and returned in a few moments with a screw-driver, much to my amazement. Going to a corner of the room she pried out half a dozen tacks and laid back the carpet. Then she lifted a board and there, behold, was the key to the gas that burned in the fireplace. Turning this, she lighted the fire, put back the board, nailed

down the carpet and went away, carrying the screw-driver with her.

There were two or three more days in that week, during which I ordered a fire three or four times a day. When I came to pay my bill, I found that I had been taxed three shillings, or about seventy-five cents, for each lighting. Thinking this over, I concluded that this charge was largely for labor of the giantess and wear and tear of the tool. I therefore went out and bought a screw-driver. Why the maid came armed with this particular implement in preference to some other, I do not know. Perhaps in other rooms the carpet and floor were screwed down.

While I was stopping at the Cecil my friends from the Holborne Viaduct groped over through the fog to see me.

"Hello! You have a fire," they cried joyously; "now we can get warm. We have no fires at all at our place."

Alas! My blaze was a delusion, as no heat came out into the room. They were desperate, however, and, sitting close to the spacious grate, thrust their legs up the chimney. During my sojourn in London, I received frequent calls from these new-found, but faithful friends, and always entertained them in this fashion.

One does not do much sight-seeing in London during the fog. I went, of course, to the Tower, and saw the place where sweet Lady Jane Grey was incarcerated, followed the route which she took to the place where they hacked off her lovely head, and I wondered how they could do it; I saw, too, the staircase under which the bones of the two murdered princes were found; the towers where the Duke of Clarence and Henry VI were done to death, and the little graveyard where a long list of England's great and noble were buried, after having their heads chopped off with a broad ax.

The fog still continuing the next day, I concluded to leave London before it became so thick that I could not find my way out. It seemed a shame to go, however, before seeing Westminster Abbey. That was many years ago, and the awful gloom and oppressive solemnity of the place have saddened me ever since—sadden me to-day as often as I think of it. Nowhere is the littleness of human greatness brought home to one as in this tremendous pile. Here the great poets, whose spirits live in their immortal pages, are mere pinches of dust and bundles of bones; while the mighty lords of church and state and the all-powerful kings and queens who move in gorgeous pageant through Shakespeare's plays, so quick that they seem to be standing before us, are shriveled, lifeless clay, such as we all shall become.

How silent they are! With a gruesome, mocking, yet eloquent stillness, that seems to whisper, "Vanity! Vanity!" It is wonderful, beautiful and dreadful.

Those recumbent effigies of kings, queens and nobles, too, lying white and still, with their stone hands folded on their stone breasts, how majestic they are and how impotent! The very hands that chiseled them are long since dust.

I left London that evening in the fog, crushed and permanently saddened. It is possible that since my visit to it the Cecil may have adopted a more modern system of heating, and have dispensed with the giantess and the screw-driver; it is even possible that London has a brighter side, as I have often been told, but why go there when there are such cities as Paris and Corfu on earth?

Mr. Gresham was right. I needed a period of repose in Paris, and I set out for that city.

CHAPTER II

REPOSING IN PARIS

A DELIGHTFUL old-maid schoolma'am from New York crossed the Channel with me. Despite the fog, she was quite gay when she came aboard. She probably had not been to the Tower and the Abbey. She wore a cap surmounting a strong masculine face with a big square chin.

After we had got out a ways, I discovered her sitting on a bench, her feet braced against the engine house, her hands grasping the back of the seat on either side. I have never seen such a look of mingled despair, determination and uncertainty on any human countenance.

Catching my eye, she murmured, "She chuhns! She chuhns!" This she repeated from time to time during the entire passage, varying the expression occasionally to, "I wouldn't care if she didn't chuhn!" Any one who has ever crossed the Channel in stormy weather will understand what she meant. The only moments that she forgot the "chuhning" during the passage were when I happened to mention the New York Superintendent of Schools.

"Do you know who he is?" she demanded. "He's God Almighty." At another time she referred to him as "an old Jack-o'-Lantern, both in appearance and amount of brains." Whenever I observed that she was suffering too greatly from the motion of the ship, I went up to her and renewed the conversation about the Superintendent.

When we arrived in France the sun was shining and the whole world wreathed in welcoming smiles. I also found my hotel, the Louvre, comfortable to the minutest detail.

If one goes to London saturated with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Goldsmith and Dickens, he approaches Paris, or is pretty apt to, after a course of decadent and shady literature. The material sewers of Paris empty into the Seine, but her intellectual sewers find their outlet in the United States. "Reading a French novel" has long been synonymous with perusing something naughty. At the time when I first visited Paris, some thirty years ago, American literature was chiefly written for young girls, and went to the extreme of prudishness, thereby affording a greater contrast than it does to-day with the French salacious product. The contemporaneous American sex novel may not be quite so frankly dirty as its Gallic rival, but it is more deeply vicious and dangerous.

Despite all this, the words "French novel" still convey to the average American the idea of mental decadence and moral perversity. With this in view, his first sight of Paris is, or ought to be, a revelation, a triumphant defense, a confutation, a rebuke, to an intelligent American.

The men who conceived, who built and who inhabit that magnificent, beautiful and impressive city, are neither decadents, pessimists nor atheists. Those broad, symmetrical, rhythmic, majestic vistas are as truly a work of art as the Hermes of Praxiteles, as surely a poem as *The Divine Comedy*, and they are more significant, for they are the spiritual expression of an entire people.

Contrast that expression with the tearing down of all our historic mansions in the city of Washington, to be supplanted with Wardmanized dry-goods boxes. If Paris is the physical expression of the Latin spirit of beauty and psychic power, Washington is becoming an exhibition of American commercialism, utilitarianism and greed.

After seeing Paris, one can not think of the Parisians as inhabiting any other city; and this conviction flashes upon one like a sudden revelation the moment he looks up and down the Rue de Rivoli or any other of the great Boulevards, and before he has visited the Louvre, the Tomb of Napoleon, or the Palace of Versailles.

After one glance at Paris I forgot all about the French novel. I did not even visit the Moulin Rouge and other resorts maintained principally for American tourists. I shook off the last impressions of London with its fog, its stupendous and crushing Abbey, and its Tower, where they murdered Lady Jane Grey and the poor little Princes, and made for the Louvre.

When one enters for the first time a vast treasurehouse of art and knowledge such as the Louvre—there is but one; when one enters for the first time, therefore, the Louvre, there are several courses that he may pursue:

(1) He may dash from room to room with Baedeker in hand, chattering all the time, making sure that the things are there, as the guide-book represents. That is "doing" the Louvre.

- (2) He may stroll about, taking in whole walls of paintings, or rows of statues, or collections of historical objects, at a single glance. That is "seeing" the Louvre, and could be accomplished as effectually by a cow as by a human being.
- (3) He may enter and go straight to some object or collection in which he is especially interested. That is "visiting" the Louvre, and it is possible that a great institution of this kind serves its purpose best in catering to the specialists who thus frequent it.
- (4) If he is an ordinary mortal of average intelligence, with but a few days to spend, he may pick out the things which he most wishes to see, find out where they are, and go and revel in them. That is "enjoying" the Louvre.
- (5) If he is a mortal with unlimited time on his hands, he may make a systematic study of the place, in the many excellent books written about it, and go day after day and month after month, striving always to cultivate his perceptions and his intelligence upward to clearer and keener appreciation. He may even listen to lectures and put himself in the hands of intelligent guides. That is completing one's education.

Arriving at the Louvre I went straight to the department of ancient Greek statues. I did this, to be perfectly frank, not because I had at that time special knowledge in this line, but for the same reason that an honest man gives for taking a drink: I like them.

I wandered about for a time, enjoying myself thoroughly, and glad that I was not accompanied by any one

who could walk and talk. In fact, one must be thus alone when associating with statues. What need has he of other people, especially people with clothes on? Modern clothes; forked, creased pants, hideous sack coats, bowler hats?

The statues are divinely beautiful, physically, and they are alive; the souls of the men who made them live in them. So, I say, I wandered about and hobnobbed with the statues for about an hour. Some of them I talked to, causing the guard to come closer to me, evidently suspecting lunacy, but he soon discovered that I was harmless and went away. How could he know that I was steeped in Greek, that I was freshly escaped from a Chicago newspaper desk, that I was feeding a great heart hunger, that I was "reposing in Paris"?

Suddenly, at the far end of a long hall, I stopped, gazing straight ahead, for some time seeing nothing in particular, but under the influence of a strange mystic spell. I advanced slowly, still gazing as one hypnotized or charmed, and at last saw or realized, rather with my spiritual than with my physical senses, a goddess. At no time did I think of this apparition as a statue, nor have I ever so thought of it since.

I came near and gazed long upon the face—the face it was that charmed me. I sat down upon a convenient bench and kept my eyes fixed upon that sublime, gracious and tender countenance. Finally, it flashed upon me, and I commenced to laugh, softly. Even so closely are our physical and spiritual entities wedded. When the soul rejoices, the body laughs.

It was the Aphrodite—not Venus—of Melos. I had no Baedeker with me, and I had for the moment forgotten that she was there. She told me herself.

From that time on there was nothing else for me in the Louvre, little else in Paris. It is even so, always. When Aphrodite reveals herself, there is never anything else, anywhere. I arose and walked slowly around the goddess, but still it was not the delicious form, perfect as when it arose white and pink from the sea, dripping snowy foam, kissed rosy by the early dawn, that attracted me, save as a part of a glorious whole. This was not the Aphrodite of the orgies and the shameless nights. This was a Queen of Heaven, pure and tender as the Virgin.

I sat down again and gazed at the face, realizing that the sculptor, the worshiper, who had wrought that image, had as little sensuality in him as any of the religious painters of the Middle Ages, and he had done that marvelous thing that only the Greeks and their disciples have succeeded in doing, he had combined perfect physical development and health with exalted spirituality.

There can be no appeal to the passions in such beauty; such nudeness is clothed, as was the Lady Godiva's, in purity. This is not the Aphrodite of whom Swinburne raged:

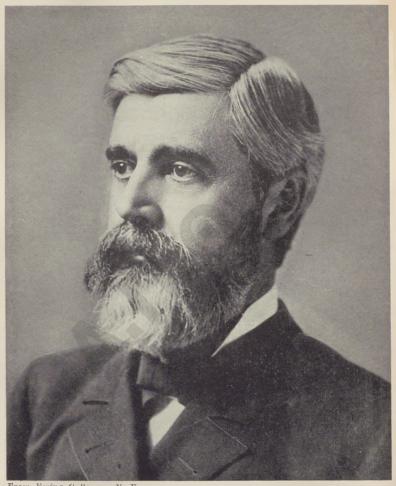
"Her beds are full of perfume and sad sound, Her doors are made with music, and barred round With sighing and with laughter and with tears,— With tears whereby strong souls of men are bound."

This is the goddess of Beauty-moral, physical, spir-



Photograph from the Louvre, Paris

Venus of Milo



From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State, 1893-95

itual beauty, of whom Keats, a better Grecian than Swinburne, says:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

I was ready for Aphrodite. I had already in my editorial sanctum in Chicago, by way of relaxation from editorials about Grover Cleveland and the necessity of bringing the World's Fair to that city, dreamed of her, and made a bad translation of the major fragment of Sappho, the *Hymn to Aphrodite*, beginning:

"Splendor enthroned, divine Aphrodite,
Daughter of Zeus, wily weaver of snares,
Crush me not, goddess, with agony mighty,
Hear now my prayers."

I was even meditating a poem to be called *The Birth* of Love:

"How sweet it is, at morning's opening hour,
To lie upon some island slope's incline,
Sweeping the level sea from out a bower
Of olive-boughs or fragrant mountain pine.
At such a time did Aphrodite flower,
Dew sparkling in the garden of the brine."

But this is hedonistic, and does not do exact justice to the Aphrodite of the Louvre, or the spiritual quality of her divine countenance. It is more Sapphic than the translation of the Hymn.

Just as the Virgin Mary is worshiped to-day with various appellations and varying attributes by the peasants of Europe, in the different churches and monasteries dedicated to her; just as God is conceived as capable of inflicting eternal torture on young children, or as a Being of infinite mercy and wisdom, so the character of the ancient deities must have been plastic and easily shaped to fit the conceptions of their worshipers.

If it is true to-day, in a certain sense, that "man makes God in his own image," it must have been even more so in those old days. We must let the ancients have their gods, and not cast discredit on them. Turn about is fair play. They do not interfere with us.

As these thoughts and many others were coursing through my brain, I heard a high nasal voice explaining, "That's the Venus of Milo. Don't you see? She has no arms. That's how you know her." A party of my countrymen pushed between me and the beautiful face, and I arose and fled.

CHAPTER III

MARSEILLES TO ATHENS

A FEW days later I drove to the railroad station, to take a steamer at Marseilles. Arriving at the *Gare* as the French call it, the door of my cab was thrown open by a tall, manly-looking fellow, in an impressive uniform. He bowed and I bowed.

I passed into the waiting-room, carrying my valise, and sat down to wait for the train. During the half-hour or so that I was there, this resplendent individual approached me several times, salaamed gravely and walked away. Each time I arose and returned his salutation. I was greatly impressed with the politeness of the French.

He was an important-looking personage. In our country any one looking like that would be making at least three hundred dollars a month. I finally decided that he must be some official of the railroad company whose duty it was to be polite to distinguished foreigners. He had probably been informed that I was a representative of the United States Government, proceeding to my post.

Great was my disillusionment when, a few moments before the departure of the train, he approached me for the last time and said, in a tone which showed that he was fairly bursting with indignation and a sense of injustice, "Mais, monsieur, est ce que vous n'allez pas récompenser le fonctionnaire qui vous a ouvert la voiture?" (But, sir,

are you not going to recompense the functionary who opened the carriage door for you?)

I looked him over. The dignity of his bearing and the impressiveness of his uniform called for a fee of at least one napoleon. I gave him ten centimes (about two cents) and he made a final salutation, murmured a heartfelt, "Merci, monsicur. Bon voyage!" and disappeared. He was a functionary, and he had been recompensed. They do things better on the other side.

On the trip from Marseilles to the Piræus I first found myself among the volatile, quick-witted, hospitable, voluble, shrewd, childish people who were to be my hosts for nearly ten years.

I sailed on a tidy Greek ship called the *Athenai*, whose name was painted on her in the letters in which the *Odyssey* was written, and I spent some time in great delight going about picking out the legends over the doors of the dining- and smoking-rooms and so forth. The latter, I noticed with peculiar satisfaction, was the *Aithusa*.

Besides myself, there were two other non-Greeks on board. One was a tall, lank, loose-jointed Cockney, bound for Constantinople to fill a position in the stables of Abdul Hamid. He talked much about the outfit of clothing which he had brought with him from London. His especial pride was a very long "Prince Albert," which he put on for my benefit. It was so tight that he could scarcely wriggle into it, and, when buttoned from top to bottom, reminded me of the skin of a snake. Revolving before me in this, he exclaimed, "An Englishman doesn't need any one to teach him how to dress!"

The other was a Persian Priest of Zoroaster, on his way to Teheran. He was unspeakably filthy, mentally and physically, but as he was the only Priest of Zoroaster that I have ever met, I shall not make the probable mistake of judging the whole order from this specimen.

The moment one definitely leaves the West and finds himself headed for the vast and mysterious region known as "The East," Near and Far, he begins to encounter strange freaks of humanity, bound for remote corners of the globe on unfamiliar missions.

In fact, one does not need to travel thousands of miles to get into the East. As soon as one steps aboard a ship for Bombay or Constantinople, one is there already.

There were about sixteen of us at table that first night. The soup plates were all full, and we sat awaiting the Captain.

When he at last arrived, he dropped into his place, nodded to the company and picked up his spoon. I laid hold of mine, but held it suspended in air, while I cast a startled glance about the board, for a sound had assaulted my ears, which might have been made by sixteen boys drawing up water through squirt-guns, or sixteen women trying hot flatirons with moistened finger-tips. I was not only startled but a little frightened, as my first impression was that something had gone wrong with the ship—that hot steam was escaping, perhaps.

As soon as I learned the innocent cause of the sound, that it only proceeded from one way of eating soup, I attacked my dinner with excellent appetite, and was converted to Greek cooking from that very first meal: egg-

lemon soup, pilafi with sour milk, lamb with eggplant, cadaifi, and all the rest of it.

That evening, when I retired to my cabin, I found a candle attached to the wall at the head of my bed, incased in a long tin tube, from which it fed slowly upward as the wick consumed. I lighted it and commenced to read, when suddenly the candle shot into the air with extraordinary force, struck the ceiling with a "plop," and descended upon me in a shower of hot grease. The spring, too strong for the rest of the mechanism, had become impatient. I learned afterward that this was the one fault of an otherwise perfect invention.

In the Orient one eats out-of-doors frequently; on sidewalks, or in gardens where nightingales are singing, and these candles, with a round glass globe to protect the flame from the wind, are in general use. Often in after years, while at dinner al fresco, was I to see a white rocket shoot unexpectedly up among the leaves of a pomegranate or olive tree, silencing for a brief space the hidden orchestra of nightingales.

The Mediterranean was in her loveliest and most alluring mood during that first trip of mine. We went purring for days and nights through a sea-blue sky and a sky-blue sea, scarcely knowing whether we were sailing in air or water, and surely not, so far as I was concerned, caring; diaphanous, translucent, cerulean sea; pellucid, tender, melting sky.

And here and there fleecy cloudlets, shot through with rose and violet and pink—a Botticelli seascape. I used to lean on the rail and wonder whether it would be vouchsafed me to see Aphrodite rising from the waves, with sea-foam dripping from her lovely flesh. At any rate I knew now why the ancient Greeks had seen that vision. There were islands, too, little friendly islands swimming in the purple haze, any one of which might have been Ogygia, the home of Calypso.

One day, in the early morning, silence fell upon the ship. The fluent Greek, "a voweled undersong," gave way to a hushed expectancy. I observed that all my fellow travelers were looking in one direction, and, in the far distance I beheld a tall column rising from earth to heaven and slowly revolving, like the pillar of smoke that led the Israelites by day. Asking what it was, I received the reply:

"Ai Athenai!"

Athens. The ancient city was still living up to its classic reputation of being one of the dustiest towns of antiquity, a condition that has been much alleviated of late years by the introduction of asphalt paving.

Shortly after, the Hill of Lycabettus took shape from the mist, with its little church of St. George perched atop.

Then suddenly I found myself gazing at an object strange, yet familiar, and all at once it came over me with a thrill and an abrupt stoppage of heart-beats, that I was seeing, dimly and afar, the immortal, divinely graceful and unapproachably beautiful columns of the Parthenon, perched on the Acropolis, that beacon summit of the world's culture, that highest mountain of the earth.

I had arrived at my post.

That evening I was sitting at a little café in the Con-

stitution Square, listening to a conversation between two American tourists.

"Let's get up early to-morrow morning," said one, "and go up on the Acropolis."

"Not I," replied the other, "what's the use? It looks just as it does on the post-cards."

There are various ways of seeing the Acropolis. I know several people who have made a life-study of it. Among the American students who sojourn for longer or shorter periods in Athens, there are frequently young architects who have come for the lessons they can learn from the Parthenon; and this is no new thing, for the influence of Greek architecture can be traced through all the cities of Europe and is omnipresent in America.

When the American Consulate was burned down by the Turks in 1922, I seized a few of my most treasured possessions. Among these was my copy of Martin D'Ooge's *The Acropolis at Athens*, which I prized for two reasons: it is an admirable work, and D'Ooge was my Professor of Greek at Ann Arbor.

Shortly after my arrival at Athens in 1893 I was visited by James L. Scott, owner of the *Chicago Record-Herald* and President of the American Publishers' Association. We made the ascent of the Acropolis: Scott, his wife, a number of tourist Americans and myself.

"Mr. Scott, exactly what was the Parthenon?" asked a lady of the party.

"Why, it was a sort of church," replied Scott.

I remember the incident as though it were yesterday. Scott, who was so fat as to be nearly globular, sat suddenly down, as he made this remark, on top of a long slab of marble, and slid to the farther end of it, where he immediately came upright, like one of those round rubber toys that always flop head up, no matter how you throw them down.

His reply was as unexpected to me as the gesture which accompanied it, and was good and sufficient for the purpose. It was scientific from a pedagogic standpoint. It conveyed an idea of something unknown, by comparing it with something known.

But to know all that the Parthenon was, one must read D'Ooge's *Acropolis*. At any rate, the Acropolis was a sacred place in antiquity, and should be more so to-day for many reasons.

I went up there one night to view that weirdly, mystically, majestically beautiful scene by moonlight, and found a party of young diplomatic asses, together with a number of females, practising the latest American dances in the Parthenon. Happily, the Charleston had not yet been invented.

There was a prince or two with them. Doubtless the party had been assembled by one of the diplomats, for the entertainment of royalty.

"If you wish to get on with royalty," said American Minister John B. Jackson to me once, "you must amuse them. That is all they ask of ordinary mortals." And Jackson was a pretty good authority on this subject. At any rate, that spectacle was a greater sacrilege to me than if it had taken place in Westminster Abbey, and it was cowardly, for the people who built and used that ma-

jestic temple of worship were no longer there to wreak merited vengeance.

I have often thought that we do not show sufficient respect for ancient places of worship, and for the remains of the dead, buried thousands of years. What right does the fact that we are enjoying our brief splutter of light and consciousness give us to forget the reverence due our great forebears? We shall die to-morrow in our turn and the centuries will drift by like a sleepless dream.

CHAPTER IV

ATHENS IN 1893

Stopping at the same hotel with me was the Bishop of New York—I forget his name now. The servants called him "My Lord," and he liked it. They were right, of course, and so was he. They did not consider it fair to show less respect to an American bishop than they were accustomed to accord an English one, especially in view of the fact that the former was expected to be more liberal in the matter of tips. Neither, I suppose, did the New Yorker see any reason why he should be denied this comfortable title, simply for the fact that his diocese was not situated somewhere in England.

"If I were the king of this country," said "My Lord" to me one day, "my first act would be to order the execution of the Chief Bugler."

One did hear a lot of bugling, good, bad and indifferent, during the heyday of the royal family in Athens, and it began very early in the morning. Much of this proceeded from the palace of King George, which stood like a great yellowish barracks at one side of the Constitution Square.

As I sat on the front veranda of the Grande Bretagne, the Square was below, walled in by the façades of hotels and other buildings, and set like a stage, with some hundreds of café chairs, a music stand, a circular fountain, numerous trees, among which were several tall, thin cypresses, besides pepper, acacia and orange. A broad flight of steps led up to the street.

Over there on the left was the palace, its yellowishbrown flat front having so much the character of stage property as to give the impression that other walls did not exist, containing rooms. The mass of Hymettus, behind it, might very well, I thought, have been one of those artificial mountains that loom so grandly in the midst of Swiss scenery at World's Fairs. The gigantic representations of the cinematograph had not yet been invented.

The Parthenon at the right, as seen from the Grande Bretagne, was surely a papier-maché imitation.

All those dapper officers down there in full uniform, strutting about with long swords, and the priests in their black robes and tall toad-stool hats, completed the impression that this was not a serious, work-a-day scene. They impressed me as members of a numerous chorus that would soon begin to sing or move through the figures of a ballet.

Ah, the play is commencing! There goes the bugle, "Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-dah!" Everybody looks toward the palace. The guard of Evzones, in fustannellas, known to visiting Americans as the "Ballet Dancers," is drawn up before the door. A carriage and prancing pair appear, royal coachman and footman on the box. His Majesty comes out, the footman jumps down, the King takes his seat, the footman scrambles up—"Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ra-rum!" Everybody murmurs, "His Majesty is taking a promenade en voiture."

The strutting and posturing are resumed and then

suddenly, "Ta-ta-ta-ta-da-da!" Everybody looks again and this time it is, "Her Majesty is taking a premenade en voiture."

After an hour or so, there is more tooting of bugles.

"It is His Majesty who is returning from his promenade en voiture."

"It is Her Majesty who is returning from her promenade en voiture." And so the day passed.

Alas! Wise, canny King George was murdered in Saloniki, and good Queen Olga became a refugee, with neither Greece nor Russia to go back to. I say "good" and mean it. But even in those days, when all this fuss and feathers made an overpowering show, and when the town was top-heavy with the numerous progeny of princes, the leaven of democracy was working among the intelligentsia.

The growing sentiment of many of these was one morning cleverly expressed to me by a certain Greek Professor, who wrote a *History of the Greeks under Turkish Rule*.

"I have discovered what the King is good for," he said, looking out of his window toward the palace. "The only use he serves. It is little, but it is something."

"Yes?" I replied, tentatively.

"When His Majesty is at home, there is a flag on the palace, and by looking at it, one can tell which way the wind is blowing." This is pure Greek, of the classic period.

The chief rivals of the buglers as noise-makers at inconvenient hours were the roosters. One of the earliest American acquaintances whom I made at Athens, was a famous linguist, whose name I forget. He had come straight to the Greek capital from Reikiavik, where he had been spending a year perfecting himself in the Icelandic. His ambition was to learn all the languages of the world, living and dead. Italian, French, German, Spanish, etc., were mere child's play to him, and he could recite the major classics of those tongues in the original. It was a joy to hear him declaim the first canto of *The Divine Comedy*. He was nearly insane when I knew him and I am sure ultimately became entirely so, if he continued in his impossible task.

"Roosters," he told me seriously one day, "are the universal enemy of profound scholarship. They exist all over the world. They operate at night, otherwise the best time for deep study. Their sudden, compelling cries distract the attention, and their persistency induces nervousness and despair. At Reikiavik they were intolerable and prevented my thoroughly mastering the intricacies of the Icelandic language, but here they are worse."

I have known but one other man who attempted to learn all the languages of the world, and that was a queer old chap who officiated as translator for the State Department for many years. He had even added Chinese and Japanese to the long list of his linguistic acquirements. I do not believe that he went actually insane, but he became so peculiar that the Department felt constrained to drop him.

But let us get back to the Square of the Constitution, as seen by me from my balcony of the Grande Bretagne.

Toward evening Aphrodite came out over the Acropolis, so large and brilliant that it, too, seemed unreal. In that clear sky the great star stood out like a globe. One could see around and behind it, and it glittered with a sweet, liquid, trembling light.

The musicians took their places on the stand and began to play, while the chairs, with which the whole stage was crowded, filled with men and women in Paris hats, and a throng of waiters dashed here and there carrying trays laden with gooseberry juice, little dabs of water ice, and tiny cups, two-thirds full of solid coffee grounds and one-third of sweet black liquid.

I was in Greece when the first rumors of successful experiments with the aeroplane became insistent. My earliest memories of those rumors are connected with Constitution Square and Aphrodite. There had been much talk in town of an aeroplane that some Frenchman was perfecting.

One evening there was great excitement in the Square. The people were standing in groups, gazing at the sky and exclaiming, "The aeorplane! The aeroplane!"

I approached a bystander and asked, "Where?"

"There!" he replied, pointing at Aphrodite. "It has an electric light."

This illusion was not so incredible as may seem to readers acquainted only with our murky skies and feeble stars. Aphrodite, it is true, has appeared regularly over Constitution Square for many years, but the Athenians were doubtless so busy talking politics that they had forgotten about her.

One summer night, years later, a number of us in my garden near Smyrna, mistook a cluster of very near and bright stars for electric lights of aircraft.

I arrived in Athens in August and it was hot—how hot, I do not know. A Frenchman who passed that summer at Thermopylæ, excavating, said in his official report that he was unable to record the highest temperature reached, as he had not taken a long enough thermometer with him.

My first effort to speak Greek in the City of the Violet Crown was connected with an attempt to get a glass of beer, as an antidote to the heat. Calling a waiter, I said "Zythos" to him—the ancient word for that agreeable beverage. After about three-quarters of an hour a cohort of the hotel staff came into my room bearing a huge bathtub filled with hot water. A more horrible antithesis to a cool bottle of beer can not be imagined. It seems that the waiters had held a conference and decided that what I had really said was "zestos," meaning hot; and that I therefore wished a hot bath, as a bath was the first thing usually ordered by Englishmen and Americans. Besides, beer is "beer" by international courtesy, the world over, except in Russia, where it is "peevo."

I have said that the people in the Square who mistook Aphrodite for an aeroplane were probably discussing politics. There is another subject which might equally have engrossed their attention: that of the national language; whether High Greek or Low Greek should come into common use.

But this is a family quarrel. Let no foreigner at-

tempt to mix in it. Not many years ago Good Queen Olga, who was an intensely pious woman, had the Bible translated into the so-called "Vulgar Tongue," and found the whole country buzzing about her ears. She very nearly lost her throne in consequence.

There was an election soon after I arrived in Athens, and I came into personal contact with some of the lesser as well as the greater patriots who received rewards for their services to the party, or who demanded such recompense.

I recall one fellow, in particular, who insisted on a soft job. Several posts were suggested to him, but he refused them all, as involving too much work.

"Well, what do you want?" he was asked. "Pick out a position and we will give it to you."

"I want the job of that fellow who stands up in front of the band in the Square every night and swings the stick," he answered. "That is easy work, and the hours are short."

I consider this a significant story, as it is about the only instance of which I know, either in Greece or America, where utter inefficiency has interfered with a political appointment.

CHAPTER V

ROYALTY

SMALL capitals that serve as the headquarters of a king and queen and a numerous progeny of princes and princesses are becoming scarce. They are, in fact, rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth. I say "numerous" intentionally, for it is a well-known fact that royalty is usually as prolific as the rabbit.

When I first went to Athens in 1893, that city was topheavy with royalty, and the situation became more pronounced as the years went by, up till the final debacle. There was the big Palace, the Palaces of the Crown Prince and of Nicolas, and princes and princesses big and little thronged the streets.

The royal family of Athens was not, on the whole, a bad lot. They were of good stock, Russian, British and Danish—and were all fine-looking. The men, especially, were big, wholesome, good-natured fellows, for the most part. Queen Olga was a kind-hearted woman, of the pure Slav type, who was not too popular on account of her Russian origin. King George was a shrewd, approachable, likable sort of man, who had the wit to see that his only chance to hang on indefinitely was by interfering as little as possible in the affairs of the country. He was gentlemanly in his manners, and considered an accomplished diplomat.

This royal couple generally talked English together,



Photo by C. Merlin, Athens

George I, King of Greece



Queen Olga of Greece





King Constantine of Greece Taken in Smyrna in 1921

and the Queen always called her consort "Willy." I say "always," at least that is how I have heard her address him at palace dances.

The trouble with the princes was that they were spoiled by the people with whom they came in contact, and they were medieval. Treating the second part of this proposition first, they belonged to that story-book class of beings who seemingly believe that they are born of different clay from the rest of the world and that ordinary folk are created simply to cater to their wants, to serve them and toady to them. It is a general impression that the Greeks are a democratic people, but the group of Hellenes who surrounded their royalty was as devoted a band of toadies as the world has ever seen.

A prominent and otherwise intelligent Athenian actually told me once that a prince was really different from other mortals and superior to them.

"And what makes the difference?" I inquired.

"C'est le sang, le sang!" he cried.

As a result of constant adulation royalty actually comes to believe that it is of finer clay than ordinary humanity and that blood of a choicer vintage flows through its veins. It is the influence of this superstition upon its actions that frequently leads to its downfall.

I met Prince George in the splendid Island of Crete, just after its annexation to Greece. He had been appointed governor, but the post was not suited to him. The Cretans were a brave, simple, democratic people and rather a rough lot, by whom a first Christian governor should have been regarded as an emissary of God Him-

self. But they knew little about the superiority of princes, and George did all in his power to impress it upon them.

Among other things, he brought over a high English dog-cart, attached to which he drove a team tandem through the streets of Canea. Could he have heard the disgusted comments of the donkey-riding natives, as I did, he would have realized that his reign was destined to be of short duration. That dog-cart lost him his principality.

I ran into him again on a railway train, en route to Paris, in 1924. He invited me into his compartment, and I had about an hour's talk with him. He was traveling on a Danish passport, as "Prince of Denmark," and was very bitter. He denounced Venizelos as a traitor, and seemed confident that the royal family would soon be recalled.

George, by the way, is in no need of a job, and is in this respect more fortunate than some other members of royalty, who are "in exile." He married the Monte Carlo money, and is the son-in-law of that Prince Bonaparte, who, in addition to being the proprietor of the world's biggest gambling hell, was also a famous scientist.

One of the pernicious influences of royalty is that undue importance is attributed to any opinion that it may give utterance to or any statement it may make. A whaleback steamer once came to Piræus harbor, and Prince Nicolas went down with a staff and inspected it. He knew nothing about the subject, yet the local papers gave columns to his ideas. He did not approve of the un-

fortunate ship, and that settled it as far as the Greeks were concerned.

This same Nicolas wrote plays which were produced at the different palaces and embassies, and his audiences affirmed that he was a combination of Ibsen and Shakespeare, though his reputation, as far as I have heard, never spread beyond this polite applause. He was known as the intellectual member of the royal family, though I fear that the adulation which he enjoyed was much of the same sort as that once accorded Nero.

When one of the princes made his way through a crowded room, it was not uncommon for a carpet knight to move backward before him, with arms outspread, crying, "Place au Prince! Place au Prince!"

The great social event at Athens each year was the King's Ball, which was held in the vast hall of the Old Palace. At one end were gathered the King and Queen with their suites, the princes and princesses with their lords and ladies-in-waiting and their favorites, and the diplomatic set. Many round dances and the royal quadrille were danced, and the evening wound up with the cotillion, for which chairs were set four or five deep around the great room. Immense glass chandeliers, with thousands of wax candles, lighted the scene, which was truly medieval.

The affair was managed by the Royal Cotillion Leader, an officer of high rank: in my early days one Hadji Petros, and later on, General Genisserli.

The buffet supper, which was served in a separate room, was ample both in liquid and solid refreshments.

The officers danced furiously, whirling like tops, without "reversing," and they all wore spurs, which worked havoc with the women's dresses. On one occasion I met at this ball a sweet American girl from Boston, who wore a gown that had some sort of an ornamental furbelow that wound spirally about her skirt from the waist downward. An officer, whirling furiously with a princess, had caught his spur in the lower end of this and was rapidly ripping it loose. Its length was unbelievable, and, as it twined about the officer and his exalted partner, the pulling at the other end actually caused the distracted American to revolve slowly and unwillingly. I arrived upon the scene, by pushing and shoving through the crowd, just at the termination of this tragi-comedy and of the furbelow.

"Why—why," gasped my fair compatriot, "he unwound me!"

The members of the various foreign archeological institutes were invited to these balls, and it often happened that some professor from a mid-western college in the United States would find himself, for the first time in his life, participating in festivities that he would have been incapable of seeing in his wildest dreams. Imagine a man fresh from chapel every morning, from a narrow, bigoted community, from prohibition, no smoking and no dancing, from an atmosphere of democracy and fellowship on equal terms with the butcher and the baker, to say nothing of the candlestick-maker, landed in the center of a king's ball—and such a king's ball!

In those days John Williams White, the famous Aris-

tophanes scholar, of Harvard, was in Athens with his wife. White was a cultured, much traveled gentleman, of the old school now rapidly dying out, and his wife was a sweet and beautiful lady, at home in the best society. She was so friendly and kind-hearted that she became a sort of elder sister to the less sophisticated American professors and students in town.

One night such a professor from a western college found himself in the midst of a dense crowd at the royal ball. He beheld Mrs. White at a distance and desired to talk with her, but he could not move. So, standing on tiptoe, for he was a small man, he waved his arms, and cried in a voice audible throughout the vast hall, "Mrs. White! Oh, Mrs. White! What would our folks at home think if they could see us here in this scene of revelry and sin?"

Those were the days when George Chase, now a famous scholar and professor of Archeology at Harvard; Herbert De Cou, the brilliant archeologist whose murder at Cyrene caused an international incident; Albert Lythgoe, now Curator of the Egyptian Department of the Metropolitan Museum, and others of equal note, were students in Greece.

Chase, then a very young man, was at the royal ball one night with a charming American girl, and had managed to secure two seats in the front row for the cotillion. The carpet knight in charge approached him and asked in polite French, "Monsieur, ne voulez-vous pas avoir l'obligéance de vous mettre plus en arrière?"

To which the budding scholar replied, "Non. Je ne veux pas rien."

The young lady herself told me the story, as she fairly shrieked with laughter.

While we are on the subject of the royal ball, we may as well mention Madame Slatano. She was a fat, energetic, black-eyed Greek, wife of a very wealthy Manchester merchant. She came to Athens, bought a big house on Khephyssia Street and commenced a social campaign. Her mind was so much on this subject that she often interjected into her conversation the sentence, apropos of nothing: "And I said, I will get into society!" She succeeded, due largely, I believe, to the fact that she was amusing to royalty.

She went in for Greek silk culture, a practical and worthy movement. During the Greek revolution of 1821, the silk trees in the Peloponnesus were all cut down by the Turks, thus destroying an ancient and profitable industry. Mrs. Slatano's object was to foster the replanting of the mulberry forests, the cultivation of the worms and the local manufacture of the fabric.

One night at the royal ball the King entered into conversation with her and commended her efforts in this connection.

"Your Majesty," she said, "the society ladies of Athens should set the fashion of wearing local silk. Every stitch that I have on, from outside in, is Greek silk."

She patted her skirt and murmured, "Greek silk!"
She lifted it, disclosing a petticoat, "Greek silk!"
She lifted this, and revealed another, "Greek silk!"
How far the demonstration would have gone, I do not know, for the King, evidently convinced, fled.

The institution of royalty is founded upon public opinion. The divinity of a king, like that of a god, must be believed in, and there is nothing so subversive of thrones as ridicule and lack of respect on the part of the people. Slanderous tongues were busy with the names of the royal family of Greece long before its overthrow. I was often informed that King George was addicted to secret amours.

One story, especially, was persistent. The keeper of the Royal Gardens, in the center of the city, had a pretty daughter, whom he suspected of having a lover. He therefore loaded a gun with fine shot, and watched, I was informed, until one night, seeing some one hanging about the girl, who had slipped out of his cottage, he fired.

The story always ended with the assurance that the royal surgeons had been busy for weeks picking shot from His Majesty's nether anatomy, and this feature of the tale was sure to give special satisfaction to the raconteur.

I was not convinced of the truth of the alleged incident, as it did not rest upon sufficient evidence.

Prince Constantine did not become a popular idol until after his success in the Balkan wars. He was universally referred to by the people as "the Stupid One," and there was a great joke in connection with his fall from a horse on the Phaleron Road. It was related that "he split his head open and nothing came out."

Personally I always found him the most democratic and approachable of all the royal family. He fairly radiated good-fellowship and equality. I came upon him once, for instance, standing by one of the greens of the old golf course, at the foot of Mount Hymettus.

"Sorry I can't go around with you, Horton," he said, "I'm waiting for my wife."

His wife, of course, was an Imperial Highness, sister of the Kaiser, but here was a purely democratic expression. Common mortals have wives, the same as princes, and "waiting for a wife," is a degree of freemasonry that puts high and low on a common footing.

The disastrous war with Turkey in 1897 nearly finished Prince Constantine. He went up to Larissa with his army and the cotillion leader, Hadji Petros, and the remainder of his staff. The Turks were encamped on the other side of the Peneius. Their army was well organized, admirably supplied with artillery, and ably led. The Greek forces were simply a mob, poorly equipped. Great excitement prevailed at Athens, and the popular clamor was for war. I can see, as though it were yesterday, a prominent citizen standing on the steps of the Grande Bretagne, haranguing the mob.

"You will see," he cried, "something never before beheld in the history of the world: women and children at the front, with rifles in their hands!"

Deligiannes, then Prime Minister, declared war, and the Turks moved across the river. The Greeks ran away. Stephen Crane, James Creelman, Sylvester Scoville, American correspondents at the front, described that panic to me, relating, among other things, that the artillery, in its haste, drove through and over the milling soldiers. The Athenian press, for months after, belched ridicule on the Crown Prince and his staff. One story especially inflamed the public imagination and indignation. I give it as it appeared in the Athens papers:

Hadji Petros had secured two ducks for His Highness' dinner, a great achievement, as delicacies such as the royal palate was accustomed to were scarce. When it was announced that the Turks were coming, the Prince and his favorites ran full speed for the train, and ordered the engineer to pull out. But Hadji Petros dashed back, crying "The ducks, Highness! The ducks!" He secured them, and swinging one in each hand, bolted again for the train, arriving just in time to scramble on board.

"Be consoled, my brothers!" screamed the Athens papers. "We did not lose everything at Larissa. We saved the ducks." Aristophanes might have written this.

Indeed, freedom of speech has always been a conspicuous feature of the Greek press. It is doubtful if any monarchy could last permanently where such freedom exists, and it is more than likely that the untrammeled printed page has been one of the chief influences that have made the tenure of kings insecure.

Prince Constantine once took a trip in a battle-ship, which caused wide comment in the Athens newspapers. After he had been out several hours, dinner was announced, with fresh fish as a principal attraction, when it was discovered that there were no lemons on board.

"I can not eat fish without a lemon to squeeze over them," announced His Royal Highness, whereupon the ship put back to Piræus, to obtain the necessary fruit. That lemon became nearly as famous as the ducks, careful estimates of its cost being printed in many of the daily papers. Royalty is surely on a shaky basis, when a prince can not cruise about in a battle-ship unquestioned, for a lemon. Even our president could do that.

A true story of Constantine when he was Crown Prince is about the best illustration that I know of the smallness of the world, and the strange way in which news sometimes travels around it. I was talking with a gentleman who was interested in the fact that I had been consul in Athens.

"By the way," he said, "I heard a curious and rather painful conversation between two naval officers at Norfolk, Virginia.

"'Have you ever been at Athens?' inquired one of them.

"'Oh, yes,' replied the other.

""Well, I was there not long ago, and a funny thing happened at the American Legation. I attended a ball there, and the princes were present. There was a kind of smoking-room up-stairs, and Constantine, the Crown Prince, wandered around on an exploring tour into the bedrooms of the family, in one of which he found an old woman's wig, which he put on and wore for some time."

"'Yes,' said the officer to whom he was talking, 'that old woman was my mother. My father was the American Minister at Athens at that time.'"

The surprising feature of this story is that I myself had attended the ball at the American Legation, and that it had now come around to me at a great distance and after a considerable lapse of time, with an added touch that was new to me. The American Minister's wife had always impressed me as a most charming woman and not at all old. To appreciate the humor of flaunting her wig in public, if she wore such an article, one must try to visualize the princely point of view and psychology—a rather difficult thing to do in this instance.

Stories subversive of its reputation for dignity are particularly fatal to the solidity of a throne. For instance, it may be very amusing sport for young princes to roll about on ballroom floors with society ladies in their arms, and innocent, but it is not well for the common people to hear too much about such things.

The presence of a king in a small town, together with a large number of handsome young princes, is sure to play havoc with the hearts of the ladies, and Athens was no exception. This is a situation which makes, in a way, for democracy. If a prince became enamored of a beautiful woman, she was sure to be taken into the royal set, and her husband, no matter how lovely or uncouth, went with her, for the sake of respectability.

Among the court set in Athens, the very crème de la crème, were the daughter of a former housekeeper of the American Minister, the daughter of a washerwoman and the charming wives of two extremely ordinary menmerchants—one of them a dealer in soap.

No other situation could create such an ideal democracy. And this lightning occasionally struck Americans: one staid college professor, whose wife was a big, beautiful, florid blonde, soon found himself hobnobbing with

princes and obsequious diplomats; and a poor archeological student, whose beauty found favor in the eyes of one of the princesses, was obliged to forego his studies and spend his scholarship allowance on high hats, frock coats and tuxedos. He bought a life of subsequent obscurity with a winter of royal glitter and intimacy. But it was probably worth the price—who knows?

But not all the women who surrounded the reigning family at Athens were beautiful. One prime favorite was a little woman whose face bore a striking resemblance to that of a King Charles spaniel. She was famous for a great fund of shocking stories which she told in a roguish, inimitable manner. As the whole institution of royalty is medieval, she may be said to have taken the place of clown.

In a monarchy with a small capital social position can be secured, as we have seen, only through recognition by some member of the reigning family, and once obtained, can be retained only by carefully snubbing all one's old acquaintances and failing even to recognize them on the street.

Of course, at a legation ball, or a select function at one of the palaces, only the "arrived" are present. But at the great charity balls in Athens, "graciously" attended by royalty, the following situation always developed: the King or princes stood in a group, surrounded by their intimates, and these in turn were encircled by the "almost arrived," hungrily and eagerly gazing for the least sign of recognition. The remainder of the guests disported themselves as though ignorant of the presence

of these exalted personages, and were, for the most part, sarcastic democrats. But if the lightning of royal favor unexpectedly struck one of these democrats, he became, in the twinkling of an eye, "plus royalist que le Roi," and an insufferable snob.

An amusing incident came under my personal notice in connection with the Princess Alice. She was the bride of Andrew, son of King George. Her father was the Duke of Battenburg, a close relative of the present George of England. Battenburg, by the way, who was an admiral in the British Navy, changed his name, which had a too German sound, to Montbatten during the war.

Princess Alice was a sweet charming blonde, the most attractive and "simpatica," as the Italians say, of all the princesses. She was deaf and poor as a church-mouse—so poor, in fact, that Andrew was obliged to take his bride home to the big palace and live with papa and mama. But she had brains as well as beauty, as will appear from the following:

A certain newspaper reporter, of considerable ability, was writing a series of dangerous articles against the royal family, which attracted wide attention. This matter was being discussed at a gation ball, at which I was present, and the reporter was roundly denounced. The Prime Minister recommended that the audacious scribe be arrested, imprisoned and even tried for treason.

"Oh, no!" said the Princess Alice, "let us not take it so seriously. We should only make a hero and martyr of him and attract public sympathy to him. I know a better way."

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"Oh, no!" said the Princess Alice, "let us not take it so seriously. We should only make a hero and martyr of him and attract public sympathy to him. I know a better way."

"And that is, Your Royal Highness?" deferentially inquired the Prime Minister.

"I shall order him to dance with me to-morrow night at the charity ball that is to be held at the Piræus."

She did. She sent for him and danced with him two or three times, with the result that he flopped right around and became an ardent pro-Royalist.

Recognition by royalty produced a magic effect not only upon the individual favored, but also upon those who were already members of the sacred set, marvelously improving their powers of vision and enabling them to see and recognize, at incredible distances, persons hitherto ignored by them.

A small dinner was given at the American Archeological School, at which Crown Prince Constantine, as a patron of the institution, was present. I also was there. The next morning, the Director of the School, Mr. Hill, was walking along Khephyssia Street, when no less a person than the Palace Cotillion Leader observed and recognized him from a distance of not less than three hundred yards and came running up to him, with the question, "Will you allow me to walk a way down the street with you?" It is on such a firm basis as this that true greatness is established in monarchies.

Though I was in Athens as consul and consul-general a great many years, it seems better to mention such recollections as occur to me of personal contact with its royalty here in this one chapter, rather than to take them up with reference to their chronological place in the narrative.

THE KING'S FAVORITE "FEESH" STORY 49

A remark once made by King George at a ball at the British Legation, has always impressed me as whimsical and penetrating. A "merry (grass) widow," daughter or sister of the American Minister, was frankly enamored of a young Greek officer, with whom she was dancing, her head languidly reposing on his shoulder. I was standing by His Majesty, who was watching the couple with some amusement.

"Some people dance," he observed, "because they like dancing, and some because they like each other."

I can not better close this subject than by recounting a pleasant incident of this same kindly, shrewd and inoffensive monarch.

A certain artist, whose name I have completely forgotten, much to my regret as I should have liked to follow his career, came to Athens and took a little cabin high up on the slopes of Mount Hymettus, the walls of which he soon covered with sketches and drawings. He was a Russian and a friend of the great actress, Nazimova, who showed an interest in his work, and wrote to him.

He had arrived in New York very poor and supported himself by tending bar in the Bowery, so arranging his hours as to save some of them for study. A prize, or scholarship, had enabled him to come abroad, and he had chosen Greece. I used to enjoy going out to visit him in his cabin, and one day he told me the following story, possibly a chestnut, but heard then for the first time by me:

Two Jews, complete strangers to each other, went into a restaurant in New York and both took seats at the

same table, as the place was crowded. Each picked up a bill of fare, and studied it for some time.

"Well," said one of them at last, "I guess I'll take feesh."

"I guess I'll take feesh, too," decided the other, relieved by the suggestion.

The waiter, who had been standing near, rushed out and ordered "fish for two," as he took for granted that the men were friends and had come in together. As a result, a large and a small fish were set down on one platter between the two Jews.

"Hellup yourself," said A, after a moment's thought. "Hellup yourself first," said B.

This interchange of politeness continued for some time, till at last A mumbled, "Vell, all right, I vill hellup myself first," and took the larger fish.

"Vell, vell! I never vould have thought it!" exclaimed B. "You looked like a gentleman."

"Thought what?" queried A, his mouth full of fish.

"Why, if I vould have helluped myself first, I vould have taken the smaller fish."

"Vell, you got it, didn't you?"

I told this story to King George at the American Legation, and his roars of laughter could be heard all over the house. He was a loud and hearty laugher.

A few days later when I went out to visit the painter, he told me that he had received a call from the King, who stayed and talked a long time with him.

CHAPTER VI

AMERICANS AND ROYALTY

The preceding chapter may have given the idea that the Greeks are exceptionally snobbish and silly in their attitude toward royalty. I really believe, however, that the palm should be given to Americans.

Prince Constantine told me once that he was afraid to come to America for fear of being torn limb from limb by our society women, in the contest that would ensue over entertaining him; and his fears were justified by the experiences of other members of the noble and reigning families of Europe. And now that the genuine article is getting scarce, look at the eagerness with which the ladies of our great Democracy seize upon second-rate and spurious specimens! What kowtowing there was to the Grand Duchess Cyril, and what emulation was shown in murmuring the words, "Your Imperial Highness," by society dames eager to reveal that they were to the manner born!

All the ministers and ambassadors in the great capitals will testify to the scramble over presentations, the influences brought to bear and the feeling displayed.

And, by the way, for those who have already been presented and are in danger of being forgotten, a valuable rule of conduct was once given me by a member of the Athens "fifty-two" which corresponded to the once famous "four hundred" of New York.

"As soon as you arrive at a place where the royal family are," she said, "get as close to them as possible and fix your eye on the one who, you think, is the most likely to recognize you. Look fixedly at him until you draw his gaze. As soon as this happens, make a profound salutation, and, if he returns it, step right up to him. He will then probably offer his hand."

I knew various members of the royal family, some of them very well, and have often shaken hands with them, but I never tried this receipt. I should not have known what to do if the hand had not been offered. When I bow to an acquaintance in the street and she does not return the salutation, I deliberately scratch my head and return my hat to its resting-place. But it would not be easy to deceive all the naughty, watchful eyes devouring royalty and every move of the society climbers.

But to revert to "us Americans," and our deep interest in kings, queens and their progeny. Every day or two the most unlikely persons, good democrats, sere and yellow maiden ladies, business men from small towns, parsons, would drop into my office and conduct a searching examination of me regarding the geneology, the connections by marriage, etc., and the habits of the royal family. Every bit of information was eagerly gulped, and often noted down. Strange to say, these people invariably gave evidence of having already studied the subject deeply, for they usually could impart more knowledge than they obtained and were in a position to correct sharply any error of statement.

My lamentable ignorance of the subject generally

caused them to leave the office with a defrauded and resigned air that said, louder than words, "Our Consular service is pretty bad, but I am not responsible for it."

Certain journalists, too, were able to travel about Europe and pay most of their bills by catering to the insatiable appetite of the American public for gossip about royalty. Scribes of this sort would contribute to women's journals and syndicates articles about "Kings and Queens," "A Week-end at the Princess Loulou's Country Palace," etc., without ever having set eye upon any of the august personages so intimately dealt with in print.

At the time of the Olympic Games in Athens, in 1896, a young and budding author and traveler, now famous, attended a reception given to the American athletes at our Legation. Several of the princes were there, which fact gave this brilliant young man the idea of writing a long series of articles on the hackneyed title, "Kings and Queens That I Have Known," which appeared later in one of our greatest magazines, a periodical of immense circulation. If I remember correctly, it began something after this fashion:

"As soon as King George heard that I was in Athens, he invited me to stop at the Royal Palace." Here followed, of course, a description of the building. Along with other information afforded, and intimate touches, were the following:

"Breakfast was a movable feast, the different members of the family taking it whenever they came down to the dining-room."

"The King and Queen always talk English together, she addressing His Majesty in the family circle as 'Willy."

And much more of the same sort, most of which he had obtained from me. That man has gone far. His articles and books to-day are widely read and deservedly so. He is one of our cleverest romancers and gives the public what it wants, rather than what is. He is a sort of modern Herodotus who has exploited the idea of serving up pure fiction under the guise of authentic history and information. During the Great War, he made a killing with his correspondence and was especially strong on German atrocities.

A hard-headed New York politician, traveling on a public mission, once came into my office and asked me to attend the opera with him. I accepted, and he immediately asked, "Will there be royalty present?" I informed him that the whole family would be there and a visiting potentate from a neighboring kingdom, who had arrived, according to current gossip, to look over one of the Greek princesses with an eye to matrimony.

"Then I shall take my special royalty glasses," he observed, "I had a pair made to order in Rome to be used on occasions of this kind."

He went to his room at the Grande Bretagne and got them and we set out. Arrived at the theater, I found that he had taken a box next the stage, and directly opposite that of the royal family. They were not present when we arrived, but they came soon after, whereupon my host, in a state of great excitement, took his glasses from their case, leaned his elbows on the plush-covered rail, and turned his pair of telescopes on the dignitaries opposite. During the entire evening, save for short intervals, he sat in that attitude, as patiently as an astronomer watching for a new planet to swim into his ken.

Having gone around to another loge to call upon some friends of mine, I looked in his direction and wondered that he was not arrested. His long barreled glasses, from a distance, had the appearance of a gatling gun. I borrowed them for a moment during the evening and found that they were a revelation in power. They made luminous, as it were, the most distant corners of the auditorium, and brought their occupants close up, in a startling manner. Confused and shadowy patches took form and became groups of acquaintances whose most elusive expression of countenance could be distinguished. The dimples on the girls' cheeks, the freckles on their pretty piquant faces, even the silken down on their lips, grew visible.

I turned this optical engine upon the stage and suffered what the Greeks call a "disillusionment." The diva, I had heard, was no longer young. She had been selected because she was the only Greek woman available able to sing the part. Poor thing! Had she known of the existence of such opera-glasses as those, she would never have had the courage to appear. I took a glance at the royal family, and they seemed to jump into our box. I handed this Aladdin-like thing back to its impatient owner, and he immediately resumed his visual feast.

The thirst for contact with royalty results from a

fever to which all classes of Americans are subject. I was standing one day on the sidewalk near Constitution Square, when I was accosted by three of my countrymen; one was tall and cadaverous, one short and stout, and the third short and thin. If there is a little man in a group, it is nearly always he who does the talking. It was so in this case.

"You are the American Consul, are you not?" demanded the spokesman.

"I am."

"Well, sir, we are three good Americans from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. This gentleman," indicating the tall member of the trio, "is a prominent shoe dealer. This," pointing to the fat and jolly individual, "is a prominent undertaker, while I, sir," bowing, "am a-um-ah-er-prominent Baptist. Sir, we wish to be presented to His Majesty the King. What can you do for us?"

I referred them to the American Minister, assuring them that if they were sufficiently outstanding, the matter could be arranged. Pardonable curiosity impelled me to ask the spokesman, who based his claim upon religious distinction, if he were a divine, and his negative reply left me in as much doubt as ever as to the exact nature of his "prominence."

One day the following letter was received by me:

[&]quot;Honorable American Consul.

[&]quot;Sir:

[&]quot;Two of the most prominent, eloquent and influential clergymen of —, Texas, personally conducting thirty

of the most prominent and influential citizens of that city and region on a projected tour through Europe for the purpose of broadening their minds and widening their horizons, will arrive in Athens on or about the third of April of next year.

"The object of this journey, sir, is to see the great cities of the world, their splendors and squalors, their monuments and ancient ruins, where such exist, and by actually visiting historic sites, to get a clearer idea of the story of the human race from the dawn of time until the

present.

"We shall be in your city three days, ample to visit and make a study of the ancient classical ruins there, and we desire you, sir, to make an appointment for us to meet His Majesty, George I, King of the Hellenes, during our stay in his city.

"Yours very truly,
"Reverend Jonas Wale
"Reverend Gideon Smith,"

The time for arranging the interview was ample, as about six months would elapse from the date of receiving the letter until the first week in April. I therefore stuck it away in a pigeonhole, and after some weeks forgot all about it. But I was not to escape so easily.

One bright spring morning, I was sitting at my desk when the office door opened and a party of American tourists began to file in. They wore, men and women without exception, long linen dusters, a favorite garment, by the way, for American and British travelers, especially spinsters. Equally without exception, they had things hanging from their shoulders at the end of straps: cameras, field-glasses and the like, and for the sake of uniformity doubtless, they all wore little green Alpine hats,

with feathers standing erect, and they carried stout walking sticks. Sherlock Holmes would have divined in a moment that they had recently been touring in Austria. The picture would not be complete if I failed to mention that each one of the party was decorated with a tiny American flag, either as a bouttonnière, or pinned to the breast.

Still silent, they lined up against the wall in front of me, occupying its entire length and deployed on either flank. They stood thus regarding me for several minutes, during which I observed a short man and a very tall one glance back and forth and make significant gestures with their heads, evidently carrying on a speechless dispute as to which should be spokesman.

The situation was becoming embarrassing to me, surrounded thus on three sides by boring eyes. I remember noticing that one lady's feather was broken and hung down over her left ear; I recall a feeling of relief that I was not being attacked also in the rear.

Suddenly the tension was broken by the little man's stepping briskly up to my desk.

"Come up here, too," he said to the tall one, rather peevishly.

"No, go ahead," replied the latter, "you speak for me."

"That won't do at all, Brother Smith," insisted the short man, "you are conducting the party as much as I am, and your place is here by my side."

"Brother Smith" stepped forward somewhat sheepishly, whereupon the other cleared his throat and began: "Follow me, ladies and gentlemen!" he cried, waving it in the direction of the palace.

They complied, and I never saw them again.

Now, I was temporarily usurping diplomatic functions, so had felt justified in using the chief diplomatic subterfuge, a half truth. The King was at his country place, but came down whenever summoned. The palace was open to the public, the caretaker reaping quite a harvest of tips from visitors, but I had asked him to be especially polite to my countrymen.

About six months later I received a marked copy of the —— Progress, in which the visit of the thirty-two prominent and influential citizens to Athens was described:

"Unfortunately the King and Queen were not at home, but a word from our prominent and influential Consul threw open the doors of the palace to us, and all felt that seeing the royal residence was the next best thing to meeting its occupants."

It sometimes happens that a bond of sympathy exists between a royal personage and an individual of humble origin, and that lifelong friendships result that take no note of difference in rank. There is no doubt, for instance, that Queen Victoria regarded John Brown more as a friend than as a servant.

While I was Consul at Athens the Empress Frederick of Germany came to town to visit her daughter, Queen Sophia. The Empress was a big gun, even among royalties, being the daughter of Queen Victoria and the mother of Kaiser Wilhelm and the Queen of Greece. We had then, as a member of our American colony, an artist from Chicago by the name of Gyfford Dyer, who had made a reputation as a painter of Venetian scenes. He was a charming man, of exquisite manners, and almost a fop in the matter of dress. He often spoke of "my friend, the Empress," but we did not take him seriously. It was generally believed, in fact, that he was indulging in innocent boasting. But he was able to turn the tables on us when Her Imperial Majesty actually arrived. He was about the first person she sent for, and she kept him with her much of the time.

One day I was giving a rather large luncheon at the Consulate, and Dyer was among those invited. The bell rang in the middle of the feast and a servant entered who announced that the Empress Frederick desired that Mr. Dyer should come out and go for a carriage drive with her.

"Sorry to leave this beautiful lunch, gentlemen," said Dyer whimsically, "and the truth is, I'm hungry. But an invitation from royalty, you know, is a command."

We looked out of the window and saw him drive away, hungry but no doubt happy, seated in a magnificent state carriage, by the side of an elderly lady.

Queen Olga was a member of the Russian Orthodox Church and deeply religious. She was greatly shocked on one occasion by an American admiral of the hearty seadog type. She had been lunching on the flagship of a squadron that was cruising in the Mediterranean, and was walking about the decks with the Admiral, who was showing her his vessel. The fleet had just come up from Palestine whence it had brought a number of fowl.

"Oh, I see you keep chickens on board!" observed the Queen.

"Not usually, Your Majesty, not usually. Those are Jerusalem chickens. That rooster there is a descendant of the very bird that gave Peter away to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!"

There was something in the way the remark was delivered which caused the Queen to end the visit abruptly, and she remarked afterward that the Admiral was a very sacrilegious man.

She was more deeply incensed, as she informed the United States Minister, by the mother of a noted American archeologist, a Jewess, who had obtained the honor of a presentation.

"Your Majesty," cried this woman, beginning the conversation, "isn't it horrible the way the Jews are treated in Russia!"

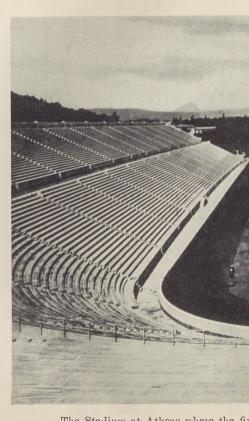
Rather malapropos in view of the fact that the Queen herself was a Russian princess.

She was extremely kind-hearted, though, as has been intimated before. A well-known American woman, in an official position, attempted to back out of the Presence after her presentation, and, becoming entangled in her long and unaccustomed train, fell to the floor. Her Majesty assisted the unfortunate woman to rise, and showed herself extremely sympathetic and comforting.

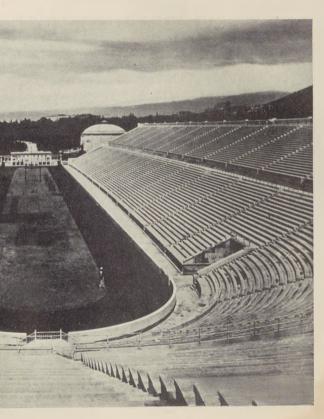
Queen Olga, as a Russian Grand Duchess in her youth, was a famous beauty. In a conversation with my



Queen Sophia, of Greece Daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm and widow of King Constantine



The Stadium at Athens where the fir



st of the modern series of Olympic Games was held

wife she once remarked, "If I were not a Queen, I should have liked to be a doctor. One can do so much good."

"When I was in Switzerland," said Mrs. Horton, "I met many Russians there."

"I hope they were not Nihilists," said the Queen quickly, who seemed to have a prescience of the evil days that were coming to her native land. She was very near-sighted, and used glasses with a handle of the kind known as "face-a-main," which she applied to her eyes and through which she looked earnestly at one while talking.

She it was who founded the great Evanghelismos Hospital at Athens. She made frequent visits to the sick there, and often sent them strawberries from her own property.

I am convinced that royal personages are often treated on social occasions with more ceremony than they desire, and that they do not usually realize the awe with which they are regarded.

The niece of John B. Jackson, American Minister to Athens, was married in the Legation, and King George was among the guests. A magnificent buffet supper had been provided, to which His Majesty soon repaired; after he had regaled himself sufficiently, he remained standing during the entire evening at the head of the table, while ordinary humanity thronged the door of the buffet and gazed hungrily in. As I had been asked to assist in entertaining the guests, I felt myself somewhat responsible for the impasse, and sought the most important Greek woman whom I knew, not a member of the royal clique, to come and have some refreshment with me. I took

Madame Schliemann on my arm and proceeded to the door of the supper room. She resolutely refused to enter with me, however, on the ground that the King was there. When I explained my reason and insisted, she replied, "It would look as though I were forcing myself into the presence of royalty, and this I will not do."

I believe that no one except His Majesty and about half a dozen of his most intimate entourage touched that evening a supper provided for several hundred guests. I certainly was among the number who went away hungry. I am sure that King George did not realize what he was doing, and would have been the last person in the world to prove himself—I was about to say a dog in the manger, but the allusion is not appropriate, for he did fill his own stomach.

And this reminds me of one occasion when Mrs. Schliemann was not destined so easily to escape the presence of royalty. She was staying in a small house at Mycenæ, while her famous husband, the late Doctor Schliemann, was conducting his historic excavations there. One afternoon, while she was quite alone, she heard a knock on the door, and opened to behold a tall dignified man standing before her.

"I should like to look over the excavations," he said.
"Can you tell me where I may find the Doctor?"

"I am Mrs. Schliemann. I shall conduct you to him."

"Ah, then! That is fortunate. And perhaps you will introduce me. I am the Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil."

Mrs. Richardson, wife of the Director of the American Archeological School, had an experience somewhat

"ONE ELDERLY RED-FACED GENTLEMAN" 65 similar and yet very different. A charming woman, with a keen sense of humor, she relates this incident in an amusing and affecting manner.

King Edward of England was in Athens, and every-body was agog to get a glimpse of him. It was known that he intended to visit the School, and the Director's wife remained within doors for days watching the windows. Finally it was absolutely necessary for her to go out for about an hour, and she left George, a faithful servant, in charge. This George had worn for years a pair of Burnsides, which, as a result of the Anglomania produced in town by the presence of its August Visitor, had been condemned to fall. He profited by the absence of his mistress to shave himself hurriedly.

"Did any one call?" asked Mrs. Richardson anxiously, on her return.

"No, madame. Only one elderly, red-faced gentleman, on foot."

"Did he leave a card?"

"I put it in the basket on the hall table."

Glancing at the little paste-board, the woman was dismayed to learn that she had been absent when the King of England called.

"Had you at least shaved?"

"Only partly, madame, when he knocked. I had got only one side off."

The explanation of the King's dropping in thus informally on foot, is to be found in the fact that he had been visiting the British School next door and had walked across the lawn.

I do not remember distinctly what was on King Edward's visiting card, but my impression is that it contained the Latin word "rex," and was something like this:

EDWARD VII REX

I inquired recently at the State Department in Washington, but could find none who had ever seen the pasteboard of royalty.

The same experience awaited me at the British Embassy, where I was informed that His Majesty probably did not possess a visiting card, and very likely had no use for such an article. He signs official documents, it appears, "R et I," "Rex et Imperator," which appears to confirm my impression.

In Athens he relaxed greatly and went about quite like an ordinary human being. Perhaps the cards which he used there were printed especially for his vacation in Greece.

But not all Americans can aspire to association or alliance with royalty. Many are content to pursue princes with empty titles, and the lesser nobility.

A woman once came into my office and asked me if the

Greek Government officially recognized titles and if there were any real dukes, counts and the like in Greece. When I informed her to the contrary she explained, "Then we will move on to Italy and Austria. My daughter and I are on a tour of Europe, with the purpose of contracting an alliance with a member of nobility."

She had begun the conversation with the question as to how much a Greek duke or baron would cost, and then asked me the prices in the various other countries of Europe. I was unable to give her reliable information, never having made a study of the subject, but I remember that her general impression was to the effect that prices were cheaper in Italy, but the quality of the goods was not very high. On the whole, she had come to the conclusion that Austria was the most promising market.

On another day a rather faded and sad little lady came to me, with no apparent purpose in view other than to chat. She soon brought the conversation around to the subject of "me daughter, the Baroness." It appears that her daughter had married an Austrian baron, from whom she had become divorced, and that the mother was spending the remainder of her life traveling about from place to place, talking to whoever would listen about "me daughter, the Baroness." I do not know how much she had paid, but she excited my compassion, and I hope she was getting the worth of her money. This, by the way, was not the same woman as the one mentioned above.

Naval men enjoy a sort of diplomatic rank and are frequently invited to functions where they hobnob with

royalty and nobility. Unless they are of good, tough American fiber, they run serious danger of losing their heads.

I was once attending a reception given to an American admiral and his staff at the British Legation. This distinguished member of our navy had been much entertained in Athens, and had been the object of considerable attention on the part of a certain Greek countess, an American by birth—now divorced, and remarried to a common ordinary American.

As the Admiral entered the drawing-room of the Legation with his staff, his eyes fell upon the lady in question and he bawled out, as loudly as though he were standing on his own quarter-deck in a storm, "Why! Here's that chawming countess!"

But let us end this chapter, dealing largely with Americans and their mental attitude toward the titled dignitaries of the Old World, with a genial incident.

In 1906 were held the first of the resuscitated Olympic Games at the great marble Stadium at Athens.

The opening was distinguished by a notable procession of royalty, which marched from the entrance the whole length of the amphitheater to their seats. Queen Alexandra led on the arm of her brother, King George of Greece, immediately followed by King Edward with Olga. After them came a number of visiting kings and queens, besides numerous princes and princesses.

The United States sent over a strong team, which gave an exceptionally good account of itself. The Stars

and Stripes were run up more frequently than any other at that ancient birthplace of athletics.

A reception was given to our team at the American Legation, and the princes were invited to meet them. They came, four of them, and they hobnobbed familiarly and jovially with our boys through a long evening. One member of the team was a certain Kerrigan, a New York policeman, who described to Prince Constantine, in graphic language, a storm which his ship had encountered on the way across and the effect of a wave that swept over the deck.

"I was holdin' to an iron railin'," he said, "with both me hands. I defy anny man to break me grip on an iron bar, bar none, but this wave done it."

After the royal party had gone, this same Kerrigan expressed the following opinion, and we will let it go at that:

"Them boys is the best boys, considerin' their station in life, that I ever see."

CHAPTER VII

DIPLOMATS

I APPROACH this subject with becoming awe, and any consular officer who has chanced to have a post in a capital city, side by side with a legation, will understand why. Any observing person who has lived in Washington for a winter or so will have learned the superiority of diplomats over ordinary human beings. Our wealthiest people, if they have wives with social aspirations, settle in the Capital City and build palaces to entertain them.

Climbers, among the fair sex, with less means, begin their campaigns with the secretaries of little states, and diligently send to the society columns such items as the following:

> "Mrs. Binks will entertain at luncheon next Thursday the Third Secretary of the Bukovinian Legation."

So great is the competition that an impecunious young diplomat attaché without means to reside at a first-class hotel, needs only presentable evening dress and the money to rent a cheap room. He can "board around," like the schoolmasters of our youth.

The other day a number of South American secretaries were entertaining some Washington girls and were raided. The girls were arrested and the foreigners TOADYING TO THE SUPREME POOBAH 71 unmolested, as they were diplomats. It seems that intoxicating liquors were being served.

"What kind of justice is this," shrieked an excited senator, on the floor of our great legislative assembly, "where our girls are arrested and half niggers are allowed to go free?"

But even "half niggers" are eagerly sought after as stepping stones by our society climbers.

At the diplomatic receptions at the White House the foreign representatives are fenced off by a rope, and are regarded with wonder and longing by Hoi Polloi, and a brilliant spectacle they make in their barbaric uniforms. In small foreign capitals the superiority of the diplomatic set is overwhelming. It is felt by the happy individuals themselves and frankly and humbly acknowledged by the rest of humanity, or, perhaps I should say, by "humanity."

In such places the term "Minister" is never used by the inhabitants. The head of a mission is invariably referred to as the "Ambassador" with a heavy accent on the second syllable.

The "Great Gun," the Supreme Poobah, is in all cases the British Minister, who usually resides in a building owned by his government, and is "Sir" somebody or other and his wife "Lady." This cheap distinction gives him an advantage peculiarly galling to his American colleague.

When the latter arrives at his new post, he is always a good democratic fellow at first, but he begins to associate with the British representative, because he is generally the only one of his colleagues to whom he can talk, and to imitate him.

There is usually attached to the British Legation an English Church, covered with ivy imported from the Old Country; if the climate permits, a bed or two of English daisies is carefully tended in the small front yard. His Excellency and staff occupy a special, raised pew near the pulpit, while His American Excellency, who joins up soon after his arrival, is provided with a similar pew opposite, for himself, family and staff.

Service does not begin till the Head of the British colony arrives. He is not only the representative of his government, but also of God. He is something more: he is, in some mysterious way, God incarnate.

Of all the British representatives who swam within my ken at Athens, Sir Edwin Egerton was the most pompous, tremendous and overwhelming. On Sundays there was deep stillness in the church during the minutes just preceding the service—a pall of hushed expectancy. The doors were closed, the congregation hived. Then, at the supreme moment, they were thrown open, the organ broke forth in a triumphant peal and the great man entered, accompanied by his "Lady" and official retinue; and at precisely that instant the awestruck priest intoned, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the people keep silence before Him!"

He proved to be human, though, after all, did Egerton. In one of Kipling's stories the hero is supposed by a tribe of savages to be a god, but is unmasked by his desire for a woman. Sir Edwin succumbed to a Russian

Princess who had for some time had a small house in town.

In those days the First Secretary of the British Legation at Athens was a certain Reginald Lyster, a youth with extraordinarily long legs, always referred to by the American Minister as "that glorious Englishman." My most vivid recollection of Lyster is connected with a ride on a one-horse tram which ran out on Khephyssia Street. By chance he boarded the same tram. As we passed the house of the Russian Princess, she leaned out of the window and called out:

"Oh, Mr. Lyster, are you coming to my house this evening?"

To which he replied, "Will we ply gimes? Oh, that'll be nice!"

Farther on, the Greek driver began to beat his weak and scrawny horse, whereupon Lyster rose and laid his slender Malacca cane two or three times smartly across the man's shoulders and descended from the car. Which leads me to believe that perhaps the American Minister had some foundation for his estimate.

Poor Lyster died not long ago down in Africa—at Tangier, I believe—the first post to which he had been appointed as chief.

It does not take a young man long to come to a full apprehension of the superiority of a diplomatic secretary to the rest of humanity, and I should say that an Austrian or Hungarian noble in this career rose to greater heights of aloofness and pitying condescension than any other biped. I have known but one American who could approach this standard, and he actually associated, on

equal terms, with an Austrian colleague. This American was always spoken of by the members of the American colony at Athens as "My Lord Jones."

The fact that no official uniform is provided for American diplomats was for a long time a sore point with them, not alleviated by the contention of foreigners that evening dress was a mere pose to call attention to their pseudo-democracy. The United States minister, save for his white shirt, resembles in a group of his colleagues, a crow in a flock of parrots.

A particularly pompous and touchy Envoy Extraordinary from this country was once approached by a lady in distress of some sort at a crowded reception, with the question, "I beg pardon, are you the butler?"

To which he snapped back the reply, "No! Are you the chambermaid?"

But our diplomats, in some places, at least, are overcoming the difficulty about uniforms by simply ordering clothing made that seems to them suitable for court occasions. There is no reason why a free-born citizen of this country, so long as he does not shock public decency, should not attire himself in knee breeches, silk socks, gold buckles, and sew any amount of gold braid on his coat that he sees fit. The lack of decorations is, of course, to be deplored, but there are various things that even an American can hang on himself.

That genial gentleman, John B. Jackson, when he was minister at Athens, partly overcame the catholicity of ordinary evening dress by having built a swallow-tail that reached nearly to his heels. His bright idea was not so brilliant as that of E. Bird Grubb, at one time our envoy to the court of Spain, the most ceremonious in the world, perhaps. At high functions Grubb always found himself at the tail end of the line, because he was in civilian dress. He "cut no ice" at all in a company of peers whose uniforms were resplendent in inverse proportion to the size and importance of the countries they represented.

But this Grubb had a legitimate means of transformation into a gorgeous butterfly. He was at home captain of an Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, noted for the splendor of its raiment. Now, if a diplomat is a member of any recognized military organization, he is entitled to don its uniform on official occasions.

His Excellency, therefore, as soon as the idea occurred to him, appeared at a court reception in his captain's guise, and lo! Abou ben Grubb headed all the line.

Quite frequently our foreign envoys, especially if they chance to be men of inherited wealth, have acquired the social savoir faire and quiet, distinguished manners which enable them to avoid being queer and noisy. These are doubly fortunate if their wives are gentlewomen. The wealthy merchant, however, who started life as a newsboy or clerk in a country store, finds himself a fish out of water when he arrives at a foreign court. The successful politician becomes that dangerous foreign representative, the speech-making minister.

I was at a reception at a Legation once when the Minister, a newcomer, came up to a Royal Princess, with his sister on his arm, saying, "Your Royal Highness, this is my sister, Mrs. —. Excuse me, Your Royal Highness, for not introducing her before. When a man has a thing like this on his hands"—with a sweep of the arm—"he can't be expected to think of everything. You know how it is yourself, Your Royal Highness."

As the Princess said nothing, but merely smiled, he became more embarrassed and continued his explanations and apologies. Meanwhile the ladies-in-waiting, dames for whom I had very little respect, stood superciliously grinning and winking at one another. I should have liked very much to slap one of their wicked, silly faces, and I felt sorry for the poor, embarrassed Envoy Extraordinary—truly extraordinary.

A Secretary was transferred to Athens during my stay there, who had many amusing stories to tell of his late chief, a millionaire merchant, who had acquired an immense fortune by shrewdness and lifelong economy. This gentleman, whose family had not joined him, lived in a room in the government offices, and had the furniture carried out of two of these that connected by means of wide folding doors, whenever he wished to give an official dinner. He was addicted to a cheap cigar of Pennsylvania tobacco, but kept one box of Havanas for princes and high officials.

He had brought abroad with him a faithful negro servant, one of whose many duties it was to pass the cigars at these banquets. Armed with a box in either hand, the one containing cheap, the other expensive "smokes," this negro circled about the festive board, pushing out the Havanas whenever he came to an ex-

alted personage, shoving the stogies beneath more plebeian noses.

At one particular dinner the Minister was sitting at one end of a long table, the First Secretary, my informant, at the other. When the negro came to the Secretary he offered the Pennsylvania brand, but the latter, who noticed that His Excellency was watching the progress of the negro with anxious eyes, said mischievously, "I'll take one of the Havanas," whereupon the Minister called down the length of the table, "I recommend those in the other box, Jim, they're good. I smoke 'em myself!"

This same Minister was a very fat man, who used to drive around to the palace and other similar places in a hired cab, while all of his colleagues possessed fine automobiles.

One day he announced, "I've concluded that it won't do for the representative of the greatest and richest country on earth to go about town in a hired rig, so I'm going to bring over an American automobile." Several months later he walked into the Secretary's office and said triumphantly, "It's arrived, Jim. It's at the door now, and I'm going to take a drive through the streets in her. Come down and see what you think of her."

Jim went down and saw a Ford touring car standing before the Embassy.

For many years the Dragoman of the American Legation at Constantinople was a certain Smavonian, a wise, faithful and able Armenian, on whom the various changing representatives relied to such an extent that he became the *de facto* minister for considerable periods.

Smavonian was called to Washington, to the State Department, where he was held in high esteem and where he died. He once told me the following story:

An American Minister had been invited by the Sultan to witness a theatrical entertainment and to sit with him in the imperial box, which had been lavishly decorated with Turkish and American flags, and the floor strewn with priceless rugs from the palace.

The Minister in question was addicted to the use of chewing tobacco and the moment arrived when it was absolutely necessary for him to expectorate. He looked behind and all about him and into every corner of the loge, but not a bare space was visible. He finally delivered his volley into a corner, upon the end of a silk rug. His Majesty whispered to an attendant, who went out and soon returned with a highly polished copper basin, about four times the size of a cuspidor, which he placed in front of the Minister. There are, I believe, no cuspidors in the Ottoman Empire.

The Minister regarded this shining object curiously for a moment, then shoved it aside with his foot and delivered his second volley into the corner. His Majesty quietly pushed the basin back in front of his guest with the imperial foot, whereupon His Excellency said to Smavonian, who was present as interpreter, "Tell the Sultan that if he doesn't have that damn thing taken away, I'll spit in it!"

Our representatives of the merchant and politician type are greatly hampered in their usefulness by their ignorance of foreign languages. That they do occasionally pick up a word or two is illustrated by the following story told me by the late Mr. Bakhmeteff, a Russian diplomat of ability and well-known in Washington society.

On a visit to Philadelphia Mr. Bakhmeteff called on a prominent merchant whom he had formerly known as American minister in a distant country. The American was delighted to see him and proposed an attractive program for his entertainment.

"Your wife isn't with you, mine's away. We'll have an evening enn garsong; we'll have dinner at my club; then we'll go see the ballet, and after that we'll have a petitt supper with a couple of double entendres!"

I knew the Bakhmeteffs well, by the way, for many years. When I first made their acquaintance he was Secretary of the Russian Legation at Athens. He was a man of extraordinary intelligence, a remarkable linguist, with features of a distinct Tartar type. Mrs. Bakhmeteff was a kind-hearted woman, very hospitable, with a keen sense of humor. She was related to the Beals and McLeans of Washington. Two incidents occurred in their house that I have never forgotten.

They had a beautiful white bull-dog of large size that one day bit Mrs. Bakhmeteff, whereupon her husband seized her and cauterized the wound on her arm with the red-hot poker, which he heated in the fireplace.

The other incident, which happened one day while I was dining at their house, was more amusing. Mrs. Bakhmeteff mentioned that their butler's finances were in excellent shape. She had just learned in some way, that he had saved up about ten thousand francs.

"Glad you told me," said her husband, "I'll borrow them of him."

American diplomats do not always occupy lowly rank in savoir faire and social polish. W. W. Rockhill, Minister successively to Athens, to Turkey and to China, related the following to me of a young man now high in our foreign service, who was at one time a secretary in Rockhill's office in the State Department. It seems that this young man was regarded as a glass of fashion and arbiter of form and was often consulted by foreign attaches on their arrival in the United States capital.

One day such an attaché entered and seated himself at the desk of the American paragon. "I wish to consult you briefly about an important matter," he said.

"Proceed."

"It is this: if a fellah in a pot hat, walking on the avenue, meets a fellah in a top hat, driving a drag, and the fellah in the top hat awsks the fellah in the pot hat to ride with him, may he accept or must he first go home and put on his top hat?"

"My decision is the following," replied Mr. Rockhill's Secretary, with judicial solemnity. "If the fellow in the top hat asks him regularly to ride, he must first go home and put on his top hat. But if the fellow in the drag merely offers to give him a lift, he may accept as he is."

"Thanks, Old Top, thanks awfully," replied the foreigner. "You don't know how you've relieved my mind. It happened to me this morning and I had to refuse because I didn't know the proppeh thing to do. I'll jolly well know if it occurs again." The wives of men appointed from small western towns often lose their heads on suddenly finding themselves exalted to association with princesses and princes, ambassadors, prime ministers and the like.

I once knew such a woman, an estimable lady, who was slightly hysterical and consequently a voluble talker. She soon discovered that there was a "diplomatic set" of which she was a member, and her rapid fire of conversation was always interlarded with the expressions: "We diplomats, our diplomatic set, us diplomats, Shadrack, our diplomatic set, us diplomatic set, Shadrack, our diplomatic set, us diplomatic set, Shadrack."

It was, of course, her husband who bore that good old Bible name of Shadrack. These expressions were pronounced on a somewhat higher note than the rest.

The genial and really able Shadrack had not enjoyed the necessary training that fits one for diplomatic drinking, and he frequently succumbed to the wiles of Bacchus.

One evening at a reception at which I chanced to be present his wife rushed breathlessly up to the Queen, near whom I was standing, and said, "Your Majesty, have you seen Shadrack? It's time to go home and I can't find him. I've asked all our diplomatic set, and nobody knows where he is. I've looked in the ballroom, I've looked in the reception room, I've looked in the supper room. . . ."

"You've been in the supper room?" inquired Her Majesty, with a quiet smile. "Did you look under the table?"

As most of our chiefs of posts are appointed for com-

paratively short terms, and have had no previous training, the conduct of their offices and their attitude toward their subordinates is largely imitative and is generally based on observation of the British Legation, as I have already suggested.

One of our ministers, I was credibly informed, had noticed that all subordinates in the British Legation rose to their feet whenever the Chief entered. He determined to put this system immediately into effect. Returning to his chancellery he passed through the room of his First Secretary, whom he found deeply immersed in conversation with a charming girl to whom the young man was engaged to be married.

"Arise, sir!" he thundered. "How dare you remain seated when I enter the room?"

The Secretary staggered to his feet enraged, confused, and the charming girl fled in terror. What to do? How to avenge himself? The prospect seemed hopeless, but at least he need not be alone in his misery, so he rushed into the office of the Second Secretary and shouted, "Arise, sir! How dare you remain seated when I enter the room?"

My informant assured me that the Second Secretary handed this treatment down to the Third, who, in his turn passed it on to the office boy, and that this latter went out and kicked the Minister's dog; but I suspect that these finishing details were merely by way of embellishment.

Justice compels me to state that there is one particular in which American ministers have nothing to learn from their colleagues. I refer to table manners.

I knew one representative of a great European power, a particularly overwhelming and pompous person, already referred to in these pages, who finished each repast by taking a mouthful of water from the finger-bowl, rinsing his teeth, and then blowing it back into the bowl. Our Minister did not adopt this custom. Indeed, he even spoke disparagingly of it. Nor do I think that our representatives had much to learn from a Secretary of Legation who was dining with me once. I spoke of the necessity of having some dental work done, and the difficulty of finding a good dentist. He immediately snapped a plate containing three or four teeth from his mouth, rinsed it in his finger-bowl, dried it on his napkin, and laid it on the table before me.

"I had that done here," he explained. "It would be hard to find better work than that."

A slight, unavoidable shrinking on my part caught his eye and he exclaimed, good-naturedly, "Pick it up, it won't bite you!"

While on the subject of diplomats I can not refrain from making mention of my dear old friend, Foulach Bey, Turkish Minister to Athens in the days of Abdul Hamid. He was a learned and friendly man, excessively fond of water-ices. Every evening during the summer he took a table in the Constitution Square and ate one ice after another, till long after midnight. He became legendary, as the champion water-ice eater of the Orient.

But his chief distinction lay in the fact that he wore a false nose, so cleverly constructed that it could only be detected upon close inspection. It was commonly reported in Athens that he had a pocketful of noses, of different shades: blue for cold, purple for conviviality, pale for fatigue, etc., and that he shifted with such skill, when need arose, that no one ever had detected him in the act. The fact that various people had watched him for hours without seeing him make the change, was considered as confirmation of the story.

Poor Foulach Bey! He was one of the earliest plotters against Abdul Hamid. His legation was raided by Turkish secret service men, and compromising documents were alleged to have been found. He was ordered to Constantinople, and died suddenly, after partaking of coffee. I hope he found time, during his last agony, to slip on a white nose.

The old-style American diplomat, like the consul of the same type, is rapidly passing way. We can not better bid good-by to him in these pages than by relating a story told me once by a Secretary of Embassy at London, of a minister under whom he had served at another post.

This gentleman, about to make a trip to the United States, was informed by his Secretary that he must leave P. P. C. cards. He therefore ordered a large supply and for a couple of weeks before his departure kept busy dropping them into the pockets of the dinner jackets of the men whom he met at receptions, or slipping them into the tails of their dress suits and uniforms.

Nobody but an American, and a Yankee at that, could have thought of such a practical and time-saving measure.

CHAPTER VIII

CONSULS

The consular is the working end of our foreign service. There has been a great improvement in many ways in the American Consular Service since I was first appointed in 1893. At that time the consulates were purely political prey, and tenure of office lasted only during the life of the administration. Saloon-keepers, broken-down preachers whose congregations were tired of them, political henchmen, were apt to be appointed. If the Consul were a poor man his chief idea was to live as cheaply as possible, to milk his job for all it was worth, and to save as much as he could.

Mrs. John A. Logan, widow of the General, once told me, while on a visit to Athens, of an experience at a hotel in Germany. A fearful odor of onions pervaded the whole place, and Mrs. Logan complained to the landlord.

"I can do nothing about it," he explained. "That odor proceeds from the room of His Excellency, the American Consul. His Excellency cooks all of his own meals in his bedroom and he is very fond of onions, which he prefers fried."

Such cheap ramshackle dwellings were sought by our consuls that the common expression abroad for a miserable shanty was "a regular American Consulate." At

least that was the case in Greece, and I know the language pretty well.

When I first arrived in Athens, I ousted an extremely learned, lovable and distinguished man—Doctor Irving Manatt, the great Greek scholar. Doctor Manatt had sought and obtained the Consulate for the sake of pursuing his studies on holy ground, and he was just finishing his famous work on Pompeii. He was a poor man, as scholars are apt to be, and his charming and interesting family were not with him. He was living in one room at the Grand Bretagne Hotel, which was provided with a folding bed and a desk. All the circulars, forms, etc., were piled on the floor in a corner. He was boarding at the hotel, and I suspect was paying all his expenses out of his allowance for office rent, which was quite legitimate in those days.

I dropped in one day before I took over the office, and found a man there who had come to have some service performed.

Doctor Manatt was on his knees before the pile of forms, ineffectually shuffling them over. At last he arose with a red face and said, "I can't do it. I can't find the form."

When he departed, I rode down to the Piræus with him and he stopped the carriage in the road at the point where it passed before the ancient cemetery. Rising to his feet, he apostrophied those monuments of a long dead, glorious, immortal race in fluent ancient Greek, the tears streaming down his cheeks. I was sorry to displace him and I vowed then and there to do something be-

sides disinfect rags and make out invoices of goat hides and dog manure. I hope I have.

The elimination from our present service of such men as he, to say nothing of Washington Irving, William Dean Howells, John Howard Payne and others, is a loss to humanity. To write a *Home*, Sweet Home or a classic about Venice or Granada would hurt a man's efficiency record these days. It would be taken for granted that he had misappropriated time that should have been devoted to the writing of reports. Unfortunately, the appointees of this literary type were few, and the possible evil of the old system knew no limits.

At a point on the Syrian coast there was a consulate presided over for a number of years by an ex-saloon-keeper whose place of business had been a political rendezvous. This gentleman opened an American bar on the street just opposite his office and his usual greeting to callers was, "Well, gentlemen, what'll it be, an invoice or a cocktail?"

If the latter, he would frequently don an apron, cross the street and serve the drink himself to make sure that it was correctly prepared. This was one of the favorite stories of our naval officers who went about the world peddling tales of queer American consuls.

Admiral Knight, of the American Navy, related to me that he once anchored in a foreign port and went on shore to find the Consul. Seeing a man seated in his shirt-sleeves on the sidewalk who looked as if he might be able to speak English, he asked him, "Do you know where I can find the American Consul?"

"You're talkin' to him now," replied this gentleman, and spat a stream of tobacco juice clear across the street. It should be explained, lest this incident reflect upon the Admiral's veracity, that the streets in most Oriental towns are quite narrow.

As the consul was protected by his senator and was sure to be turned out at the close of the Administration, it was tacitly understood that he might make his job pay the utmost possible. Many officers charged five dollars for an invoice, the legal fee being two and one-half dollars. The extra two and one-half dollars was put down as "personal services," and was generally not objected to by the merchant, especially if the shipment was large and the nature of the goods such that he was anxious to pass a small valuation.

Another source of income in the old days was "relief to seamen," fat bills being sent in from posts that an American mariner could only have reached after months of travel on foot or camel back.

The stock and inevitable question asked of the consul by his callers from the States was, "When does your term end?"

One day a college professor from the West, whose name I forget, was sitting in my parlor at Athens, when he suddenly arose and paced off the dimensions of the room.

"What do they pay you here?" he asked.

I told him and he observed, "You are pretty comfortably situated here. This job would suit me. William Mc-Kinley is a good friend of mine, and he is going to be our

next President. I am going home to get this job." I was turned out by McKinley and put back by Roosevelt, but the Professor did not get the post.

A certain William McGinley was the fortunate man, and I have always been amused by the manner of my ejection, though I didn't enjoy it at the time. I stayed on quite a while in the McKinley Administration, due to a petition from many prominent and learned men, until I became about the only survivor of the deluge, and aroused considerable indignation on the part of the patriots anxious to serve their country abroad. At last I fell before the insistence of the late Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin. His protégé was a saw-mill man of the lumber region, who had marshalled various woodchoppers to Spooner's support.

One day, without previous warning, a tall fierce-looking man with a peg leg walked into my parlor, where I was sitting and asked, "Are you the counsel?"

"I am the consul," I replied.

"I am the new counsel," announced this Fearful Wedding Guest, "I have came to take over the archeeves. When can you get out?"

I told him that it would take me about a week to pack and vacate, if I hurried.

"Can't ye git out quicker'n that?" he insisted. "My things are down on the ship, rottin' in the boxes."

I told him that it would require several days for me to go over the books with him, to show him the files, and to explain pending cases, a customary courtesy on the part of retiring officers, approved by the Department. "I won't need yer help," he said. "It's different now from what it was when you was appointed. I had to be examined."

This was quite true, for a farce of an examination had already been put into effect, but more in the illusive hope of somehow protecting appointees than of testing their merits.

"Where is the office?" he asked.

It was across the hall, and I took him there. He looked about for a moment and then came out and I followed. He whirled suddenly, turned the key in the door and put it in his pocket, with the grim remark, "I don't think you'll need that anny more."

The most salient and indelible impression made on my mind by this drastic move was the quickness with which one can whirl on a wooden leg. If I had a lot of whirling to do, I certainly should have one leg sawed off and a peg strapped on.

McGinley was a fine type of man, of sterling virtues, but so misplaced and out of his element at Athens that there is no comparison to fit the case. He died at his post, and John B. Jackson, the Minister, told me, "That man died of loneliness." His great desire was to be appointed to some town in Ireland, and it is a pity he could not have lived to realize this dream, which would surely have come true, as President Roosevelt, when he asked me if I would go back to Athens, informed me that he was going to transfer McGinley.

I was greatly mystified, shortly after arriving a second time in the City of the Violet Crown, to see a crowd

begin to collect quietly before the Consulate. On going out to inquire the reason, I was informed that loud yelling was heard at the end of each quarter in the consular offices, sometimes all night, and lasting about a week, and that the crowd had formed the habit of gathering to hear it. No one seemed to be quite sure who raised the racket or why, though various theories were advanced. On my informing the people that this ceremony had been abolished, they dispersed.

I learned afterward that the yelling had proceeded from the throats of the Consul and his Greek clerk, engaged in making out the quarterly accounts, and I understood and sympathized. It is a wonder that some consuls have not gone insane over these accounts, which the greatest mathematical geniuses of the world have spent about fifty years in complicating. I do not know whether yelling helps to elucidate them or not. I never thought to try, and it is too late now.

Perhaps the most persistent idea about consuls is one which is associated in the public mind with office holders in general. Years ago, by a happy turn of politics, an old newspaper friend of mine in Chicago was freed from the soul-wearing and endless grind of hired journalism and was appointed "Chief of the Bureau of American Republics" at Washington.

I went to see him not long after. He took me riding about the town in the free carriage that the dignity of the post was supposed to require, we had dinner together and afterward we sat on the back porch of the government building and smoked some excellent cigars.

It was a delicious evening. Autumn was in her most delightful mood, and the city of Washington had taken on the charm of a beautiful woman in her fullest, ripest, saddest and most prodigal time. A soft, Indian Summer breeze was sighing through the trees, gently plucking off and launching upon the air the many-colored leaves, or dropping them to earth with unseen fingers.

My friend was in a silent, evidently a reminiscent mood, and I humored him. We smoked for perhaps half an hour without saying a word. Finally, the Director's cigar being finished, he tossed the butt into the court, sighed deeply and murmured, "George, this is a snap!"

A consulate is supposed to be a "snap."

Rufus W. Lane, now a merchant of Smyrna, Turkey, originally went to that city as American Consul. As the salary was very small, he came over to this country to see if he could obtain an increase.

"I'm not in favor of giving you fellows any more money," Mr. Lane's Senator informed him. "All you do anyway is to paint your noses, and the more of the government's money you get, the redder you paint 'em."

This statement was doubtless made in a general sense by the Senator; it certainly did not apply to his unfortunate constituent, who was a most abstemious man.

The same idea was once expressed to me by an oldtime schoolfellow, whose farm in New York State I visited while on leave from my post. This man, by sheer, desperate, unremitting, infinitesimal, ferocious economy, had become wealthy: that is to say, he had acquired several hundred acres of valuable land, with a fine house and other buildings, and had about one hundred thousand dollars out at interest.

One of his chief sources of income was onions, for which much of his damp rich land was especially adapted. I found him unable to stand up straight on account of a permanently lame back, and unable to walk well because of a rheumatic knee.

"Will," I asked solicitously, "what's the matter with your back and knee?"

"Weedin' onions," he replied. "I don't mind the back so much, but the knee is bad, and it makes it worse all the time, restin' it on the damp soil."

"But why do you weed them?"

"Got to. These is hard times. Girls cost four shillin's a day. I can't afford to throw away four shillin's a day."

He was the type for whom it is always "hard times." I talked with him for a while, and on leaving, he remarked wistfully, "So you've been over there all this time leadin' a sporty life on a big salary, while I've been at home here, weedin' onions."

Poor Will! He was perfectly able to pack up and go off to Europe or California that moment, but he didn't know it.

The old-time consul was often, even though he happened to be uncouth, a man of sterling virtues. The memory of Madden, an early consul at Smyrna, lingered on in that city up till the time of its destruction by the Turks in 1922.

He was known as Colonel Madden, as he had won that

title by personal courage on the field of battle. He was absolutely fearless and unconventional. On one occasion the Turks had locked up an Armenian who happened to be an American citizen. Madden demanded his immediate release, but the authorities refused on the ground that he had formerly been an Ottoman subject and that the government did not recognize the right of its nationals to change their subjection; whereupon Madden took an ax, went to the prison, smashed the doors open and released the man. The American Government had prestige in those days, and such an act was possible.

On another occasion the Turks had seized some American goods in their custom-house, which they refused to give up without the payment of certain illegal taxes. Madden took a caique, one of those Oriental row-boats pointed at both ends, mounted a small cannon in the prow and pulled out in front of the custom-house. He then sent word to the Governor that, if the goods were not released within a given number of minutes, he would open fire.

The merchandise was immediately discharged.

He carried a heavy cane and had the habit, when discussing matters with the *Vali*, or Turkish Governor, of bringing it down on the latter's table with a loud clap, resembling the discharge of a pistol.

Madden's dragoman, whom I found still residing in Smyrna, told me that whenever the American Consul was announced, the *Vali* would say, "Find out what he wants and for Allah's sake let him have it!"

Of Madden's social graces many stories were told me

by Mr. Phocion Barff, a wealthy Englishman, long a resident of Smyrna.

I have always greatly enjoyed a remark which he once made to an unctuous and imposing missionary, president of a college. This gentleman desired some goods got out of the custom-house immediately—that very day.

"It must be done to-day," he urged, "as to-morrow we are all leaving for our summer place in the mountains."

It was very hot and the poor Consul was looking forward to a grilling summer in his office.

"If I had my life to live over," he remarked mournfully, "I wouldn't be a consul. I'd be a damned missionary!"

When the administration changed and he was ousted from his post for political reasons, he had not enough money to get his family back to the United States. Kind friends, who admired his sterling character, came to his aid, and he sailed away on a crazy little cargo boat. I heard that he found employment as floor-walker in a department store in Philadelphia, though I have never been able to substantiate this. One thing is certain: that he faced with courage whatever fate awaited him. The United States Government has done some things that it ought to be ashamed of, if there were anybody to feel shame. A government is, unfortunately, constructed in some respects much like a corporation, which the lawyers inform us "has no soul."

After all, Madden had won his spurs on the field of battle, and had served his country abroad for a niggardly yearly wage—two thousand five hundred dollars in those days. One of my predecessors at Athens was also obliged to borrow money of the townspeople to take his family home, and they, too, returned on a cargo boat.

This unfortunate "ex-consul" persuaded a small church to accept him as its pastor, and dropped dead in the pulpit, soon after his return. But that is another story, the tragedy and pitifulness of which can be sensed from the bare statement to which I have confined myself.

The fitness of some of the old-time consuls is illustrated by the story of the Tammany politician who demanded a foreign post for his services. As these were important, his senator, upon whom he called in Washington, took him over to the White House to present him to the President of the United States, with the evident double intention of flattering his vanity and "passing the (somewhat troublesome) buck."

"I'm afraid there are no consulates vacant," said the President. "The Administration will have to find some other way of rewarding your distinguished services."

"Oh, yis," said the Brave, "there is one left. I have looked it up in the book, and there's a Republican in it now. Bring me the book and I'll show ye. It's Simaria."

"But Samaria is a country," objected the President. "We appoint Consuls to cities, not countries."

The gentleman had been searching through "the book" in the meanwhile and had found what he sought.

"There 'tis!" he cried, "didn't I tell ye, Mr. Prisident? Iss-Im-Y-R-Inn-A. [Smyrna.] Simaria."

The singular glory was reserved for one of the old-

fashioned spoils consuls to accomplish a diplomatic feat unequaled in the annals of the world. This gentleman, having performed signal services for his party in a small way, was awarded a post at the capital of a distant island kingdom, inhabited by a dusky race, let us say, Zanzibar.

They were ruled at that time by a female potentate in whose veins flowed the purest blood of the island—ink, in fact. The Consul arrived with his family, consisting of a wife and several daughters, and took up his official residence in a palm-shaded bungalow at the edge of a tropic sea.

One day a picturesque group strolled down to the beach before the house. An enormously fat woman rolled and jiggled majestically in front, accompanied by a gigantic negro holding over her head an immense umbrella. A short distance behind followed a number of younger women, chatting and laughing. These also were accompanied by umbrella holders. Several servants were with the party, carrying wraps and boxes of sweetmeats, cigars, etc.

The fat woman was scantily attired, even for the Tropics, and she was smoking a huge cheroot, as black as herself.

Arrived at the water's edge she disrobed completely, with the assistance of her attendants, and waded into the sea.

The Consul, sitting on his front porch with his wife and daughters, was horrified. He sent a servant to tell the woman that she must go away. He was much incensed to observe that she calmly finished her bath. The following day the same party came down to the beach again, and the performance was repeated.

The Consul despatched his servant as before, who returned with the information that the fat lady was Her Majesty, the Queen of the Island, and that this particular bit of beach was her favorite bathing place.

Our representative sent back word that he didn't give a blank who she was; that this was the American Consulate and that there were white ladies in it, and that if she came down there again and took off her clothes he would fill her black posterior with birdshot. He was, I believe, a southerner.

It is not probable that the interpreter delivered the message. At any rate, he returned to his master alive, and a day or two later Her Majesty again appeared for her bath.

One can imagine the idyllic scene, and the feminine shrieks of delight as the creamy wavelets caressed those elephantine, ebony limbs; a primitive spectacle, innocent and idyllic, glad with the joy of the young world and the laughter of tropic seas.

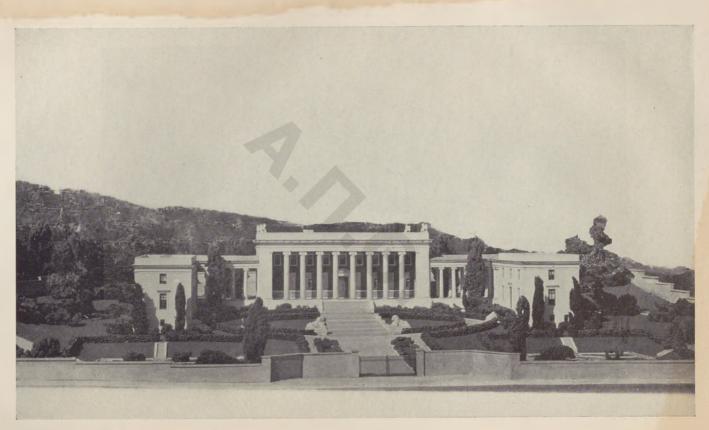
Then in a flash all was changed, peace and merriment giving place to tragedy and war. From the low porch of the Consulate a fowling-piece roared, and Her Majesty, shrieking with agony, was seen plowing through the water, evidently headed for the nearest island.

His Excellency's aim had been only too true. He had made good his word, and for weeks the royal tattooers were kept busy picking birdshot from the royal flanks.

One can easily picture the indignation of her subjects,



City of Athens, the Acropolis in the background



"Gennadeion," or new Library of American Archeological School, Athens

and it is a mystery how the Consul managed to escape from the Island. He was near the sea, however, and had established a good reputation as a shot. He got away with his family and little else, and made his way to China, where, after several months, he received an appointment to a post many thousand miles distant, somewhere in South America.

Ocean travel was slow in those days and it was a long time before he arrived at his new post, only to find that the Administration had fallen, and that he was out for good. He returned to Washington, ruined financially, where he spent the rest of his life recounting his woes to whoever was willing to listen. This was unprofitable employment and he fell upon hard times. It can not be denied, however, that his story was worth hearing once, and that he had made a record in American and, doubtless, all other diplomatic annals.

The most serious question to be confronted and solved by the married consul with a family is, what to do with his children? The schools at his post are apt to be bad, or, at best they do not offer the sort of education that he desires; and the expense of maintaining them at boarding schools at home is too great a strain on his salary.

One of my immediate predecessors had a large and enterprising brood, who had the distressing habit of wandering far afield and of getting lost, or at least, of not returning home to their distracted mother. The latter made an arrangement with the Chief of Police that the fire bell should be rung whenever any of her young had disappeared, whereupon it should be the duty of any na-

tive knowing the whereabouts of a foreign-looking urchin to collect and conduct it to the American Consulate for inspection. I first became aware of this curious state of affairs by hearing the following conversation at a café, apropos the ringing of the fire bell:

"Fire! Fire!"

"Ah, bah! Sit down. It's only one of the American Consul's children lost again."

When I became consul-general of Greece, I was given supervisory jurisdiction over certain other offices, among them Patras. At one time the incumbent there was a certain Jenkins, of Baltimore, a genial young fellow with an ingenious mind and an enormous nose.

Jenkins, believing that he had sufficient political influence to enable him to remain indefinitely in the service, was making a persistent but ineffectual effort to acquire French. He came up to Athens to pass Christmas with me, and announced that he had had a most uncomfortable trip on the train. All the first-class cars on this road are divided into compartments, resembling our staterooms, capable of holding six to eight people each.

"My French teacher," he explained to me, "has told me to talk French with every one I meet—to lose no opportunity of talking it. On the train coming up there was only one person in the compartment with me. He was dark-complexioned and wore a pointed chin-beard, and the more I studied him, the more he looked to me like a man who could talk French. So I said to him, 'Parlezvous français, monsieur?' He was sitting in the corner, but he moved right over to me and gabbled for about ten

minutes as fast as he could go, his arms flying all the time. When he had finished I replied, the only other words I knew, 'Je ne vous comprends pas.'

"He shoved back into his corner, and all the way to Athens he glared at me from time to time."

A young consul is subjected to many temptations and needs a pretty hard head to enable him to resist the lures of wine, women and cards that await his arrival. There are many tropic posts, where, if he remain too long, he is in danger of becoming debilitated and debauched. This applies, of course, as well to our British and other friends, as to ourselves.

My English colleague at Athens told me the following story of his arrival at a post in Portuguese Africa, to which he had been assigned.

He anchored on a fearfully hot, damp afternoon opposite a small town of white low houses, and found nobody to meet him. He walked up a long path with a band of negroes carrying his baggage to a one-story bungalow bearing the British coat-of-arms, and stepped upon a wide veranda. A voice called from inside the house:

"Is that you, McCorkle?"

He walked into an empty room, when the voice again announced, "In here. Come right in."

He entered another room, where, in the dim steaming light, he beheld his predecessor reposing on a bed side by side with an enormous negress. Both were in a state of primitive nudity and an ape was lying across them.

"Make yourself at home, McCorkle," said the voice. "Sorry I couldn't come down to the wharf to meet you.

It's too damned hot to get up. You'll find whisky on the sideboard, but there's no ice."

One of my consuls at Patras was a man by the name of Smith, a gentleman of culture and exquisite manners, who had, before he lost his fortune, made a reputation as an explorer and African traveler.

Smith on one occasion indulged in the most picturesque, elaborate and extraordinary spree that has ever come within the range of my knowledge. I received a telegram to the effect that the Consul had run amuck, and that my presence at Patras was urgently needed. I went down and headed straight for the office, where I was received by the Vice, Woodley, and a large and powerful British merchant by the name of Morphy.

These two were sitting side by side at a table, each with a black eye the size of a tea saucer. Morphy's decoration covered the right orb and Woodley's the left, thus giving an effect of symmetry to the setting. I gazed at them in mute inquiry.

"Smith," they murmured in chorus.

"I was expostulating with him," explained Morphy, "I told him to pull himself together and remember that he represented a great and glorious country. He listened quietly till I had finished, and hit me in the eye."

Woodley remained reticent as to his own injury, but told me that when last seen Smith had been running out toward Iteas, a country suburb, in pursuit of a waiter.

The Consul had met a portly young Greek doctor in front of a café down by the wharf, attired in a Prince Albert and a brand-new silk hat. The Doctor, who liked to air his English and be seen talking with important people, accosted the Consul pleasantly and carried on a one-sided conversation for some minutes. Smith listened solemnly until the other seemed to have finished, when he lifted his hands and brought both palms down upon the silk hat with such force that it sank to the Doctor's chin and there remained for some time, despite the unfortunate medico's frantic efforts to release himself. It seems that our representative, though a slight man, was endowed with surprising strength.

The Consul then walked into the café and sat quietly at a table casting baleful eyes at a waiter, for whom he seemed to have conceived a sudden and mysterious hatred. The garçon, rendered nervous by these glances, kept on the watch, and when Smith arose, jumped into an immense sideboard that stood in the middle of the room. This piece of furniture was a box-like affair that reached nearly to the ceiling, and was filled with dishes and cups. It had doors on either side. The Consul, who was quick as a tiger, sprang in after the waiter, who emerged from the other side and leaped out of an open window. The sideboard tipped over, crashing down upon tables, chairs and guests, but Smith bounded from the havoc, disappeared through the window and flew down the road after the terrified descendant of Camilla.

The Consul was found about a week later, asleep under a tree some miles distant, but the waiter, so far as I have been able to learn, was never again seen in those parts. That was some years ago, but whenever I think of that boy, I picture him as still running.

CHAPTER IX

THE SIESTA

I first arrived in Athens in early summer. It was hot, and it grew hotter and hotter. The only really endurable portions of the day were the early hours, just before dawn, when a faint breeze sprang up and blew out the waning taper of the Morning Star, and immediately after luncheon, when the siesta became inevitable, to make up for the loss of sleep at night. As the summer progressed and the heat became thicker and more solid, people went to bed later and later.

A genuine American, accustomed to having "supper" at six, feels homesick when that hour arrives and there is no sign of anything to eat, nor the least symptom of preparation; when seven, eight, and even nine strike and dinner is not ready. Nine is early for dinner in Greece and after that people go to the theater. But don't get there before ten, or you may find the house empty.

In a climate like that of Greece the siesta is the real sleep of the twenty-four hours. It is hot at two o'clock, of course, but it is a drowsy heat. The cicadas play a monotonous tune in the olive trees and all the world falls into slumber, as if by magic.

The shop-keeper collapses on a chair in the dim interior of his place of business, his head tips forward and his mouth drops open; the ragged little bootblacks lie down upon the sidewalks, their heads pillowed on their boxes; the lawyer's eyes grow heavy and close over his half-written brief; the money-changer drops off into dreamland, without stopping to count his gold and paper, to lock his drawer, or even to sweep up the cash from the table in front of him. There is no need of locking anything as all the thieves are asleep. No crimes are committed at Athens during siesta time, which extends, roughly speaking, from one thirty until six P. M.

These hours are held sacred. If you call on any one at say three o'clock in the afternoon, you will find the house darkened and as inhospitable as a tomb—not one's own. If you succeed in arousing a yawning and bewildered servant, he blinks at you like an owl at noon and says, "Kimoundai" (they are sleeping).

The siesta chamber requires special attention and only an Oriental servant knows how to care for it. It should be kept open during the cooler hours of the night and early morning, and closed, hermetically sealed would be better, during the rest of the day. The idea is to cage the cool air and keep the hot out. The room becomes thus a sort of fire-proof safe into which one retires during a general conflagration. Cool sheets are a requisite and the better houses of Greece are provided with pure linen. One should regularly disrobe and move his bare limbs soothingly about in the bed. An exquisite, delicate sensation of comfort results, one of those epicurean refinements of sense, like that attained by Cleopatra when she ordered her maids to tickle the soles of her bare feet with ostrich feathers.

The drowsiness which overpowers one at siesta time is irresistible. It is amusing to watch a group who have been lunching together, if one is sufficiently in possession of one's own senses to do so. This person is talking; he grows muddled, yawns, rises and walks out of the room, leaving a sentence half finished. Another drops his lighted cigarette to the floor from nerveless fingers. He awakens with a start, and goes out without explanation. A third carefully pours a cup of coffee, perhaps, then forgets about it and departs.

It is easy to understand how, in such a land, could have arisen the belief in Morpheus, who, by simply waving his wand, could bring a whole city under his spell.

He who has never enjoyed a genuine siesta has not known what real sleep is. He has only swum around on the surface of the Sea of Sleep. In the siesta one sinks clear to the bottom, reaches hitherto undreamed-of and dreamless depths, is gently lifted by mermaids and laid away in dim, secret caverns, where no sound comes nor motion, and the light is no longer light.

It is impossible to arouse a sleeper who is in the midst of a siesta. You may make him get up and dress, and talk and walk about, but he will be merely walking in his sleep and will have a headache for hours afterward. I speak from experience.

I had once just got deep into my siesta, the first part of it. I had sunk clear down to the bottom of the sea and been laid away in the mermaids' caverns, when a persistent and disagreeable sound penetrated to my consciousness. I let it go on for a long time, hoping that it would cease. Such has been my practise, since boyhood, with alarm clocks; if one is only patient, they will at last stop ringing and then one can go to sleep again.

But this sound continued and finally I realized that a servant was knocking at my bedroom door. Indignation at the temerity of the act nearly awakened me. Not even telegrams are delivered during siesta hours.

"Go to Pluto!" I commanded.

"Immediately, sir!" replied the servant, "but there is an American who demands to see you."

An American! It might be an inspector or a high official of the State Department. It was half past two. What would people at home think if it became known that I was in bed asleep at that hour?

I ran under the shower bath and took a cold douche. This partly aroused me so that I could see a sort of bilious green. I hastily donned a suit of brown linen and went down.

A benevolent-looking American in a long Prince Albert coat sat on a sofa. A high hat reposed on the floor beside him. He was the only living thing awake in the entire city; he was dressed in winter clothing and he looked cool.

"Good day," he said kindly. "Are you the American Consul?"

I replied that I was.

"Well, sir, I just dropped in to pay my respects. I shall not take up any of your valuable time, as I have considerable running about to do. I want to visit the Acropolis and the Museum this afternoon, as I am leav-

ing in the morning. I am glad you were able to give me a moment. I hope I didn't disturb you."

He departed. I looked out of the window and saw him walking briskly down the street in the white hot, blistering sunlight.

On another occasion I was aroused from my siesta at about two P. M and going down to the office I found an American there of the Napoleon Bonaparte type, brisk and forceful, pacing the floor and snorting with indignation.

"Is the whole town asleep?" he roared, the moment he caught sight of me.

"Very likely," I yawned. "Why?"

"Because I've got only a day to stay here and see the town and I want to make some purchases. I started out right after lunch and I found everybody asleep, even the cabmen. What time does the town wake up?"

"About five o'clock."

"Five o'clock, huh? No wonder these people are a thousand years behind the age. I made up my mind I'd come around and see if the American Consul was asleep and, if he was, I'd wake him up. When does your term end?"

"In about two years, I suppose."

"Well, it'll do you good to come home and get waked up. Is the American Minister in town?"

I was delighted to be able to reply that he was and I gave careful directions as to the locality of the Legation.

The moral of all this is that the people who inhabit a country know by long experience how to live in it, and it

is well, when in Rome, to do as the Romans do. The Greeks are an enterprising and active race, and they have found that the only way to keep their strength up during the long hot spell is to remain awake during the greater part of the night, and to rise and get to work very early in the morning. Some of them are at their offices or shops or abroad in their fields at five or six A. M. In the afternoon, when to be about is dangerous and may result in sunstroke or fever, they make up their lost sleep.

It is a saying in Greece and other tropic countries that only fools and Americans are abroad on summer afternoons.

CHAPTER X

PASSING THE NIGHT

During my first summer in Athens I made the acquaintance of a florid, well-dressed, well-meaning Greek who wore a pince-nez and whose name was Carayanne—Blackjohnny.

"Come down to Methana!" he shouted cheerfully, "down to Methana by the sea, and get cooled off. My wife and family are there, and I go every week-end. It's a beautiful cool place."

My mind reverted to Rockaway, the coast of Maine, Cape Cod and similar resorts. On Mr. Carayanne's further assuring me that there was a good hotel in that place, I decided to go with him the ensuing Saturday.

We left the Piræus early in the morning and arrived about midday. I immediately engaged the only remaining room in the single hotel which the town boasted, put my bag in it and proceeded to enjoy myself.

Methana was, and is, for that matter, situated on a little semicircular bay. There are therapeutic baths at the place, much in repute among the Greeks, who live, for the most part, in one-story apartments, in which they keep house. The heat was Plutonian, even worse than at Athens, and the sea seemed to be on the point of boiling, but I was comfortably assured that this was quite exceptional. I got through the day somehow and at night really enjoyed my dinner al fresco, under a grape arbor,

by the light of the shooting candles which have been described in a previous chapter.

About midnight I bade the Carayannes good-by and went to my hotel, where I was calmly handed my bag by the proprietor, who informed me that he had rented my room to two people who had offered him more than the price agreed on with me.

Unfortunately I had not at that time acquired a sufficient vocabulary in Greek to enable me to tell the man what I thought of him, so I hurried around to my friend Blackjohnny to borrow a few words of him. He was still up and offered to give me a room in his apartment. His wife proceeded to set up a camp bed for me, furnished with a pneumatic pillow, recently imported by my enterprising host, which could be blown up to any required degree of hardness or softness, according to the head destined to repose thereon. I gladly assented and retired.

My host, with his pretty young wife and two small children, one of them a baby, occupied an adjoining room, separated from mine by a thin board partition.

I fell asleep immediately, but awoke in about half an hour with my face and hands itching as though they had been rubbed with poison oak. At first I took for granted that I had been attacked by the wingless terror that walks by night, but I abandoned this theory on reflecting that the exposed were the only portions of my body that itched and burned. My mind then reverted to mosquitoes and I listened long for the familiar siren song, but in vain.

I lighted the candle, but could see nothing. I again lay down and was immediately made aware that the enemy had renewed his attack. Every moment tiny, sharp, poisonous needle pricks were felt on my face and hands, followed by itching that actually caused me to tear up the skin with my nails.

I lighted the candle again and began a more minute and careful search. At last I discovered on the wall, not an insect, but the shadow of one; long slender legs traced on the white plaster in black and a dainty winged body. The insects appeared to be too transparent and delicate to be visible, yet to possess sufficient substance to cast shadows. There was something uncanny about them; they impressed me as phantoms of insects or demon mosquitoes.

I made various attempts to squash them, or to burn them with the candle, and while doing so they attacked my feet and ankles. Nearly, if not quite, insane at last and thirsting for revenge, I set the candle on the table and picking up my pneumatic pillow by two corners, hunted until I found a group of several shadows on the wall. At these I slapped with my weapon quickly and vigorously.

I do not know whether I smashed any of my tormentors or not; it is more probable that I frightened some of them to death, for the pneumatic pillow exploded with an appalling report, awakening Mrs. Carayanne who began to scream, and her husband, who volubly demanded, "In God's name! What is it? What's the matter?"

They were not allowed much time for speculation, for

their babe, as soon as it could fill its lungs with sufficient air, began to break all vocal records. The child, in its turn, awoke and set going an astonishing number of dogs. This chorus lasted until all parties were exhausted. Then silence again prevailed, but only for a few moments. The dogs started off first on the second innings, and reawoke the baby; after the second entr'acte it was the baby who set the dogs off again, and so on indefinitely.

Carayanne came into my room and seemed considerably surprised to find me still living. As soon as he learned the cause of the explosion, he returned to his wife and they both began to express their opinion of me in Greek, enough of which I understood to be able to catch the drift of their meaning.

Taking everything into consideration, I came to the conclusion that I was not comfortable; so I rose, dressed and went out and sat on a bench by the sea. A small steamer came along about five A. M. and, to my great joy, touched at the wharf. I hastened down to get on board, when I heard Carayanne shouting. Turning I beheld him standing in a white nightgown before his cottage, frantically waving his arms and yelling, "Run! Run! Or you may lose your steamer!"

Returning to Athens I learned that my tiny inquisitors were the classic sknipes, or knipes, the most villainous of all nocturnal pests. The only protection against them is a curtain of fine cheese-cloth and if that does not fall voluminously on the floor all about the bed, they will crawl under. Besides being furnished with

noiseless wings, they have a habit of hopping so that the Ancients used to say, "To jump like a sknipe" just as we use the expression, "Like a flea." If you try to kill one, he does not fly around and allow you to catch him, but drops to the floor like a plummet.

He has one weakness. He is fond of fermenting must and grows tipsy on it. The Modern Greeks say of a man who has become thoroughly intoxicated, "Egeine knipa" (He is drunk as a gnat). They have no lords in Greece, you see.

Of late years a few fairly comfortable hotels have been constructed in the interior of Greece at places much frequented by tourists. As a rule, however, travel in that country consists of a series of beautiful days, followed by horrible nights. The students of the American and British Archeological Schools have an expression which they always use in this connection. They never say, "We slept at such a place," or "We put up," or even "We stopped," but always "We passed the night."

And this reminds me of one delicious night that Herbert De Cou and I passed at a wretched country village not far from Nauplia. It was so hot that the red clay of the earth was actually baked into one huge brick.

The village was typical, consisting of one-story adobe houses with roofs of red tiling or slate. The one street was a broad lane whose deep ruts, made when it had swum in mud, stickier than glue, had been fixed into permanency by the heat. Here and there a languishing, sparsely-leaved and dust-powdered vine clung to a trellis over a door, or a pot of basil showed dark green in a

window. By the watering trough was a puddle in which gaunt and ill-fed pigs slumbered, the mud on their sunward sides stiffened into impregnable armor against fleas and other biting insects.

As we approached, an army of gaunt, fierce dogs, at least three or four for each human inhabitant, rushed out and surrounded us, their fangs showing, the bristles on their backs standing erect.

We were obliged to stay overnight, and so, as the custom is, we went to the priest's house, and that kindly soul gave us of his best, which was no less than a king could have done.

At bedtime we lay down on the floor of a vacant room without much hope of sleeping. The heat, we supposed, combined with the gnats, mosquitoes, fleas and perhaps worse, would preclude all idea of slumber. We were very tired and had not much disposition at first to talk. It was De Cou who first broke the silence, inquiring, "Do you hear that?"

"I do," I replied, "and it is a delicious sound."

What we heard was a noise resembling that produced by running water, and it appeared to proceed from one of the walls of the house. We began to theorize about it.

"Many of these priests are poorly paid," I observed, "and are obliged to eke out a livelihood by some sort of industry. This one doubtless has one of those water mills for grinding wheat and corn of which one sees so many in this country."

The idea was attractive: that of a miller-priest. No doubt his parishioners brought him their grain which he

ground, reserving a just portion for his toil, thus insuring bread for himself and family and even a little for the needy poor who knocked at his gate.

The employment, too, seemed particularly suited to a man of God; as he sat in his mill and watched the big round stones turn, without exertion on his part, he could fix his mind on religious contemplation, or compose his sermons.

"The sound of running water is soothing," yawned De Cou. "It induces sleep."

"Yes," I added, "and a brook, though small, cools the air. It really is not so very warm here."

So we dozed off and slept beautifully.

The next morning our first thought was of the parson's mill and his brook. The murmuring was still audible and we easily located it. It proceeded from behind a pair of short doors, like those of a wall cupboard.

"Undoubtedly," we decided, "behind these we shall find the earthen pipe which conducts water to the wheel."

We opened and discovered a large swarm of bees! I hope the good priest always had bread for his honey.

I recalled this incident in the winter of 1926, at the house of Frank Cole Babbitt, Professor of Greek at Trinity College in Hartford, whither I had gone to lecture.

Doctor Babbitt cultivates bees and books all over his large and hospitable house, setting the hives for the former in many of his windows. Whether or not they hum loudly enough in summer to lull him asleep while pouring over Theocritus and Menander, I do not know.

I can not leave this subject of "passing the night,"

without relating an experience that I once had in Venice at a pension on the Giudecca Canal, whither I had been sent by the American Consul, the late Vernor Long. The hostelry occupied an old palace, and the rooms were of vast extent. It was the off season—summer in fact—and the one assigned me must have been the ballroom, so immense were its dimensions. The floor was of badly worn bricks, set on their sides, and the only furniture consisted of the narrowest bed I had ever seen, a washstand and one chair, placed against the wall that was farthest from the door by which I entered, conducted by my vivacious little Italian hostess. Bidding me "Buona notte," she deposited the candle on the washstand and withdrew, after handing me an immense key to the outer door.

I left my valise by the bed and went out to have some supper and to take a gondola trip on the Grand Canal. Returning about midnight, I found my way up the one flight of stairs to my chamber by means of matches, lighted my candle and went to bed.

After about an hour I found myself on the floor, to which I had evidently tumbled attempting to turn over. But half awake, I groped for the bed, which I was unable to find. I did succeed in locating the wall, against which I bumped my head, and the idea occurred to me that by following this I should surely bring up against my couch. But it seems that I was going in the wrong direction, and I made the entire circuit of that immense ballroom, on my hands and knees, over the rough bricks, in the Cimmerian darkness, before I at last ran into an obstacle, which I identified as the washstand.

CHAPTER XI

THE GREEK ISLANDS

THE "dreams that have not come true" are divided into two classes: first, there are those that can never be realized any more on this earth. We discover, perhaps, that we have not the strength or the special gifts for achieving their fulfillment or we failed to recognize and improve our opportunities while the golden sands of Youth were slipping through the glass, or defeat has overtaken us so far along upon life's road that recovery is impossible.

Many of us get so deep into a rut that we have not the strength to lift our spiritual carts out and to take another road, or, wanting a road, to strike out on the trackless plain leading to the distant mountains where our dream cities lie. We do sometimes get out and try, then clamber back in again and jog along in the rut.

The other sort of unrealized dreams are those that we hold to, and whose accomplishment we hope for up till the last day of our lives. Perhaps we think of our Carcassone when we lie upon our death beds.

I have a dream of the second sort which I fondly cling to, and which once came near to fulfillment.

It is to hire a caique, to build a little wooden cabin on it, to stock it with Keats, the Greek Melic poets in the original, a frying pan and a photographic apparatus, and to zigzag for months among the Greek islands. For crew there should be a *capitanios* and two sailors, one of whom should be a *mayeros*, or cook.

I should like some one similar to the late Herbert De Cou for companion, but I can never have him now, for he is dead. He was foully shot in the Cyrenaica, in northern Africa, where he was conducting excavations, at a time when the Italians had imperialistic designs upon the territory and were very jealous of the incursions of the nationals of any other country, on no matter what mission. I am making no charges, I am merely stating facts and I would that my own country were free of suspicion of implication in imperialistic crimes.

Let me give the characterization which I wrote of De Cou years ago, before his sad death:

"For companion I would have a misunderstood, sensitive, silent, wonderful old friend, whose poet's soul is hid in an array of learning so vast and so admirably arranged that even the professional scholars acknowledge him as a peer; my old friend who is so little a man of the world, and who so uncompromisingly puts his worst foot forward, that he is sweeping up the dust on the steps of Apollo's temple, when he should be wearing the robes of a high priest.

"It took me five years to discern that he feels Sappho, Meleager and Theocritus as their contemporaries did. For one long summer, while I had him alone with me in Athens, I reveled in him and drank to the full the honeyed drafts of which I had not but elusive and maddening tastes in my college days, while wrestling with the Optative Mood and the Second Aorist of irregular verbs.

"Years after I met him again and he had gone back into his archeological shell, and had become dry as a mummy, yet I knew that his poet's soul was there and I am sure that a summer's cruising among the Greek islands would set it free again."

Who knows where Heaven is located? Perhaps he is cruising among those islands. There they lie, swimming in seas of delicate, sparkling blue, the waters breaking into foam whiter than the whitest snow along their gently curving shores.

Sometimes, with masts bending to the wind, you sweep between two of them that are within hailing distance, and sometimes you head for one so far away that it lurks wraithlike in a purple or rose-tinted mist.

Each of these islands is a tiny world by itself, with its little white town, or metropolis, its peaceful valley, its mountain. Each has its old families, its separate history, its traditions, its store of folk-lore and legend and is, save for an occasional letter, as thoroughly isolated as a star in heaven. Who has not dreamed of somehow, some day, flitting from one planet to another, learning what sort of beings inhabit them, what histories they have achieved, what legends they have to tell of old demigods and old wars?

This can not be done, of course, till mind shall have assumed full dominion over matter, but in the meantime, something like it can be accomplished by cruising among the Greek islands.

One summer I made an excursion to Delos, Mykonos and Tinos, three islets that fell close together when old Chronos was peppering the Ægean. In the old days pious pilgrims concentrated from all parts of the then civilized

world at Delos, to take part in the religious festivals. It was the main seat of the cult of Apollo, and in many respects the religious hub of Greek antiquity.

The ruins of the city appeal to the imagination more than any others existing, with the possible exception of those of Pompeii, and, were they more accessible, or better known, would attract the attention of thousands of tourists.

At present Delos is absolutely deserted and silent, save for the sound of the surf beating on its shores. A few buildings belonging to the French Archeological School are the only human habitations on the entire island, with the exception of the ruins, and if one happens there at a time when the Frenchmen are absent, he will find himself entirely alone.

This is what makes the impression on one, not to be described by so feeble a pen as mine, and never to be forgotten; to walk alone through those deserted streets and to reflect not only on the vanity of man, but of his very gods. The melancholy that seizes one is mingled with a feeling of close kinship with the vanished and forgotten thousands that thronged these same thoroughfares, coheritors with us of a little treacherous light, and then of dust, oblivion and eternal silence.

This melancholy is mingled, too, with a feeling of deep satisfaction that comes only at remote and maccessible shrines. Delos is the tomb of Apollo, and it is seldom profaned by the vapid and cachinnating throng, godless, or cocksure of a later creed.

Unvisited save by an occasional reverent scholar, the

island lies there in the same blue seas, over which the winds of the Ægean Sea sing an eternal dirge of Apollo, beautiful and bright, to the listening stars. I maintain, and shall to my dying breath, that the irreverent and unappreciative should not be allowed at ancient tombs and shrines.

The ordinary person, on entering a modern graveyard, where people were buried yesterday and will be tomorrow, usually ceases to laugh and talk of trivial things and is invaded with a sense of sorrow for human bereavement, for the shortness of life and the awfulness of the Great Adventure. No mortal, or group of mortals, save a pair of lovers, can be oblivious to these influences. Yet tourists will enter the ancient graveyard at Athens, for example, and look upon the tombs of human beings who died before Christ, without the least feeling that the place is solemn and hallowed.

To me the stelæ of these mortals who were laid to rest two thousand years ago are more touching and sacred than the tombstones of their brother inheritors of the dust who were buried yesterday or last year. I would even go on All Souls' Day and lay wreaths on those ancient monuments.

The mummy of an Egyptian king is to me as vividly the cast-off cerement of a departed soul, and as terrible as any other corpse; a ruined temple is as sacred as a church.

Why should not a place be sacred where human beings have worshiped the Superior Intelligence through thousands of years? They saw God according to their

times and their lights. At any rate, they were striving after Him, and that is all we are doing, although we may not know it. This it is that brings us into such close kinship with those people of old.

After Apollo was dethroned and fell upon neglect, and the Star of Bethlehem arose in the East, the current of pilgrims was deflected to the neighboring island of Tinos, where is now the church of the Wonder-Working Virgin. Here gathers, twice a year, a great and motley throng of the Orthodox faithful, in hope of being miraculously healed of infirmities, or for the purpose of fulfilling vows made in times of sickness or danger. This is the modern Delos, or Delos stripped of all its beauty and stately pomp, yet drawing its devotees from the same regions, and inheriting much of the so-called paganism.

As of old, offerings are hung up in the temple. If a woman's baby has been saved from the croup or the scarlet fever, she hangs a golden image of a child on the walls of the church. If a man's leg has been cured of a troublesome and threatening malady, he brings a tiny gold leg to Tinos. And the Virgin must not be cheated with gilt or alloy, or she may get angry, with disastrous results to the leg or the baby. The holy fathers melt up these offerings and turn them into coin, and in good years realize substantial sums, amounting, it is said, to thousands of pounds sterling.

While I was in Greece a maiden from Asia Minor brought to Tinos as an offering a beautiful white bullock, whose horns had been gilded; but one must be an archeologist to taste the full significance and antique flavor of

this. During my visit to the island a woman crawled on all fours from the wharf to the church, touching the pavement with her forehead, to induce the Virgin to cure her sick son.

I crossed from Tinos to Mykonos, next to Delos, in a small caique, filled with returning pilgrims—peasants and their wives and daughters. A strong wind was blowing from astern, and the long waves were rolling in lines perpendicular to our course. The one big sail swelled gibbous in the breeze and the stout craft seemed to bound from crest to crest. It was glorious. There was that in the motion of the caique, that sense of power, of rhythmic leaping, of swiftness, which made me feel as though I had a living thing beneath me. Only on the back of a strong swift horse does a man experience such exhilaration. No wonder the ancients believed their ships to be alive.

There were two other Americans on board who lay down flat on their stomachs and devoted themselves to seasickness. How can any one be seasick under such circumstances? I threw my arms about the mast and, standing where the stinging spray could whip me in the face, I shouted with joy as that good steed of the sea bounded from wave to wave. I forgot the peasants and the Americans, and imagined myself Ulysses homing back from Troy.

How good and great it must have been to live in those days, before the automobile was invented, and the ocean liner with its gambling rooms and wireless apparatus, when man could embark on a sailboat and, in quest of high adventure, get in touch with Infinity and Omnipotence!

At Mykonos they grind their wheat by means of windmills which stand in a long line on a bluff overlooking the sea. We did not stay in the little white village a sufficient time to learn much of the life in this tiny isolated island. However, we gained some idea of human interests and thought in a primitive community by the election talk we heard.

The island, like the Ithaca of Ulysses, is noted for the excellent quality of the pork that it produces. That is to say, we are led to believe that Ulysses' swine were a toothsome breed from the gusto with which the suitors devoured them.

The chief political issue in Mykonos hinges on the question as to whether or not swine shall be permitted to roam the streets at will. The two parties were, at the time of our visit, known as "Pig" and "No Pig." The campaign had been fierce and many eloquent speeches had been delivered by the rival candidates for mayor.

The "Pig" element claimed that the historic and venerated quadruped was the chief benefactor of the community; that its flesh furnished food for the inhabitants and its sale was the corner-stone of their financial prosperity. The animals, therefore, far from being confined like criminals in filthy pens should be allowed to roam at will.

The opposing party compared Mykonos with Paris, Vienna and other civilized centers, where porkers are never seen in the principal thoroughfares.

"Are we civilized?" demanded their candidate.
"Then shut up the swine!"

The pigs had won and the animals had been turned loose for the time being in such incredible numbers in the narrow streets of the village that they resembled rivers of swine. Walking through them is a special art, acquired to perfection only by the inhabitants of Mykonos.

As this work is not a treatise on the Greek islands I shall not describe all these fascinating little worlds with which I am familiar, about which I dream and for which I long: Crete, Andros, Lesbos, Santorine and the rest. How beautiful they are, how haunted with ethereal and ravishing ghosts; what memories of ancient art, culture and romance render them sacred!

I have spent a summer in Lesbos, with the spirit of Sappho; I have been twice over the entire route of Theseus; but I would not attempt to treat of either of these experiences in anything less than a separate book for each, which now will never be written. The years are getting few, and, moreover, who would read such books in these gasoline days? I must, however, touch on a trip which I took with Corfu, Zante, Kephallenia and Ithaca as the principal points of interest.

Corfu is the ancient Phæacia of Homer. It is inhabited to-day by a sentimental, love-making, musical race that is bilingual, speaking Greek and Italian—the latter tongue more softly than the Italians themselves. Corfu is a successful rival of Paradise. The Christian living there has no reason for dying and going to Heaven. He had better hang on as long as possible and let well enough



Sir Arthur Evans and Dr. McKenzie at Cnossos, Crete



Throne of King Minos, Crete

alone. His olive groves, his sweet valleys, his sapphire seas, his Homeric rivers and bays are good enough. What does old Homer say?

The pear
And the pomegranate and the apple tree
With its fair fruitage, and the luscious fig,
And olive always green. The fruit they bear
Falls not, nor ever fails in winter time
Nor summer, but is yielded all the year.
The ever-blowing West Wind causes some
To swell and some to ripen; pear succeeds
To pear: to apple, apple, grape to grape,
Fig ripens after fig.

Bryant's translation of *The Odyssey*, by the way, is one of the most sympathetic, scholarly, melodious and intelligent renderings of a great classic that has ever been made. I scarcely know anything to compare with it unless it be Bayard Taylor's *Faust*.

Venus, the Planet of Love,—Aph-ro-dhee-te, they call her there—is the bright, particular star of Corfu. But she is more frequently seen, I fear, when she comes as Queen of the evening sky.

There are two first-class hotels in Corfu, and these are supported mainly by a goodly number of English travelers, possibly descendants of the people who learned about the place during the British occupation.

The Greeks are themselves fully aware of the unsurpassed attractions of the isle, and a plan was on foot at one time to found a gambling casino, and bring into existence a second Monte Carlo. It is to the eternal credit of the Greek people that public opinion was so opposed to the plan that it had to be abandoned.

The German Emperor built an attractive palace there, but his rôle of a modern Alcinoos was of short duration.

The inhabitants treasure their Homeric associations, and a walk about the town reveals many villas "Alcinoos," "Nausicaa," and "Arete." But respect for tradition may be carried too far. I was hugely disgusted on reading the legend "Nausicaa Wine Room" over the door of a low and disreputable groggery, and was strongly tempted to throw a stone through the window. I wonder, had I done so and given my reasons to a Greek jury, whether I should have been convicted of an offense against public order. Perhaps not. I may go back and try it some time.

There is a very old and interesting colony of Jews in Corfu. They are about the only ones left in the kingdom, although this ancient race is established in great numbers in the Ottoman Empire. They are not persecuted in Greece, and massacring them as a Christian pastime went out of fashion long ago.

I can not close these cursory remarks on the Greek islands, without mentioning my visit to Ithaca. Doerpfeldt, the great German archeologist, maintains that this is not the ancient kingdom of Ulysses, and I am not competent to dispute the point with him; yet I felt while there that the ghost of the wily and adventurous king haunted the spot, and I picked out, to my own satisfaction, most of the landmarks mentioned in *The Odyssey*. It is small indeed, in size, but a great continent in that

wide expanse which deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne.

In one of those little valleys the father of a king dug in his orchard; on that isle a wife set an example of fidelity that has been an example to thousands of generations; and an old dog died of joy at seeing his master.

And I must refer also to a recent visit to Crete, where I was entertained by Sir Arthur Evans, the great scholar, in his charming villa which he has built close by the ruins of the vast Minoan palace of Cnossos, and where he has lived the major portion of his life, studying the splendid prehistoric civilization of the times of Theseus and the Minotaur. Sir Arthur is getting to be an old man now, but he is still active and his faculties are keen. He and his aid, McKenzie, have done more than any other living men to extend the horizon of historical knowledge, and to throw light upon the origins of our civilization.

CHAPTER XII

IDYLLIC SPOTS IN GREECE

I WENT down to Phaleron one summer night with my friend Metaxas. There are two Phalerons, the New and the Old, extending for miles along a bay that rivals in beauty that of Naples.

The former is a little village on the sea with shady streets, pretty summer cottages, two big fashionable hotels, and many restaurants. Native bands play there in the evenings, and sometimes the musicians from a visiting English or Italian war-ship come ashore and give concerts. Innumerable tables, spread with white cloths, are set along the beach and even to the water's edge, and the place is so popular that you must order ahead to be sure of a seat.

After dinner many more people come down, attired in their best. What do they do? There is a small opera at Phaleron, and a Tarantella, but these are European inventions. The majority simply sit for three or four hours, breathing the sea air and gossiping or talking politics. By way of paying for their seats they eat one ice each or drink a thimbleful of black coffee.

A broad path is maintained through the throng, and occasionally a group of ladies with new hats or dresses rise and promenade up and down, for eternal feminine reasons.

Nearly all gentlemen, on arriving, "go down the line."

"Let us go down the line," said my friend Metaxas, so we started.

"Look sharp, right and left," he admonished, and he commenced bowing to one side and the other, lifting his hat and working his arm with the regularity of a pump handle.

As we emerged at the far end, I remarked, "You know nearly everybody here to-night."

"No," he replied, "I saw scarcely anybody that I knew, but that makes no difference. This is Thursday, and this evening one must give the impression that he knows everybody. For that I came."

On Thursday and Saturday nights the élite flock to Phaleron, while Sunday is the popular day.

"On Sunday night," explained Metaxas, "if you come, you must look straight ahead, and not lift your hat at all."

Old Phaleron lies about half a mile off to the left from New, on the shores of the same beautiful bay, and is the resort of lovers, poets and dreamers. You dine there in caverns, or in a nook at the foot of some cliff, or you may choose a narrow wooden wharf, built far out into the sea, your table dimly lighted by one of the spring candles described in a previous chapter.

How often have I dined there all alone, and then sat smoking my cigar far into the night, watching the moon slide to her couch among the dim islands, or Aphrodite, tremulous and splendid, yearning over distant Phæacia! If one were to describe all the beautiful, charming and romantic spots in Greece, where people can go and while away the summer, and do it well, he would need to be poet and artist in one, and take time to write a book.

One understands, lounging under the plane trees in full summer tide, and listening to the murmuring of a rivulet running near, while the cicadas make their monotonous music; or lying under the fragrant pines on a steep island hillside, looking at the infinite laughter of the glittering sea, where the white sails flit from town to town, or drift like thistle-down over the waves, one understands, I say, where Theocritus and his like got their inspiration.

There are no Coney Islands in Greece.

Near Patras is one of the most entrancing spots on earth. It is called Iteas, and you reach it by trolley. It is on the seashore, of course, with a range of mountains behind. Numerous rivulets dart down from the hillsides, steal through the vineyards and gardens, and crossing the dusty road, are lost in the ocean.

I sat one summer evening on the balcony of the "Villa Maria," so named after a charming Greek girl. The moon was just rising over the mountains, nearly full. The rose and saffron of dying day lingered in the west, although the moon was already silvering the sea and flooding the islands opposite with its spiritualized and ethereal light. One could hear the waves whispering on the beach, while the voice of a nightingale issued from a dark retreat among the trees of the garden. I could scarcely believe that I was on earth.

A Greek lady of Athens of rare intelligence and much learning is Miss Helen Negreponte, well-known to all visiting scholars and archeologists. She knows many charming spots about the City of the Violet Crown, which she reaches by walking. But don't accept her invitation to take a trip with her, unless you have legs of iron. I verily believe she is one of the greatest walkers in the world. She thinks nothing of climbing Mount Hymettus and coming down again in a morning. I went with her once and lay in bed for a week afterward.

Miss Negreponte has found a poetic pine forest not far from Athens, which she claims is the scene of Shake-speare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I accompanied her there and was convinced that she was right, but I have never been able to determine how the Bard of Avon knew about it.

CHAPTER XIII

ARCHEOLOGISTS

THE first people to arrive in Athens in the autumn are the archeologists, who form a considerable factor in the foreign colony of that intellectual city. Several schools exist there of the different nations, notably the French, German, British, American and Austrian. They occupy their own buildings, are equipped with excellent special libraries, and are conducted by professors of reputation and much learning.

Of all these institutions the American possesses the most beautiful and extensive buildings. This is especially true since the inauguration of the Gennadius Library, a great collection of rare and valuable books housed in an exquisite structure.

The students are mostly graduates of various universities, who subsist upon scholarships acquired through competitive examinations. They are generally specialists in some branch such as architecture, vase painting, sculpture, epigraphy and the like.

The fair sex is liberally represented, and quite often a girl begins in the usual way and ends by specializing in one of her male colleagues. Archeological romances and marriages are frequent, and I have never known one such union that did not eventuate happily. When two archeologists get married they are so engrossed in their studies that they have no time for infidelities. They prob-

ably forget the existence of each other, a state of mind conducive to marital harmony.

The most famous marriage in the entire history of archeology, and one of the happiest, was that of the renowned Doctor Schliemann, discoverer of the ruins of ancient Troy and the treasures of Mycenæ. Rich and already celebrated, he visited Athens and presented himself at a Young Ladies' Academy in search of a wife. He made the announcement that he would marry that one of the girls who should first commit to memory The Odyssey of Homer. The result was an epochal study of the Blind Poet. Never before or since, has there been such frantic concentration on his lines, and in a very few days one of the candidates declared that she was ready. Called to the test, she recited and recited the sonorous lines, till the Doctor was convinced and completed his part of the bargain.

Mrs. Schliemann told me this herself, and assured me that she still remembered and could recite the whole Odyssey. She proved to be of the greatest assistance to him during the remainder of his career. He built a fine residence in Athens, which he called a "Rafter of Troy" and he named his two children Agamemnon and Andromache.

The archeological schools conduct excavations in various parts of Greece, make excursions to points of historical and other interest, and give lectures in their libraries and the principal museums. These lectures are well attended by the public, and a pretense of archeological knowledge is a fad in Athens. Needless to say, not many

laymen are successful in gaining a reputation in this field among specialists.

What a professional archeologist does not know about his particular branch is not worth knowing; and much that he does know falls in the same category. These men acquire a vast, exhaustive and accurate familiarity with all the facts pertaining to some detail of ancient life or industry, and then they devote the remainder of their earthly existence to the detection of errors in the work of their predecessors or contemporaries. In discussing any subject they quote all the authorities, French, German, Italian, Swedish, who have already written about it. Their papers fairly bristle with authorities. nervous business, for, if a single author is omitted, some other archeologist, in reviewing the paper, is sure to remark, "An interesting production, but bears the earmarks of unsound scholarship. The writer is careless in his methods, and lacks thoroughness. He failed to cite Bumblestein, whom he evidently has not read, or whose importance he does not realize."

Such a criticism, aimed by a German at an American, is enough to make the latter tear his hair—if he has any, which is not often the case. The study of archeology is peculiarly destructive to hirsute luxuriance on the cranium.

The Germans are unassailable in the field of research and criticism. No Teutonic scholar ever misses anything. As for authorities, after he has filled his paper so full of outlandish names that it reads like a page from the New York City directory with comments, he adds a list of

names at the end of other persons whom he might have quoted had it wished, and of whom he desires you to know that he is heard.

In tedious, grim, relentless learning the Germans are unassailable. Their heads are vast storerooms, where all the thousands and thousands of facts relating to the chosen branch are stored away in orderly fashion on shelves. The older a German gets the more he knows.

If scholarship has been fixed upon as his chosen profession, he begins at the age of ten or twelve and continues for sixty or seventy years, collecting information, labeling it and storing it away. Ever so often, as a result of new discoveries, he walks down the long corridors of his brain, dusting and relabeling various objects, or transferring *Gegenstaende* from one shelf to another. Such learning is monopolized by Germans, for whenever an individual of another race attains to it, he changes into a German, habits, language, spectacles, stomach.

In an archeological community like Athens, the Americans and others are driven to the most desperate expedients to keep up their reputation for learning. The most common method is that of attacking the work of some other scholar. By showing how wrong he is, you demonstrate how right you are. In the savage jungles of archeology, 'tis the fittest who survive.

But it is not safe to attack Germans, for they are infallible. Moreover, they are renowned for their skill in rending limb from limb all others who make a pretense of knowledge. Let some American, Frenchman or Englishman dare to write a book worthy of notice, and in about

three months some Herr Professor Doctor Bumblestein or other, of Munich, or Leipsic, or no matter what armed camp of learning, will not only tear it to atoms, but will hold its unfortunate author up to the universal contempt and ridicule of the half-dozen scholars on the globe who specialize in that particular branch.

For, be it known, your Teutonic scholar is gifted with a sort of unwieldy, but diabolic humor, which though it takes months to evolve, is none the less deadly. He has the habit, too, whenever he hears anything stirring in the jungle of archeology, of emitting a grunt of mingled contempt and rage, and charging it. He is the archeological rhinoceros.

But to return to the expedients by which archeologists at Athens maintain a reputation for comparative erudition—avoid utter eclipse, that is. The most successful scheme was put into effect a number of years ago by an ingenious American professor.

He rented a room in a lofty tower, overlooking the whole town. Into this he retired nights while the various members of his family sallied forth to take part in the social diversions of the Hellenic capital. His lamp burned steadily in the tower, at eleven P. M., at midnight, at one, two, three A. M., a beacon light of industry and research and a reproof to frivolity.

His faithful wife and family returning home at all hours would point to it and remark, "We are terribly worried about him. He is injuring his health. He is engaged on a great work and sits up all night, every night, toiling away on it."

This lamp could be seen from all parts of the town, and extended the professor's reputation for profound and tireless research in every direction, far beyond the reach of its feeble beams. Even the Germans were impressed.

But this occurred years ago, and the great work has not yet appeared; there are those in Athens who say, Teutons, of course, that the professor used to light his lamp and go to bed.

But enough of the German scholars, who are a good sort, after all, and will occasionally *kneip*, drink beer and and sing frivolous *Lieder*, thereby differing from the average archeologist of other nationalities, who always thinks and talks shop. The Teuton has a logical, orderly mind. When he *kneips*, he *kneips*, and when he works he works.

One of my pleasantest recollections of Athens has to do with jolly evenings spent with German archeologists in a small room of a café on University Street. At a certain stage of the proceedings we roared, in chorus, some in German and some in English, the good old song:

"The Pope he leads a jolly life, jolly life; He has no cares to vex his life, vex his life; He drinks the best of Rhenish wine, Oh, I wish the Pope's gay life were mine!"

Whereupon one of my Teutonic convives would rap on the table with his stein and protest fiercely, in a resonant bass:

Das ist aber falsch!

"The Pope leads not a jolly life, jolly life: He has no maid or pretty wife, pretty wife. He has no son to raise his hope, Oh, I would not be the Po-o-o-pe!"

I was once invited to dinner by three American archeologists. I do not know what sin I had committed, but I am sure that the experience was a divine punishment for some delinquency or other.

We had not got far in the repast, certainly not beyond the first mouthful of fish, when they stuck their heads together and began to discuss some recent excavations in Asia Minor. They kept this up during the entire dinner, as oblivious of my presence as though I had suddenly turned into dust and been swept out through the open door.

They are mechanically. Through inheritance and long practise even an archeologist knows where his mouth is, although he may not have the faintest idea as to what is going into it.

Although something of a philosopher in trying situations, I became uncomfortable almost to the point of shricking. There was a door near me giving on an alley, and I was on the point several times of slipping through it and disappearing, but could not quite decide upon this effectual deliverance. My discomfort was increased by the fact that these people had no respect for my opinions on the subject under discussion, though I really did know something about it. By the way, the secrets of successful conversation are two:

First, to be a good listener. But you can not be that

unless the other person believes that you have sufficient intelligence to follow him.

Second, to be able to lasso the other ox—or ass, as the case may be—and to lead him off from his intellectual pasture into your own.

Neither of these expedients was even to be dreamed of on the occasion of my memorable and typical dinner, so I arose at or near the end of the end of the feast, took my hat and walked out.

My syndicate of hosts said "Good night" very sweetly and pleasantly and went on talking. After walking about a block I was seized with ungovernable rage and had an impulse to return and demand, "What in heck did you invite me to dinner for anyway?" I refrained on reflecting that they probably would reply, "We do not know," or that by this time they had perhaps forgotten that I had been with them at all.

One evening a noted American archeologist was present at a fashionable reception in Athens. He took up a position at one end of the room and stood for an hour or so, silent and motionless as a Herm or a Caryatid. At last the host spied him, and determined that he must be amused. He therefore conducted him to an extremely witty, beautiful and resourceful woman and introduced the Scholar to the Lady.

The host thereupon departed to look after his other guests, and thought no more of the archeologist. That woman would have been able to entertain a totem pole, or make John Calvin laugh.

After about half an hour the host ran plump into the

Scholar, back in his old place, silent and solitary, possibly imagining himself a goal post in an ancient stadium.

"Why, Doctor," he exclaimed, "I introduced you to Mrs. X! Where is she?"

"I had no statement to make to her," replied the Man of Books, "and she had no statement to make to me. So we parted."

In these days of specializing in all sciences, the archeologist is usually an authority on some particular branch, or more exactly speaking, twig; for example, not vases nor even Corinthian vases, but some special type of Corinthian vases of a given decade. It is then his cue, after he has made a name for himself, to claim ignorance of all other phases of human knowledge. To admit familiarity with any other subject would endanger his reputation for sound scholarship.

I was once visiting the Acropolis by moonlight with a well-known American scholar who is an authority on the older, perhaps Minoan, vestiges on that sacred hill. He had been discoursing to me for about an hour, rebuilding structures that antedated the Erectheum, when my attention was diverted to a glorious star, looking down upon us, as it seemed to me, in calm and majestic contempt. The star was so much older than the Minoans, perhaps even than the world itself, that I turned naturally to my archeological friend for information. He looked at me rebukingly, almost indignantly, and replied with severity, "I know nothing about stars. I am an archeologist."

I glanced up again, and fancied it an eye, twinkling

humorously. Here was this mortal, with his petty finite guesswork. It knew. It had been there while the numberless generations of mortals had appeared and melted away, bustling about like ants, dragging their bits of building materials after them, to be succeeded by other generations and races.

At another time I was dining in an Athens restaurant. On my way out, I passed a celebrated Greek archeologist, a specialist in cataloguing, respected even by the Germans. In the center of the room was an artificial bower, in the thick of which a bird confined in a tiny cage, was singing ecstatically. As the hour was about ten P. M., its voice produced a startling and weird effect. Remembering my experience on the Acropolis, I remarked slyly, "How beautifully that bird sings! What is it?"

"I don't know," replied the Greek scholar disdainfully, "some sort of canary."

Shade of Plato! It was an Attic nightingale!

CHAPTER XIV

TRAVELING AMERICANS

AMERICANS are the greatest travelers in the world. They are to be found everywhere and all the time, restless, talkative, energetic, dominating. They can be distinguished from Englishmen by the better fit of their clothes, the loudness of their voices, their piercing nasal twang, and the recklessness with which they throw money around. No people in the world talk as loudly as do Americans. They are particularly strong on "Specially Conducted Tours," and a city like Athens, one of the obligatory points of the Mediterranean trip, is due for an irruption at any moment.

Before the introduction of the automobile into the Near East, a long string of carriages trotting down Stadium or Khephyssia Street, filled with my fellow countrymen, was a sure sign that a steamer had arrived in the harbor.

It is now a good many years—longer than I like to admit—since I was consul in the City of the Violet Crown. Perhaps manners have changed with the era of the horseless vehicle, but I have a distinct mental picture of these strings of carriages, overflowing with eager Americans, all armed with cameras, which they were pointing right and left at people, and shouting, "There's a fine type!" "See that old bird? I must get him!"

A common name for Greeks, as indeed it must have

been for all the peoples of the Mediterranean littoral, was "Spaghetti," and there was a continued vocal fusillade of "Hey, Spaghetti!" "You, Spaghetti, stop a minute, I want to photograph you!" "Spaghetti, stop the horses. I want to buy some cigarettes."

If this name is still in use, it may be of interest to my countrymen to know that there is no place in the world where spaghetti is less appreciated or worse cooked, than Greece. In fact, the better class of restaurants in Hellas pride themselves on giving European dinners, consisting of soup, fish, fowl with salad, meat and dessert.

There are innumerable small, tasteless, ill-fed turkeys in that country, herded through the streets in bands by men with fishpoles, and sold from door to door. These furnish the inevitable dindon salade of the restaurants that cater to tourists.

"I am so tired," said a Chicago girl to me once, "of ding dong salad!"

This bright and really intelligent young lady was fresh from several winters of University Extension lectures. At home she had rushed about town on the street-cars, poured over books, and filled her mind with a vast amount of undigested misinformation, on all sorts of subjects at once. She was now "abroad," completing her education and preparing some talks for her less fortunate club women.

Despite the fact that we inhabit a vast continent, Americans are insular. They go abroad stuffed with the Declaration of Independence, the story of Bunker Hill, etc.—all good things in their way, fairly exuding a feeling of superiority over and contempt for all other peoples. They do not reflect that other nations have their own traditions and destinies and race pride—the latter often perfectly justifiable.

The most voluble, noisy, overwhelming and fiercely patriotic Americans who travel abroad are the groups of young ladies, personally conducted by seedy gentlewomen.

Such a band stormed one day into the restaurant situated high up on Mount Vesuvius, at the point where the funicular ends and the climb begins. They were fine, strapping, athletic creatures, headed by a sort of captain, evidently chosen like the kings of old, for her surpassing stature and physical prowess, carrying a huge American flag on a pole shod with a steel point. She marched straight up to the cashier's desk and stabbed her flagstaff into the wooden floor.

"Come on, girls!" she shouted, "we'll show these Dagoes a flag that is a flag!"

I have never seen a more worried and nervous-looking person than the middle-aged gentlewoman who was chaperoning that crowd. I ran into them again at the crater, where I was trying to get some pictures of the volcano—did get, in fact, two or three worth having.

"Here's one of those fellows following us around with a camera again," shrieked one of the young ladies, "how I do wish we could get rid of them!"

A common expression with our fellow countrymen, when making purchases and when told the price in francs, lire, drachmas, or what not, is, "How much is it in real money?" This is not particularly soothing or polite to the poor devils who are getting their wages or profits in depreciated currency. If they are clever—and they usually are—they take revenge by pushing up the price.

Few Americans speak any language but their own, and they take for granted that no foreigners understand that. This gives them greater courage to express their opinions of "Dago" or "Spaghetti" or "Dutch" inferiority publicly and loudly. Ignorance of English, however, is supposed, in some mysterious way, to be associated with a national epidemic of deafness, to be overcome by shouting.

I was sitting one day under the pepper trees in front of the Café Giannaki, in Athens, when a mother flanked by two attractive daughters, approached me. The mother was talking, and said, "I've tried my French, I've tried my German; but these people do not understand any known language." They stopped before me and eyed me for a moment.

"I think I'll try him," decided the lady. "He looks as though he might have a glimmering of intelligence."

"Yes, try him, mama," urged one of the daughters.
"Perhaps he isn't an absolute idiot."

"What'll I try him in?" mused the lady addressed as "mama." "I think I'll begin with my French."

She proceeded to ask me in a jargon which she supposed to be the tongue of Paris where to find the station of the steam railway for Phaleron. I arose, made my most Chesterfieldian bow, and explained in English: "The train stops right over there, Madam, in front of

the Royal Palace. If you will permit me I shall accompany you there."

The girls collapsed with a shriek upon their mother's arms, right and left; but she whirled them resolutely around and marched them off, without further parley. I became well acquainted with them later and found them delightful. It seems they were traveling together and the mother, on account of her supposed linguistic acquirements, assumed the role of cicerone. They were enjoying themselves, largely on account of their keen sense of humor and perpetual good nature.

"Do you remember that time, mama," reminisced one of the daughters, "when you marched up to that man and tackled him in German? You looked him straight in the eye for about a minute, choked, turned red in the face and finally blurted out 'Ja!' That was the only word you could say."

"Well, that was the only German word I could think of for the moment, to save my life. If you two silly monkeys hadn't screamed so with laughter, I should have been able to go on in a minute."

It will be seen from the above that not all traveling Americans, by any means, belong to the objectionable and overpowering class.

One day a beautiful and delightful old lady came into my office. She was a Quaker from Philadelphia, wearing a Quaker bonnet. Though quite sixty years of age, she was plump in face and figure, with perfect even teeth, and one of the peachiest, creamiest complexions that I have ever seen. She was the widow, the recent widow, of a celebrated American inventor and scientist, editor of a great scientific journal.

"Well!" she exclaimed, dropping into a chair. "Here I am at last, in the land of Pericles and Aspasia. Ever since I was a schoolgirl, and used to study about them, I have dreamed about getting here. My husband never could come, but as soon as the poor man passed away, and I was free to do as I liked, I started right off. I took the first boat. And now, Mr. Consul, tell me where I can buy authentic photographs of Pericles and Aspasia!"

She went out and I never saw her again, but I have often thought of her since. Whenever I see in the papers accounts of young men marrying old women, I recall the picture of her sweet lovely face, and I understand how such things are possible. It was she who asked me in what church the American Minister preached, and I was unfortunately obliged to inform her that he was not that kind of minister—at all.

I do not wish to give the impression that all Americans who travel are queer. The majority of the millions who are roaming the world and leaving vast sums of money scattered broadcast go on their way more or less normally, creating the general impression that all inhabitants of the United States are millionaires and must be charged double. The peculiar ones create the most lasting impression.

I was sitting up-stairs in my library one day on the second floor of the Consulate on Koumbari Street, when I heard a double thud on the floor of the hall below, and an anxious voice crying, "Is my wife here?"

I went out on the landing and beheld a little baldheaded man holding his hat in his hand and polishing his cranium with a handkerchief. Two large valises reposed on the floor, one on either side of him.

"I want my wife," he said fiercely.

Not even knowing his name, I had no knowledge of his wife. I assured him that neither his, nor any other man's spouse, was beneath my roof.

"I've lost my wife," he groaned, and picking up his valises, he rushed from the house.

I was much mystified, and it was not till several years later, after I had been transferred to Smyrna, that I learned the sequel to the tale. It seems that he was a famous scientist and chemist, who had just published a romance that was making a great success. A man with so much on his mind should never leave home. The couple had been visiting Smyrna and had bought tickets for Alexandria. The wife went on board the right boat, but her husband lingered till the last moment and then rushed on board a steamer bound for the Piræus. When it suddenly dawned upon his much occupied mind that he should have sailed for Egypt and not for Greece, he telegraphed his wife that he was in Athens, and jumped on a Khediveal for Alexandria. The lady, receiving the wire, rushed up to Athens, and they must have passed each other somewhere in the Mediterranean. Their further movements are not known, but I presume they were finally reunited and lived together happily ever afterward.

The Duncans, Isidora and her brother, were well-known in Athens, though I saw more of the brother than

of his famous sister. They were genuinely inspired by a love for the ancient Greek beauty, life and customs. Duncan adopted ancient Greek costume, bought himself a flock of goats and a shepherd's pipe and took to the hills. He married a beautiful and sensible peasant girl and started to build a stone house on the side of Mount Hymettus with his own hands.

I saw his wife out there, one afternoon. She was trying to live in the house, despite the fact that her modern Tityrus had not yet put on a roof. I believe she did stick it out a part of the winter.

The Duncans made a few disciples who adopted the ancient costume and believed they were living in the days of Pericles. They hoped to convert the natives and bring back the great, beautiful old days, but had no success with the peasantry. One of their disciples was a wealthy society girl, well-known in the select set of New York and Newport. This charming young lady came into my office one morning in a white chiton, wearing sandals on her bare feet and a ribbon about her brow. Her abundant hair was done up in psyche knot.

She sat down near me and announced in a matter-offact tone, "I've just had a baby."

"Good heavens!" I cried, genuinely startled, and rising to my feet.

"I mean," she explained, "about a month ago."

"Oh!" I gasped, and resumed my seat.

"The fact is," she continued, "I have married an ancient Greek philosopher, and, as I am a woman of considerable property, I should like to find out what claims

the fact that we have a child gives my husband upon my money."

She presented me with a very expensive book, printed on parchment and bound in white leather: her husband's poems, published by herself. This volume was burned by the Turks at Smyrna with the rest of my library, and I greatly regret it. It was beautiful, physically, and a great intellectual resource. As often as I felt bored. I used to take up this tome, read some of the poems and wonder what they meant. I told her one day frankly that I couldn't understand her husband's poems, and she replied, mysteriously, "No, you wouldn't. You are not one of the initiated."

These truthful incidents must, from their very nature, be more or less disconnected, and set down as they occur to memory.

One of the most troublesome minor situations that I was ever called upon to face, was occasioned by the purchase at Malta of a small dog by a member of a personally conducted tour. It appears that the animal howled all night and kept awake about half the members of the expedition. It was greatly admired, on the other hand, by the friends and supporters of the lady who had acquired and owned it. The two factions entered my office one morning and demanded that I settle the matter.

One party was headed by the woman firmly grasping her pet, the other by a wrathful mere man.

"I demand, sir, that this animal be left behind or that you obtain the refund of our passage money for the rest of the trip," said the man,

"There was nothing in the agreement to prevent my buying this dog," grimly replied its owner, "and I intend to keep it."

When I explained that I was incompetent to settle the controversy, that there were no provisions in the Consular regulations for a case like this, the anti-canine contingent expressed in no uncertain terms their opinion of me and of the foreign service in general. The whole party was in a state of extreme exasperation. I had great difficulty in getting rid of them, but they finally did leave, the lady tightly hugging her dog, and the leader of the opposition threatening to throw it into the sea, and hold me personally responsible for any damages. This incident of the dog naturally suggests an episode concerning a cat, related to me by a colleague.

An exquisite young gentleman came to him one day and said:

"I am very anxious, sir, to ascertain the duty on dead cats. I do hope it is not very heavy."

"Dead cats!" exclaimed the Consul, "I have never heard of anybody exporting or importing such a thing."

"Will you kindly look the matter up and make sure? You will, I am certain, sympathize with me in my sad predicament and do all in your power to help me. I purchased a beautiful cat, and became greatly attached to it. It died and I desire to have the remains embalmed and shipped home."

I do not know whether the remains of this beautiful cat are now reposing in American soil, and this reminds me that I am equally uncertain of the ultimate fate of a nondescript street dog, purchased by a well-known and wealthy Washington woman.

I was driving on Stadium Street in Athens with her, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful dog! Driver, stop!"

A ragged, bright-eyed urchin was standing by the side of the road, and an attractive puppy of infinitely mixed breed, was sitting between his feet.

"Ask that boy what he will take for his puppy," said my companion to me.

The urchin glanced down, picked up the dog and came to the carriage, holding it out. "One hundred drachmas," he demanded.

The money was immediately paid over, and we drove on.

"I hated to deprive the poor little fellow of his dog," murmured this good-hearted possessor of millions. "It probably almost broke his heart to part with it. Perhaps he has no father or mother and this is the only friend he has."

I saw this same boy a day or two afterward. In fact, I knew the sharp little rascal very well, as he had often blacked my shoes.

"Do you miss your dog very much?" I asked him.

"Twa'n't my dog," he replied, "I didn't know he was there till you showed him to me."

Now one hundred drachmas was twenty dollars in those days. I do not believe that boy will land in jail. He will probably become a millionaire. He has an instinct for high finance, of the sort that strikes surely at an opportunity of making money unhonestly, without danger of falling into the clutches of the law.

The American tourist, when he gets into a carriage or an automobile to "do" a city like Athens, Paris or Rome in his scheduled one or two days, naturally drives around fast. He is sight-seeing in the same way that he conducts his business—twenty minutes off for luncheon. The weakness of the personally conducted tour is that one or two days are assigned for tasks that, rightly accomplished, would require from one to twenty years.

When thinking of these energetic, rushing tourists, my mind always reverts to a New York business man who drove up Khephyssia Street one day while I was out taking a stroll. He was in a one-horse carriage flanked on either side by a stout daughter and a stouter wife, in such fashion that he was hanging to the very edge of the seat, with his knees projecting up toward his ears.

I had just returned from a vacation in the United States where I had purchased an invention, then new, for eye-glasses: one of those round flat spools that carry a long thin chain, to the end of which the glasses are affixed. You pull them out when needed and set them on your nose. When done with them, you run the chain up into the spool and let them dangle to your coat lapel.

As the carriage passed the spot where I was standing on the walk, its male fare shouted, "Whoa, Spaghetti!" to the cabman and poked him in the back with his cane. The Jehu brought his steed to a sudden stop; the New Yorker jumped down and ran up to me.

"Where'd you get that dingflukus?" he demanded.

"Dingflukus?" I repeated, confused by the sudden onslaught.

"Yes, yes! I've lost mine and want to buy another."

"But what is it?" I asked.

"That whirligig, that thingamagummy, that duflicker."

"But what in the world are you talking about?" I insisted.

"Why, that what-do-you-call 'em that you hang your glasses to."

"Oh, that!" I replied. "I bought it in New York!"

"Oh, hell!" he grumbled, "I can get one there myself," and he ran back and scrambled into his carriage.

One of the most successful business men that America has produced went around the world in an automobile, "doing" everything at between thirty-five and sixty miles an hour. This was in the early days of the motorcar, when the foundation of his fortune had just been laid. He was a great believer in the future of automobiles, in which he was heavily interested, and he thought that a trip around the world, properly advertised, would do more than anything else to create public confidence in this method of transportation. His point of view was revealed to me during his visit to Athens.

He invited me to ride out to the Marathon Mound with him and his wife. I accepted gladly and a sturdy-looking machine drew up before my door; a businesslike car, having that dusty and used look that suggests rather the toughness and fitness of the veteran soldier than the weakening effects of wear and tear.

I mounted beside him. His wife was occupying the back seat. In less time that it takes to tell it, we were on Khephyssia Street and smoking toward Marathon.

That man was one of the pioneers of automobilism. He handled his machine as an Arab his steed. He was a part of it. It seemed to be alive and obey his thoughts intuitively. We zigzagged through telegraph and tram poles, street-cars, fleeing pedestrians, wine carts, like a fly among falling rain-drops.

The length of Khephyssia Street curled up and disappeared behind like a lighted spill and we went swinging over the long undulations of the country road as a ship flies from crest to crest of the waves.

My friend kept his eyes fixed on the speedometer and murmured continually:

"Now we're going twenty-five miles, now we're going thirty-five miles, now we're going forty miles, now we're going fifty miles."

After a little while we reached a narrow road that runs, with many curves and turns, through scrubby pines. It was impossible to see more than five seconds ahead, and I fully expected to crash into a peasant's cart around each next corner. This did not happen, though on one or two occasions I caught sight of mules, attached to high, two-wheeled carts, tearing madly through the woods for the distant mountains or seashore, their owners tugging desperately at the reins.

Suddenly I became aware of a monotonous sound behind me. It had been going on for some time but I had not noticed it, my attention being otherwise engaged. It

was the wife on the back seat, singing: Nearer, my God, to Thee!

On one occasion we appeared unexpectedly before a caravan of peasant women riding upon donkeys. They all instantly glided to earth and fell flat on their backs. Tightly clutching the halters about the animals' necks, they were dragged off into the woods.

And still the hymn kept on monotonously to the refrain of, "Now we're going thirty miles, now we're going forty miles."

Somewhere on the road a strange thing happened—a thing with a Balaam's ass or Midsummer Night's Dream flavor. We came upon a donkey tethered to a pine tree. As we leaped upon him he bounded to the end of his rope, at which he strained frantically, bleating exactly like a frightened sheep. Had he spoken, I should not have been more surprised. And I wish to remark right here, for the benefit of the incredulous, that a donkey, when sufficiently frightened, can bleat. At least, this one could. It can also develop incredible strength and speed, for the one in question broke a thick rope, and, the last I saw of him, he was running like a deer.

We made Marathon in forty minutes, a distance of twenty-two miles, or thirty-five miles to the hour, which was the world's record at that time. When the mound appeared, I pointed it out to my host who remarked, "Arrived, eh?" glanced at his watch and commenced to turn around.

"But aren't you going to see the Mound?" I asked.
"I can see it from here," he replied, continuing to

But I was very anxious to visit the Soros, to which I had not made a pilgrimage in several years.

"But this is one of the most famous spots in history," I cried desperately, "one of the most sacred. It is a bigger thing than the Pyramids of Egypt. If you must hurry back, let me out and I will walk home."

"Is it generally known?" he inquired. "Many pictures been made of it?"

"After the Tomb of Christ there is no monument better known than that," I pleaded.

"Is it worth photographing with the car?" he asked, and, receiving an affirmative answer, drove over to the tumulus, backed up against it and proceeded to take the picture.

This was perhaps the most sincere and heartfelt testimonial that the heroes who died to save Europe and make the automobile and its age possible, have received during the cycles of their sleep under that little hill.

Calling later at his hotel I found that the Pyramids, the Alhambra, the Colosseum, the Sphynx, had all been thus honored. One picture had been taken on the exact spot where Savonarola had been burned, at Florence, with the Palazzo Vecchio in the background, and another with the biggest baboon in Africa sitting on the back seat. As he showed each photograph he remarked, "She came out well there, didn't she?" or "I didn't get quite the right focus on her there." To this man the Acropolis was simply one of the places in Athens where he photo-

graphed his automobile. And yet I would not speak with contempt of him. He was the product, or rather the pioneer, of a great industrial and mechanical age. I would not place him in the same class with a certain woman whom I saw just after her return from a Mediterranean cruise.

"What most impressed you in Athens?" I asked her, and she replied, "The butter."

The butter!

I find in my note-book a brief description of a walk that I made with my wife in May of 1909, which I copy without change:

"Went out with Catherine to Ambelokepus (the grape gardens) and found a poppy field on a little hill. The sun was just setting behind St. George in brilliant splendor, lighting up with all the hues of evening the heavy masses of clouds gathered there. Off at the left the Acropolis stood out very distinct in gray silver light wonderfully transparent. In the other direction Hymettus was taking on its evening colors, vivid violet, that gradually toned down to purple. The moon now appeared behind the mountain and seemingly at the precise time that the sun set, stood out round, full and enormous over Hymettus.

"The mountain was now a dim, silver, ethereal gray; the Acropolis and the houses of Athens took on a weird distinctness in the mingled light of the rising moon and that of the sun, not far away, hidden behind the hills. Half an hour later the moonlight was falling on the town, new and old, like snow."

One species of traveling American who frequently gets into trouble with foreign authorities and who should

get little help from our representatives, is the vandal: the man or woman who chips bits from ancient monuments and carries them away as souvenirs. If my old friend, Harold MacGrath, should read these lines I am sure he would agree with me.

He arrived with his wife in Athens in December of 1909, passing three days there. They were on their way to Egypt, thence to Colombo, and so around the world, spending some of the royalties from the author's popular stories, and gathering material for new tales.

Mrs. MacGrath told me a story of a vandal whom she had met, who was specializing in toes which he was knocking off statues, of which he had acquired a formidable collection. He also boasted of five Buddha heads stolen from a small temple.

While I was in Athens an American created a nasty scandal by breaking a piece off the Frieze of the Parthenon.

Of course the chief of all vandals, and their patron saint, was that Lord Elgin who carried away from Greece a great collection of beautiful marbles, among which was one of the Carytides, or Porch Maidens of the Erectheum; but vandalism, both in business and archeology is reputable only when conducted on a large scale. Somewhat similar in inspiration to the vandals are those tourists who have no conception of the sacredness of ancient shrines. Like most asses, they are the children of pure and abysmal ignorance.

Doctor Paul Bauer, a scholar of international reputation, now Professor of Archeology at Yale, was in Athens in 1909 and made a trip to Crete. On returning he related to me that the guide at the ancient city of Cnossos showed him the throne of the prehistoric King Minos, and asked him to sit in it.

Bauer refused, for reasons with which I sympathize, whereupon the guide explained that Americans usually ate their lunches in the throne room, and drew lots as to which of the party should occupy the throne on these festive occasions.

Old Minos, that majestic and sacred personage, the priest-king and lawgiver, seems to have been a more kindly character than Tutankhamen and the grim Kings of Mycenæ. He laid no curse on remote generations who should fail in respect to his memory.

The American who sojourns long enough in foreign lands to form social connections, and to be invited to dinners, teas and clubs, soon finds that a genre of conversation prevails with which he is unacquainted, and at which he is woefully inept. In this country short stories and anecdotes are the fashion, and no big dinner occurs which does not bring out one or two new ones which go the rounds of the press.

Conversation on the other side consists of brief rapier flashes of wit, or a voluble exchange of inanities, as the case may be. This is especially true in the Mediterranean countries. No Greek, Frenchman or Italian has the patience to await the end of a story. He is sure to burst into polite laughter before it is half over, or if, as happens in rare cases, the end be reached, to say politely, "Please continue, monsieur."

I was once at an international dinner at a legation, at which the guest of honor was an American congressman, a famous raconteur. He told, with much detail, a story of a farmer who had two sons, one good and prudent, the other a spendthrift. On his death he left the farm to the good young man, and the other brought legal action to break the will. The suit lasted for years, the lawyers' fees eating up the property, until the fences, house and barns became dilapidated.

One evening, the owner of the farm, sitting on his porch and looking out over his mortgaged fields, murmured:

"When I think of it all, I'm sometimes almost sorry that Pa died!"

The titter that broke out among the few Americans present was quickly suppressed by the look of horror on the faces of the others, and the remark of a serious-minded Frenchman:

"I have always understood that respect for parents was not so thoroughly inculcated in the minds of children in America as in other countries."

My first glimpse into the foreign mind was afforded me many years ago by a charming little Austrian baroness by the name of Duca. She was a tiny, Dresden-China woman, with delicate complexion and silky blonde hair, famous for her exquisite toilets. She informed me that all her clothes were made in Paris, and when I asked her how she obtained such perfect fits, she replied, "I keep a doll in Paris." Considering her size, the explanation seemed quite natural to me.

I was once telling her of some of our famous humorists, and gave her this story of Bill Nye.

A friend of his asked him if it were true that fish was brain food, and, if so, what kind was especially to be recommended in this connection.

"Any kind will do," Nye is said to have replied, "but in your case I would recommend a whale."

The baroness thought of this seriously for a few moments, and then objected, "But I did not know zat ze flesh of ze whale was good to eat!"

She finally woke up, though.

I had been telling her of our stockyards at Chicago. I informed her that hogs were driven by thousands into one end of a great machine, living, and flew out of the other end in the shape of hams, sausages, etc.

She made no comment on this, but a few days later said, "Oh! About zose great machines at ze Chicago stockyards. Zat is nossing—nossing. We have for a long time now at Vienna ze same sing. Only zere, if you do not like your hams, sausages, bacon, etc., you revairse ze machinery, and your live hogs pop out again at ze upper end!"

Incidents of two Americans whom I met originally in Greece illustrate better than anything else I can think of, the smallness of the world and the shortness of life.

I have known Burton Holmes for many years, and have run into him casually, in various remote corners of the globe, about as one chances on acquaintances in a small village. The last time that I saw him was two or three years ago in Budapest.

The most curious encounter that I had with him was once upon the Shilka River, in Siberia. The water was low, and my steamer was stuck on a sandbank. I was taking a swim in the river, when another craft passed, going down-stream, on the deck of which stood Burton Holmes. I do not know whether he saw me or not, but I shouted to him.

From time to time, during the long years, I have met General Nelson A. Miles, a tall, soldierly, imposing man. Last year I was at the Ringling Brothers' Circus in Washington, with my daughter. We occupied seats near the ring side, and the vast tent was filled. Quite close to us a spectator collapsed, and slid to the ground. He was carried out, and the show continued. It was General Miles, who had died within a few feet of me, a happy death, as he was a devotee of the circus, and a faithful attendant. So passed a great captain, who had lived in a large way, and had commanded armies.

So pass we all, big and little, and the show goes on.

CHAPTER XV

SOME WEALTHY AND FAMOUS TOURISTS

Very wealthy Americans, possessors of enormous, internationally known fortunes, often arrive in small capitals and mingle in a democratic manner with the representatives of their country and the society people of the town, leaving behind a fund of gossip and legend.

One couple I remember, who were founding a great university in the West. The husband conceived the idea of buying one of the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, shipping it home and setting it up on his campus. He became so insistent that King George, a good-natured man with a keen sense of humor, pretended to hide whenever he appeared, and frequently muttered "Help! Help!" to the American Minister.

"I'll give you a million dollars for it, Your Majesty, in good honest American money," he would argue. "See how many drachmæ that would make," and he would perform the computation.

"What a godsend that would be to your wretched, debt-ridden country!" He left with the conviction that the Greeks had no just appreciation of the real value of money.

Like all big business men, his ideas were fundamentally sound and practical. He knew, for instance, instinctively, that great professors make a great university, and he commenced sending out letters to leading scholars in

the various branches, offering them higher salaries than they were already getting. One distinguished Harvard man told me that he had conversed with the millionaire on the subject of joining his staff.

"What library will you have?" asked the Professor. "Shall I be given carte blanche to buy books in my line? One reason for my satisfaction with my present post is that we have an admirable library. I am engaged in research work, and must have access to everything written on my subject."

"Library!" exclaimed the millionaire, "I ain't going to have any library. I'm going to hire fellers that have it all in their heads."

Justice requires me to state that Mr. — was too sensible a man to remain long in ignorance of the value of a library, and he succeeded in acquiring a collection of books that was in itself an attraction to scholars.

A very wealthy Washington woman who visited the Piræus in her yacht, had somehow or other obtained a genuine Tanagra figurine, those exquisite tiny creations in pottery that represent the ladies of antiquity in charming, coquettish attitudes, and in costumes and hats that might have been bought in Paris.

Indeed, a well-known Frenchman, on first seeing a collection of them, exclaimed, "These are not ancient Greeks, they are Parisiennes!"

There are many clever imitations made in Germany, of course, but the genuine have become extremely rare and expensive.

"I've found out what this is," the woman said, show-

ing it to me. "It's the model from which the ancient statues were made. The sculptor first made this model, then he chiseled out the life-size form from marble. I'm going to take this to Rome and have the statue made in Carara marble."

"And then what will you do with the figurine?" I asked, cherishing the faint and distant hope of getting possession of it myself.

"Oh, after I have the statue made, I'll throw the doll away," she replied.

This same woman bought two statues from Vroutos, a contemporaneous Athenian sculptor of considerable merit, and had them sent on to Washington.

"You people think you can not get antiquities out of Greece," she remarked afterward to Mrs. Bakhmeteff, wife of the Russian Ambassador. "Look at these!"

A very wealthy American, proprietor of a great newspaper, visited Athens, and I obtained a glimpse of his feet under peculiar circumstances. I should have liked to see more of him, as he was a man for whom I have always felt great admiration, but I suppose I should feel grateful for having seen even the feet of this truly distinguished countryman.

A fussy, pompous little man appeared in my office and announced impressively, "Mr. —— is in town. He arrived this morning on his yacht."

"I am very glad to hear it," I replied sincerely. "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing him."

"He sent me up to tell you that he wants you to coal his yacht immediately. Immediately, sir!"

THE UNCROWNED KING OF AMERICA 169

"But I am not in the coal business," I replied. "I am the American Consul."

"Do you know who Mr. —— is?" demanded my caller. "He is the uncrowned King of America."

"Oh, then," said I, breathing a sigh of relief, "that lets me out. I am working for the President of the United States."

Later in the day I was walking on Khephyssia Street, where I found a great crowd collected.

"What is it?" I asked, my mind turning instinctively to a revolution.

"Mr. —," replied several voices, repeating the name of the Uncrowned King.

A two-horse closed carriage came tearing down the street, and immediately the cry went up, "There he comes!" As the equipage passed directly in front of me there was a shivering of glass and two feet projected from the window.

"That's he!" shouted the throng gleefully. "Those are his feet."

And this reminds me of another American multimillionaire, who came on his yacht to Saloniki while I was stationed there, and brought a remarkable parrot with him. He was entertaining a beautiful, charming and famous French actress. They invited me to dine on board. I found the table spread on deck, for it was a warm summer evening, and I passed a couple of unforgettable hours with a whimsical host and a dainty and graceful lady.

During the progress of the dinner I heard sounds

which resembled the wails of an infant, proceeding from the cabin.

"Oh, how nice!" I exclaimed, "I see you have a baby on board." I am a great lover of children.

"No," replied my host, "we have no child on board. That is the parrot."

"Yes," affirmed the actress, "that is the parrot."

The wails of the admirable bird continued, and were repeated at sporadic intervals during the course of the evening. I wonder. I shall always wonder, though it is really none of my business. In Greece they call a baby "a nightingale in the house."

Colonel William Jennings Bryan was a distinguished American who traveled widely and who created a favorable impression by his dignity and good sense. Well-known Americans should especially bear in mind that they are unofficial representatives of their country, and have a certain sense of responsibility.

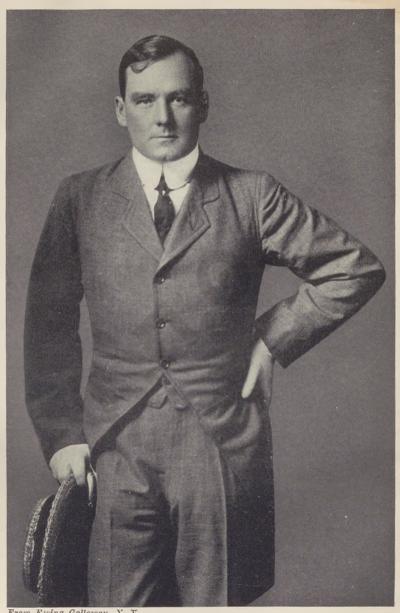
I had dinner with the Colonel and his family at the American Legation, while Mr. Jackson was minister. I remember that my note of invitation contained the warning that I was not to wear evening dress and that there would be no wine at table.

My recollection of this truly great man at dinner is to the effect that he was heavy and did not unbend, and that his family gazed at him in silent wonder and admiration. The effect on me was impressive and oppressive. There must be a solid substructure of worth to a man who is so worshiped by his family.

When Colonel Bryan went to Smyrna he took with



Margaret Anglin



From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Richard Harding Davis

him a large consignment of Sunday-school tracts, for distribution among the Turks. These were kept for a long time in the custom-house and the reason for their detention was not apparent until they were finally released. It seems these tracts were headed with the announcement, repeated on various pages: "Christ died to save sinners."

The Turks had gone through them all carefully, and amended them, by means of a pen, so as to read: "Christ died to save Christian sinners." This was a big job as the consignment was heavy, but they had done it thoroughly.

Mr. Bryan wrote a series of articles on his trip around the world, that appeared in a publication of large circulation. I asked Mr. Jackson why the Colonel was making this trip and he replied: "He is going around the world collecting misinformation." Evidently the Turks had the same idea.

Sooner or later everybody worth knowing comes to Athens. One of the most agreeable and entertaining Americans whom I have ever met was the late Richard Harding Davis. With him I passed a number of enjoyable evenings. Davis was, of course, an inimitable storyteller, and he was quite willing to sing a song, if asked. He had one pirate song whose chorus contained the words "Blood and bones!" of which he was particularly fond, and he rendered Kipling's Mandalay extremely well. Of the many stories that he told me the one I remember best is the following:

One evening he had been dining in London with

friends, one of whom proposed a visit to a queer restaurant that he had discovered. The frequenters, people of the slums, sat upon low wooden benches and ate fried fish which they washed down with liberal potations of beer. The place was always full and the benches occupied to their capacity, the good-natured etiquette being for a new arrival to shove a row of sitters along till the man on the other end fell off, and then to occupy the vacancy thus created.

The interior consisted of a hall surrounded by a row of second-story boxes, and reeked with the odor of fried fish and pipe smoke.

Davis arrived at this unique and savory restaurant about midnight and entered one of the stalls with his friend. Becoming interested, he arose to his full height and looked down upon the crowd below, an immaculate and imposing figure in full evening dress.

Immediately a greasy and grimy gentleman arose, holding a beer mug in one hand and a pipe in the other, and declaimed, "Howing to the honexpected presence in our midst of the Prince of Wiles, the haudjience will please rise and sing God Save the King!" Which the "haudjience" immediately proceeded to do.

I also saw much of Stephen Crane, a slender earnest young man, who was rapidly drinking himself to death. I took an early breakfast with him once at the Angleterre Hotel, at which he drank nearly a quart of champagne. I remonstrated with him, but he assured me that there was nothing like champagne in the morning to get one started right.

I gave a large luncheon at which the American Minister was present. Our representative drank Scotch whisky and soda with all his meals, to the exclusion of other beverages. This, he said, was the healthiest and safest potation, as he had been assured by that wise and experienced diplomat, his British colleague.

Crane, who was seated near the American Minister, reached out, took the whisky bottle and poured a water-glass full, which he drank. A few minutes later he leaned his elbows on the table, looked the Minister full in the face and said, "You think you're a hell of a fellow, don't you?" We gathered him up and sent him home in a cab. It was a pity, for he has left a lasting name in literature. But who knows? Perhaps, like De Quincey and many others, his genius needed that sort of spur.

Few people can absorb large quantities of alcohol without fatal results. Nearly all of my contemporaries who were addicted to its use are now dead, while most of the temperate are still living. There are a few human beings, however, whom nothing can kill except extreme old age.

The most redoubtable drinker that I have ever encountered was Sir John Mahaffey, the famous Irish churchman and scholar, and eloquent advocate of the modern pronunciation of ancient Greek. He was not an American, but it seems appropriate to mention him here.

He was dining with me in Athens one night and a bottle of Scotch was set before him at his request. When we adjourned to the drawing-room he brought his bottle with him. We sat and talked till long after midnight, or rather, he talked. I felt as if I were listening to one of the Olympian gods—and I was; eloquence, learning, poetry. I did not feel tired. The pure air of the mountaintop kept me awake.

About three he arose to go, but sat down again with the remark. "Oh. I haven't finished my bottle." It was about four A. M. when he finally departed, leaving his bottle empty, of which I had not touched a drop, as I do not like Scotch.

He excused himself for hurrying away, as he had an appointment to climb the Acropolis with some friends and see the sunrise. He did, and, I was informed by one of the party, was on the go all day, full of energy. Only a hero can finish a quart of Scotch whisky at four A. M. and climb a mountain the same morning to watch the sunrise.

Of all the Americans whom I met in Athens during my protracted sojourn there, I should say that the one who got the most good out of Greece and took away the most for the general benefit of the world at large, was Margaret Anglin, the celebrated actress. She came there to get the setting and atmosphere for her remarkable productions of the ancient Greek dramas. Being a profound student and a woman of rare intelligence, she got what she came after.

I had the agreeable experience of dining with her and her genial and talented husband, Howard Hull, one night on the terrace of a hotel overlooking the Bay of Phaleron.

In May, 1927, I happened to be in New York at the time that she was giving a stupendous production of the Electra of Sophocles at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was crowded to suffocation. I called on her at her apartment and found the great tragedy actress of the night before in the throes of moving. Somewhat disheveled and in fatigue uniform, she was helping her husband and a couple of servants pack trunks and take down pictures. She greeted me cordially and simply with the following remark:

"My husband says you want to put me in a book with a lot of queens, but you have found me at a moment when I am far from looking the part."

When she sat down upon a sofa and began to talk about the ancient dramatists, and how, as a girl, she had realized that the poetry and passion in them should grip audiences as they did twenty centuries ago, if properly presented, and how she had devoted her life to this purpose, I realized that I was indeed in the presence of a Queen of the Stage. Homage is due to a woman who has made it her mission to give this sort of thing to the public; and it is a great consolation to know that, even in these days of a putrid and corrupted stage, theaters can still be filled to the doors by the plays of Æschylus or Sophocles as presented by Margaret Anglin.

CHAPTER XVI

THE REAL ATHENS

WINTER is the great matchmaking season in Athens for the middle-class Greeks. Every fall the mothers gather in the capital from the provinces, the islands, and even from as far afield as Rumania and Egypt, with their marriageable daughters, looking for bridegrooms. The fathers have made fortunes in business, and the girls' parents are on the lookout mainly for aristocratic connections.

In most cases the impending advent of the various fair candidates has been heralded or at least rumored, long before, and there is much preliminary discussion and speculation as to the probable charms and dowries.

Often the amount of the *proeka*, or dowry, has been announced, in advance, and then information must be obtained as to the girl's accomplishments, disposition, gifts as a housekeeper, etc. This, when an open matrimonial campaign is to be frankly conducted; in such cases the dowry is usually substantial.

Frequently a mother prefers to lay ambuscades. She will then appear with her daughter at some leading hotel, and affect great exclusiveness. Then the queries spread through the lobbies, the cafés, the salons, "Who are they? Does any one know anything about them? How much are they giving?"

If the girl is very beautiful, one naturally jumps at

the conclusion that the dowry is small. But this is not always a safe deduction, for in all countries God bestows upon a select few both money and looks.

It can readily be seen that all this is most exciting and absorbing, not only to the young folk of the town, but to their elders; to the matrons, certainly, for they, the world over, from Vienna to the Fiji Islands, are matchmakers.

There are elderly married men, too, retired from business, who come to Athens winter after winter to take part in the matrimonial campaign. How can these be useful? We shall see.

Suppose a mother arrives with a marriageable daughter and puts up at the Palace Hotel. There is various information which she must give out. Advertising must be done, and obviously the newspapers are not suitable: the amount of the dowry and in what it consists; the candidate's accomplishments; and what sort of a husband is desired. All this information is usually disseminated to the remotest comers of the town within three days after the couple's arrival.

The mother gets in touch with one of these gossipy married men and talks to him about as follows:

"My daughter has two hundred thousand drachmæ, one hundred thousand in cash in the National Bank, one hundred thousand in shares. She speaks French and German, and plays the piano and the guitar. She sings like a nightingale. She has the disposition of a lamb. It's 'Yes, mama,' and 'No, mama,' with her always. She loves her home. How often I say to her, 'Eirene, you must go

out into the world more,' and she replies, 'It bores me, mama. I prefer to stay at home with you and papa.'

"And a housekeeper! Incredible! She looks after everything herself, and the house glitters.

"And economical! If left to herself she would never buy herself a dress or a hat."

"Do you prefer an officer or a civilian?" asks the gossipy married man.

It is necessary to know this for the reason that officers, who have a certain social prestige and receive only thirty or forty dollars a month, are apt to require larger downies than business men.

Having secured the necessary information, the married man starts. He buzzes like a bee in the cafés, in the hotel parlors, in private drawing-rooms. Every other person to whom he talks is also a gossip who repeats the news to a dozen more, so that in a very short time all is known that the mother wishes divulged.

And generally, it is but fair to say, there is little or nothing to conceal in the history of these Greek girls. Up till the time they are safely married they are not allowed to stir a step from the house unless severely chaperoned. Good husbands are scarce and the competition is keen. The least incident, on which a rumor could be based, lessens a maiden's prospects for matrimony and increases the size of the necessary dowry. Papa and mama are therefore financially interested in daughter's reputation and give her short tether and keep Arguseyed watch over her till she is safe off their hands.

The Greeks, then, who inhabit the Athens hotels dur-

ing the winter season, are largely engaged in matchmaking; and what an absorbing pastime it is! Often, when a particularly desirable damsel is in the field, several meritorious candidates present themselves, among whom it is difficult to choose. Each of these is supported by a group of friends who besiege at every opportunity the ears of papa and mama, the latter's especially, exhibiting the young men in as many taking situations and attitudes as possible: in the dance, on horseback, in conversation. They are advised what to wear; how to deport themselves with regard to the particular girl in question; they are coached with witty and wise things to say.

Given all this benevolent aid and good will on the part of everybody, and the young woman's avowed object in visiting Athens, the inevitable soon happens. Some evening she will be seen seated on the same couch with the chosen swain, looking very proud and happy, the other suitors being conspicuous by their absence. It is then in order to congratulate her and the parents.

And you must not think that romance does not enter into unions contracted in this manner. Once, after a short and sharp campaign lasting about two weeks, I observed a young woman sitting on the same sofa with a cavalry officer who had been in the matrimonial market for at least ten years, unsuccessfully, for the simple reason that he demanded two hundred thousand drachmæ—about forty thousand dollars—dowry.

The parents had given out, on their arrival at the Splendid Hotel, that her dowry was this exact amount, and that they wished to marry her into the army. The

Splendid for a short time resembled a barracks, or rather an officers' mess. It was soon over. The successful aspirant put forth superhuman efforts, realizing the opportunity of his life had arrived. He rejuvenated himself by all the arts then known to the human species, made himself irresistible and carried off the prize.

As I passed the divan, she asked me, in passable English, "How do you like him?"

I didn't like him at all; I knew too much about him; so I replied diplomatically, "That isn't the question. The great question is, how do you like him?"

"Like him?" she cried. "I love him!"

She probably did; the husband that she had been dreaming about, and whom she had come to Athens to get, before ever seeing him. Love, it seems, is a god that can be compelled, in case of need.

It is interesting to note that a large percentage of these Greek matches, which are arranged by parents and relatives, with some idea as to how the young couple are to pay the grocers' and butchers' bills, turn out happily. Youth is a silly and thoughtless age, and girls are especially silly, by no means competent to think for themselves on such serious matters as matrimony.

A brilliant American woman, a friend of mine, maintains that congeniality and not love is the safest basis for a life union. She ought to know, for she herself suffered much from an unfortunate alliance. This woman had a ward, a pretty young girl for whom she was largely responsible. One day the ward announced that she wished to marry. There seemed to be no objection to the would-

be groom, a sober, industrious young fellow. So the lady gave her consent, with a motherly talk.

"Lucy," she said, falling on her hobby, "remember that the step you are going to take is for life. Do not be led astray by a passing fancy. The surest foundation for matrimony is not passion, but congeniality; to have the same ideals, the same tastes, to be good comrades, that is. Comradeship lasts longer than passion, or love, as it is often called. Are you and Charley congenial to each other?"

"I don't know how Charley feels," replied Lucy fervently, "but I know I feel mighty congenial!"

Each race has its own customs and point of view, resulting from differing conditions, inheritance, tradition.

The benefit performance once given for Catherine Verona, an excellent Athenian actress, at which I was present, illustrates excellently the chasm wide and deep, separating the foreign view-point on some matters from our own.

It was announced in the Athens press that Verona, the popular and beloved actress, was about to become a mother and that, to help defray her expenses, and as a testimonial of the affection of the public, a benefit performance would be given her, at which she would appear in her favorite part of Juliet. She did, and the house was crowded with a fashionable and sympathetic audience. Nobody saw anything amusing or incongruous in the spectacle. It was, perhaps, a reflection on the character of Juliet, but that unfortunate lady has been dead a good many years, so that really it didn't matter.

In 1910 I was transferred to Saloniki. Shall I ever see Greece again?

I know Athens better than any other city in the world. I can close my eyes and see it as I have beheld it: the Athens of the old street-cars, the water barrels, the native costumes; the Athens of the electric trams and the automobiles; the Athens seething with Asia Minor refugees, skirted with their mushroom-like suburbs and barracks.

Then I look farther back to the days of Rome, Pericles and Theseus, and the long years of the Turkish desolation: Athens, changing and unchangeable, imperishable, glorious; mother of the arts, of freedom, of high and noble thinking; proud and glorious Queen of the World, whose scepter shall never depart.

At times there comes over me an almost uncontrollable homesickness for Greece, and this, I think, is strongest in April. I find in an old note-book of 1909:

"This has been the beautiful month in Greece. Last night on my way home I heard the nightingales in the King's garden, calling loudly to one another, as though saying: 'Is it springtime again for the ten thousandth time and are we still here?' It was midnight. Up till day before yesterday we have been out gathering poppies. Out on the slopes of Hymettus, near the little Church of the Ascension, we found a field of them. In March the anemones began, and the almond and cherry trees were in bloom. Early in March wild violets were brought into town in great variety, and in April the daisies were whitening the fields. Now, suddenly, one begins to smell the sweet perfume, especially late at night, of the acacias and the opening orange blossoms."

CHAPTER XVII

SALONIKI IN 1910

Saloniki, at the time of my first assignment to the post, was mostly a Jewish settlement of about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, under Turkish rule. These Hebrews were mainly a mercantile colony, doing business with the entire Orient, some of them immensely wealthy. They took refuge in Turkey from Spain during the persecutions under their "most Christian Majesties," Ferdinand and Isabella, and have flourished mightily.

They were—and are—the picturesque Jews of Shake-speare's time, wearing beards and long gabardines lined with fur. Even in the hottest weather they adhere to these warm coverings, and in the driest they largely affect American rubber overshoes. Their language is the Spanish of the date of their exile, mixed with numerous Turkish and Greek words.

Before the great fire of 1917 they inhabited the ancient quarter of the town, within the old walls, where they swarmed like rabbits.

The history of this ancient town is extremely interesting. Here Cicero passed about sixteen months of his exile, from 58 B. C., when the nobles whom he had denounced so violently in his orations, became too strong for him.

One of the letters that he wrote from there contains

some of the most mournful passages in literature and reveals the great orator on the verge of suicide.

In early Christian and medieval days this city played an important rôle, rising at different epochs to a state of great luxury and wealth. Like other cities of the Mediterranean littoral, it was sacked on at least one occasion by Mohammedans and most of its inhabitants either massacred or carried into slavery.

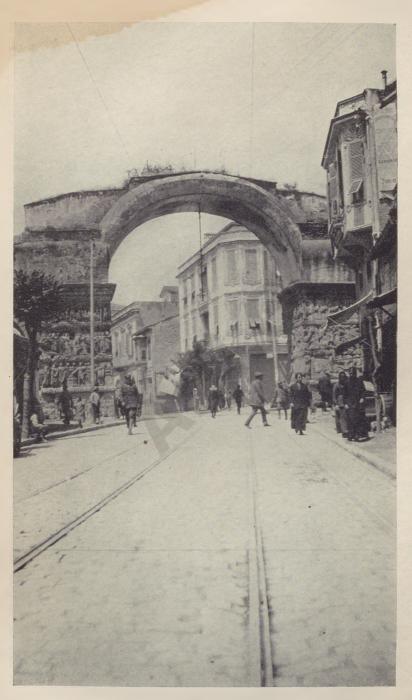
Like Constantinople, Saloniki was noted for its ruined Christian churches, some of them containing frescoes and mosaics of great interest and beauty. Among these was the church of Saint Demetrius, reputed to have been the most beautiful flower of Byzantine religious architecture after Saint Sophia. It was destroyed by the great fire of August, 1917.

After Rhodes, Saloniki possesses the most perfectly preserved medieval walls in existence. They are practically intact except on the east, where they have been demolished to allow the expansion of the town.

The most conspicuous medieval monument in Saloniki is the Tour Blanche, or White Tower, which marked the eastern seaward limit of the old wall.

Another striking object, of great antiquity, is the immense tumulus, or artificial hill, which seems, from its terraced formation, to have been erected in prehistoric times as an acropolis for a fortified palace. There are many of these tumuli in Macedonia, some of which doubtless served as artificial acropoli, and others as tombs of kings, like the great mounds in the vicinity of Sardis.

There is also a triumphal arch at Saloniki, of the Ro-



Roman Arch, Saloniki



Abdul-Hamid

man period, under which an electric street-car line now runs.

When I first went to this town, many Oriental customs were still lingering on with the Turks. The bread man, for instance, kept count upon two sticks, one of which he gave you and the other he kept, each loaf being nicked on both, and the totals compared at the end of the week. If the number of nicks corresponded, the account was correct.

Goats were driven to the door and milked in the customer's presence, an absolute guarantee of an undiluted product.

The blacksmiths were mainly Turks, and a part of their equipment consisted of two short sticks which they tied over the tip of a horse's nose while he was being shod, in such a way as to pinch the soft flesh. The idea was that the animal would be compelled to think about his nose and would forget to kick.

Saloniki is best known, of course, to Christian people, from the fact that an early church was founded there and that Saint Paul wrote two of his letters to the Thessalonians, or the congregation of Thessalonica (modern, Saloniki) whom he commends greatly, saying among other things:

"We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth."

The burning question, and general subject of conver-

sation in 1910 was, "Who will get Saloniki?" usually supplemented with the phrase, "The Austrians, or the Italians?"

These two rival powers were making a determined effort to impress the natives and to win their affections by frequent visits of battle units and fleets. Frequent feasts were given on board to which the inhabitants were invited, and I have seen two entire decks of a cruiser groaning with meats, pastries and fruits, from end to end. Parties of champion gourmands would eat the entire length of one deck, then go below and repeat. Wines, of course, flowed ad lib. Similar revels were given at the consulates of these two nations, the Austrians easily carrying off the palm. Naturally, on account of its extreme political importance, the different countries sent their ablest men there. It not infrequently happens that a remote consulate is more important, and requires greater knowledge, skill and training than is needed in many legations.

My colleagues at Saloniki in 1910 were all men of unusual ability and deeply versed in Balkan affairs.

The Bulgarian Consul-General, a dark silent man of Moscovite type, was well-known as a person of exceptional ability and an authority of the first order on Balkan matters.

This body of men, though pulling in different directions for the interests of their various governments, and liberally supplied with money for propaganda and information, yet formed a courteous and hospitable consular corps. Weekly receptions were given in turn by each to

which all the colleagues were invited, and there were official dinners at least once a week.

In Macedonia, the hinterland of Saloniki, a reign of terror had been inaugurated by the Turks. Abdul Hamid had been deposed with the aid of the leading Bulgarians. Serbians, Greeks; and the Turks were now busy murdering these people, in order to get exclusive control. The Christian populations were groaning under a ferocious persecution. The Consuls of the Great Powers knew that this state of things could not last, and that the Christians, if sufficiently harassed, would get together and drive out their oppressors. They knew also that the sanguinary Abdul was a very wise man, and one of the greatest diplomats of modern times, and that his dethronement had been a fatal blow to the greatness of the old Ottoman Empire. They felt that a hurricane was impending which would probably shake off plums worth picking up. The fact that Austria did not get Saloniki was the real thing that started the Great War; defeated ambitions, nourished in long plotting, explain the race for Saloniki between Bulgarian and Greek troops and the Second Balkan War.

Abdul Hamid was confined in a large house known as the "Villa Allatini," situated in an extensive garden surrounded by a high wall. Turkish sentinels, who were stationed all about the premises, did not hesitate to level their muskets in a very businesslike manner at any one who approached. They never killed any one so far as I know, but they did actually shoot at a woman who was crossing a field and seemed to be headed for the villa.

Abdul Hamid brought a large harem with him to Saloniki, and, according to the local press, a child of his was born there. There was no communication between the villa and the town, yet rumors leaked out, one to the effect that the ladies of the harem were intensely bored.

Abdul had great fear—and not without reason, if he were a student of Turkish history—of poison. Medicines were frequently prescribed to him by his physician, and there were certain others which he was in the habit of taking when needed. Before taking a dose of any remedy, he administered it to his entire harem, and awaited results. If nobody died, he swallowed his own portion with confidence.

One morning it was announced that all but thirteen of the villa ladies were leaving. It was explained that the deposed Sultan had prescribed himself a bottle of a certain German "bitter wasser," a peculiarly offensive and powerful cathartic, and that, according to his custom, he had obliged each of his wives to take a precautionary dose. Suffice it to say that, though no deaths occurred, a riot of such fierceness, shrillness and persistence broke out that His Imperial Majesty quite willingly let them all go with the exception of the unlucky thirteen.

There was much real sympathy expressed locally over this reduction of his harem, and the fact that the modern Solomon would henceforth have so small a number of spouses.

I went down with some others to the station to watch the departure of the evening train for Constantinople, and saw a string of tightly closed carriages drive up. Out of each of these, four closely veiled women swarmed and ran for the waiting car. There was much tittering, and considerable display of lingerie and well shod feet. Some of the ankles were rather neat.

I used to walk out by the villa frequently, sometimes on my way to the American Agricultural College, and though I gazed up at the windows of Abdul's prison, I never caught a glimpse of him there. I did meet him once, however, under peculiar and dramatic circumstances.

I had been out to the college for dinner with its president and his wife and was coming home through the fields. It was near ten o'clock at night, but there was a moon shining. About half-way between the college and the beginning of the town there is a deep pit, the bottom of which is usually covered with water, making a sort of shallow well.

As I passed this well a veiled figure emerged from it, bent nearly double, resembling an old woman. Coming up close to me this person spoke some words in Turkish, a language which I know but imperfectly. As I did not understand, I made no reply. A delicate, very white and long-fingered hand came out of the draperies and lifted the veil, and I beheld a pair of eyes that burned in the night like fires; a thin hooked nose and a pale face. The only things I remember distinctly are the eyes and the nose. There was something familiar about the face and the feeling came over me that I was in the presence of something great and wicked; a dangerous and terrible apparition.

In reply to a hurried question I replied in English that I was the American Consul on my way back to the city from the Agricultural College. The veil fell and the subject of my chance encounter scuttled away.

A few minutes later, when I had almost reached the town, a small squad of Turkish cavalry rode up to me and their officer demanded sharply, in passable French, where I came from and why, and who I was. I explained, and his manner changed. The American Consul enjoyed considerable prestige in those days. He asked me if I had met any one on the road and I replied, "No one except an old woman."

The next morning the papers were full of the attempted escape of Abdul Hamid, and his recapture. It seems that there was a strong party faithful to him in Macedonia, who were plotting for his restitution and they had succeeded, through bribery, in getting him out of the villa. Some of their agents were to meet him about where I did and spirit him away to the stronghold of a faithful chieftain. Just why the agents did not appear, and why the adventure fell through, I never learned.

I do not even know whether or not he was armed. I am certain, however, that he would not have hesitated a moment to shoot or stab me, had he thought himself recognized, and that I would spread information as to his whereabouts.

I recalled the incident of the gardener whom he had shot in one of his gardens at Constantinople. This poor man, a Greek, was working at the roots of a shrub, and happened to rise just as the Sultan was passing, who, startled at the sudden appearance of the gardener, whipped out a revolver and killed him.

Indeed, assassination was the ever present fear of Abdul Hamid, as it has always been of tyrants. People employed about the royal palaces on the Bosphorus, have told me that he was never in the habit of sleeping in the same bed twice in succession, and that it would not have been easy for an assassin to find him at night.

My meeting with King Peter of Serbia was not so dramatic. He came to Saloniki while I was there, and I was presented to him: a slender tall man, straight as an arrow, despite his age, wearing a white fez, surmounted by an aigret that increased his height.

I did not tell him that my wife, who was a student in Geneva in the late 1890's, had known him there as Prince Karageorgevitch, living very simply with his two sons, one of whom, Alexander, is now King of Greater Serbia. His boon companion in those days was the Duke of Oldenburg, who was very fat, while the future king was slender. For this reason the couple were dubbed by the lively group of girls who frequently met him at a friendly house as "La Boulette et l'Alumette." (The ball and the match.)

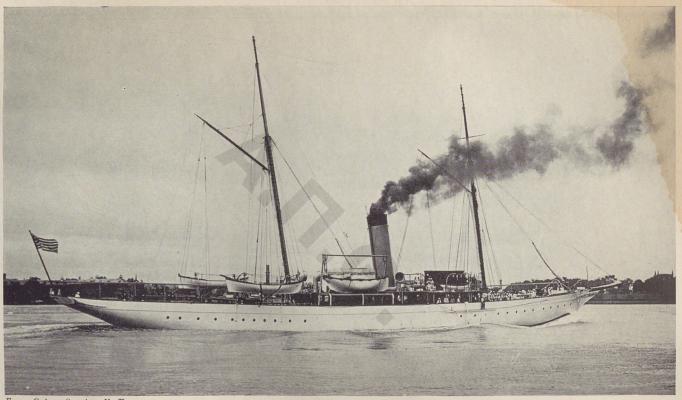
But for the fearful suffering of the native Christian population at the hands of the Turks, causing a continual feeling of indignation and sorrow in the breasts of all civilized onlookers, Saloniki would have been a pleasant place of residence in 1910. The wealthy Jews were hospitable and cultivated, and they contributed much to the social life of the town.

Ambassador Strauss paid us a visit there, coming down on the Embassy *stationnaire*, the *Scorpion*, and he was enthusiastically entertained and feted by the native Hebrews, of whom he formed a very high opinion, being especially impressed by their hospitals, schools, etc.

I shall never forget Mrs. Strauss' disgust at the discomforts of sea travel on this converted yacht, which rolled like a porpoise. The Ambassador and his wife had intended to go in her as far as Alexandria, but they left her at Saloniki, and continued their journey in public vessels. According to Mrs. Strauss the Scorpion was peculiarly fitted for her functions as a stationnaire, or stationary ship.

There was, by the way, a vessel of this sort attached to each of the embassies at Constantinople. They were armed and manned by naval crews and would have been convenient as a refuge and means of escape, in the remote contingency of need. Their actual use was to serve as the ambassadors' private yachts. Envoys who were not wealthy, and could not afford summer palaces, lived on them during the heated season.

It was reserved for the French Ambassador to make the most original use of his stationnaire. The elderly gentleman was convinced that sea-gulls' eggs were a sovereign remedy for the encroachments of age; that they would actually, if taken in sufficient quantities, renew a man's youth. This particular representative of a Great Power, therefore, spent most of his time cruising about the Mediterranean in the government yacht, looking for sea-gulls' eggs.



From Culver Service, N. Y.

U. S. S. Scorpion

Converted yacht formerly attached to the American Embassy, Constantinople. Under the old Régime each diplomatic establishment had its "Stationnaire," as these boats were locally called. They were under the orders of the Ambassador, or Minister, and were chiefly serviceable for receptions and pleasure cruising



From Wide World Photos

Pierre Loti

Pierre Loti, the great author, was at one time commander of the French stationnaire, and I have often seen the little exquisite, teetering about in his high-heeled boots, very much of a dude and very much of a gentleman and scholar, despite his painted face. I do not know whether the freshness and beauty of his I erary style, which persisted until his death, was due to sharing the Ambassador's omelettes. He was extremely fond of the Orient and came to Athens while I was there. I can not visualize him as shouting out commands on a quarter-deck, as his voice was low, soft and well-modulated, especially when he was talking with ladies—which was often.

CHAPTER XVIII

SMYRNA---1911-1917

In 1911 I was sent as consul-general to Smyrna, which had long been the Mecca of my ambitions.

That ancient city, one of the oldest in the world in point of continuous existence from prehistoric times, was in 1910 a flourishing mixed settlement of about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, whose civilization was essentially Greek.

She was situated on a magnificent bay, comparable to that of Vancouver, in which any number of ships can anchor safely. The town itself extended in a half moon around the shores of this harbor and flowed back up the sides of Mount Pagus. The best built and most sanitary portions were the Greek, Armenian, Levantine and Jewish, with the Turkish town mainly higher up, on the slopes of the mountain.

Asia Minor, of which Smyrna was the principal port, is a veritable garden of Eden, blessed with a wonderful climate and soil of inexhaustible fertility. In antiquity, before it was overrun by Oriental hordes, it was dotted with historic cities, seats of art, philosophy and culture, and fed teeming millions.

The medieval walls of Smyrna are not so well preserved as those of Saloniki, but considerable portions of them still remain intact.

The patron saint of the city was Polycarp, who was

burned to death there on February 26, 156 A. D., by the Romans, and his "tomb" is still shown in a small building located in an ancient cemetery. It is extremely doubtful, however, that Polycarp was buried at Smyrna, as historical accounts of his death state that the pagans refused to give over his remains to the Christians, fearing that the latter would use them in performing miracles. At any rate, the natural amphitheater in which he suffered martyrdom is easily identified.

Smyrna is one of the cities which contested the honor of being the birthplace of the poet Homer, and her claim seems well founded.

Legend names Tantalus, the mythical king, whose sufferings in hell have given rise to our word "tantalize," as the founder of the town and the ruins of an ancient structure, resembling a Mycenæan tomb, are known as "The Tomb of Tantalus."

During practically the entire duration of my first incumbency of this post (1911-1917), Turkey was at war, and the narrow mouth of the harbor was mined. This did not prevent neutral vessels from going in and out under escort of a pilot boat, and the ships of the so-called "American Archipelago Steamship Company" were particularly active. The fleet of this Greek Company consisted of a number of dirty little steamers that had been put under American protection by one of our consuls.

There was nothing American about them, locally, except a dummy "President," one American citizen and their flags. These were so big and the ships so small that the bunting trailed in the water unless a strong wind was blowing.

This company was the occasion of continual exasperation to the Consulate. It seems to have been well anchored in Washington. I received frequent orders to "report fully on the American status of the A. A. Steamship Company," and I wrote many long reports indicating that its claims to our protection were of the flimsiest.

These orders were always followed, after a discreet interval, by telegrams commanding me to give the company full protection. The only explanation of this strange state of affairs I could ever get from people who ought to have known, was that the directors had a good American lawyer.

During the Great War the fleet practically disappeared. One of its units was sunk by the Russians, and others were seized by the Allies. This resulted in demands for heavy damages against friendly governments, which the United States was expected to enforce. I wrote another report, supporting my statements by quotations from the pages of the company's books, and by photographs, which I was able to obtain from a disaffected employee. I took this to Constantinople and submitted it to that great lawyer and gentleman, Abram I. Elkus, then our Ambassador to Turkey. He spent the evening studying it and the next morning informed me that the statement was complete and that I need say no more.

"I can give additional proof, if necessary," I said.

"I have been pestered with this thing now till I am sick of it, and should like to end it."

"You won't be bothered any more," he assured me.
"You have proved your case completely."

"But I have said enough on previous occasions," I complained. "I can not understand why I have never been able to make a convincing report on this matter."

"I think I can," replied the Ambassador, with a sly smile.

I suppose he could. But I have never found out exactly wherein lay the strength in Washington of those dirty little scows, with their big American flags and without a single American officer or sailor. One of them, *The Texas*, was sunk by a mine in the harbor of Smyrna, and its mast was still sticking out of the water when I last left the city in 1923.

An eye-opener as to the enormous profits made by steamships of this nature was furnished me by the bewildering offer made me by the agent of a company just before the outbreak of war between Turkey and another country, who came to me and asked me to help transfer its ships to the American flag so that it could continue to operate in Turkish waters. He started by offering me a small sum for my trouble, but came back several times, growing more and more insistent, until finally he ran the sum up to ten thousand pounds sterling. Even this would have been good business for the company, as one cargo in time of war would have wiped out the outlay.

An American consul, however, is not allowed to transfer ships when war is probable, and in no case can he ac-

cept pay for such services. I could have "got away" with this, but I should never have been good company for myself afterward. While on the subject of bribes I may as well mention one or two other occasions for dishonest profit that have come my way.

When I took over the post at Smyrna a certain rich Greek merchant in a neighboring city offered me one thousand pounds Turkish (four thousand four hundred dollars then) if I would appoint him American consular agent. The protection was worth that much to him. His emissary, a native-born American, urged quite speciously that I do this, arguing that the sale of the consular agencies was a legitimate perquisite of my post. He alleged that the Russian officials always cleaned up a nice sum in this way, either in appointing new men, or receiving pay for keeping on the old ones.

The gentleman in question never became our consular agent, though I had been considering him before he approached me.

As judge of the Consular Court I was once trying an important case, between a group of Americans on the one hand and of Levantines on the other. One of my fellow citizens came to me and said:

"Mr. Consul, it is with a sensation of humiliation that we observe that you are driving a Ford. We feel, sir, that the prestige of the colony would be better upheld if our representative were supplied with a finer car, and we are prepared to present you with any type of automobile that you may select. Just name the brand and we shall send for it at once."

Needless to say, my caller was a principal in the suit that was then before the court. He was also a very good friend of mine, so I simply laughed and told him, "Nothing doing."

As this is a tale of descending values, I shall close the subject by mentioning a young New York Jew who came to me in Budapest and asked that I place his brother, illegally, on the visa list.

"There will be ten dollars in it for you," he said, "if you do!"

After 1912 life began to grow grim in Smyrna and the cauldron of hell to bubble, but I succeeded in making two excursions which were exceedingly pleasant and intellectually profitable.

One was to Jaffa, Jerusalem, Galilee, Damascus, Baalbek, Beirut, and thence back to Smyrna. This trip would make an interesting chapter, but so much has been written about the Holy Land by others, that it seems better for me to confine myself to less hackneyed material.

I went down to Jericho and thence on to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, on the shores of which I saw a bright American flag flying at a great distance. It projected from the top of a tent in which were housed a jolly company of Standard Oil explorers, with whom I took lunch.

At Jericho there is much of extraordinary interest and confirmation of Old Testament accounts, even of the wall-shaking qualities of Joshua's trumpet; but, strange to say, my chief interest was to find a sycamore tree, and during my entire stay there I kept humming dear old Ben King's lines:

"Zacharias climbed a sycamore tree,
Waitin' for the good Lord to come;
Jest to git a little res'
And to git out ob de press—
Waitin' for the good Lord to come along, come!"

I couldn't find a sycamore tree in Jericho. Maybe all fell down when Joshua blew his trumpet.

And I confess that I felt creepy at Endor, where Saul induced the witch to call up the spirit of Samuel. There are to-day descendants of the Witch of Endor: people who claim that they can enable us to communicate with the dead, and somehow most of us do not take them very seriously; but there is something so solemn, vivid and terrible in the Bible account of Saul's interview with the spirit of the departed prophet, that we can not escape being impressed, even overwhelmed. The whole grim and majestic incident can be seen as though it were transpiring before our eyes. One quality of great and graphic writing is that it always stays fresh and thus keeps alive the events it describes.

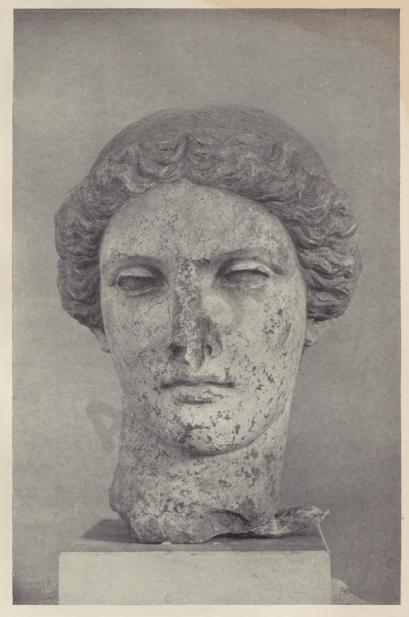
The general impression that one brings away from the Holy Land is that he is looking upon human types, costumes, houses, scenery, which have changed very little since the time of Christ, Joseph and Mary; and therein, I think, lies the chief educational value of a visit to Palestine.

The other excursion was to the Island of Mytiline—the ancient Lesbos. This was a pilgrimage, for I have been all my life a worshiper of Sappho, who has been more of an inspiration to me than any other human who



From Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

King Peter of Serbia



Sappho of Corinth
Reproduced by the kind permission of Professor T. Leslie Shear of Princeton
University, who discovered this head in the theater of Corinth in 1926

has ever lived. This may seem strange to the uninitiated, when one takes into consideration that she flourished so far back as the seventh century, B. C., and that so little of her literary output has survived.

Yet my friend, Professor David M. Robinson of Johns Hopkins, has written a treatise, Sappho and Her Influence, which is an amazing revelation of the general diffusion throughout all literature, ancient and modern, of the Lesbian poet's ethereal presence and divine uplift. He has shown conclusively that her fame, instead of diminishing, is still on the increase. And there is something strange about this immortality. Her Fragments, it is true, burn with unquenchable fire and beauty, but they are pitifully few, and more or less garbled.

Any one who comes in touch with Sappho has a feeling that the woman herself is still alive; of contact with a presence so exquisite and incorporeal that it never could have been mortal.

I was at last walking over ground that had once been caressed by the light feet of Sappho and Erynna and their singing companions, beholding the same skies, seas and hill slopes that their eyes had seen. I looked for special beauties in this lovely island which might have inspired their high lyric frenzy. Armed with Wharton, I gazed about me by night and by day and read again and again:

[&]quot;O Evening Star, thou bringest all things!"
"Like the hyacinth which shepherd men tramped down on the mountains with their feet."

[&]quot;And by the cool waters the breeze rustles in

the apple boughs, while slumber pours down from the trembling leaves."

"Spring's messenger, the soft-voiced nightingale."

"The stars, about the fair moon, while she at full lights the earth with silver."

"Dawn, with golden sandals."

I did not find Mytiline more beautiful than many other of the Greek islands and I understood that the Sapphic realm was largely an idealization, glorified by a splendor that shone out from the poet's soul. I saw no apples worthy to be compared with the maiden, who, like unattainable and desirable fruit, "grew upon the highest bough."

I did meet a certain Pittacus, a merchant in olive oil, who claimed to be a descendant of the tyrant of Sappho's time, one of the Seven Wise Men; and I discovered that "Sappho" is a favorite name for girls in Mytiline, and it gave me a sense of satisfaction to find that the poet was still remembered and honored in her own land.

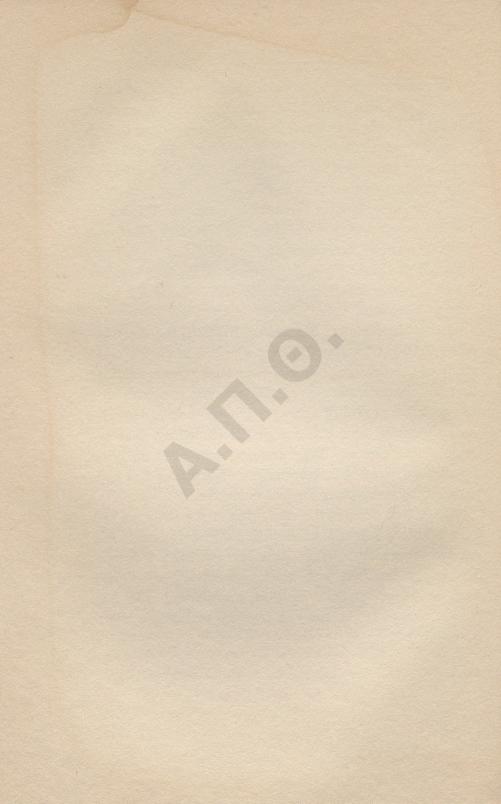
Mytiline, or Lesbos, as it was then called, was a favorite resort of the Romans, who built palaces there and cultivated shell-fish as table luxuries, as there is abundant evidence. It is interesting to note that until quite recently a few descendants of the deer which they brought there and turned loose for purposes of the chase, still existed in the mountains, and there may be some yet.

Another interesting excursion that I made, though not quite at that time, was to the Island of Rhodes, as guest on a private yacht. Writers of historic novels dealing with the Middle Ages should all visit Rhodes. The houses and streets of the Knights who established themselves there as a bulwark against the Turkish invasion then threatening Europe, still exist unchanged, as though their owners had moved out yesterday. The coats-of-arms over the doors furnish the material for a study of heraldry that can scarcely be found elsewhere.

A favorite subject of conversation in Rhodes is "What became of the Colossus, and exactly what was it?" We are all familiar with the picture in our school-books of the giant statue bestriding the harbor, between whose legs the tallest ships could sail—one of the wonders of the world.

I took dinner with Sir Alfred Billiotti, the distinguished British Consul at Rhodes, who had made a special study of the Colossus. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that not a vestige remains of this gigantic structure, and the question naturally arises, if it was shaken down by an earthquake, or fell, through deterioration, what became of the pieces? Why are not some of them lying around, or found built into walls or houses, as has happened to so many other ancient monuments?

Sir Alfred claimed that the ruins of the Colossus had been sold to a Jew who came with a string of camels and carried them away. Where this Jew went is not known. He simply departed with his long caravan, laden with huge blocks of marble. He disappeared, and with him the Colossus. If the story is true, he certainly made a thorough job.



PART TWO DURING AND AFTER THE WAR



CHAPTER XIX

A VERY SHORT VACATION

ON THE fifth of July, 1914, I left Smyrna on leave of absence in the United States, having sent my family up into Switzerland. I went straight to Washington, and put up at the Cosmos Club, where I heard a lecture by Doctor Hermann Schoenfeldt, Professor of German in George Washington University, on the war between the Central Powers and France and Russia, which had just broken out.

"Germany," he said, among other things, "will pounce on France like a spider on a fly, and suck her dry. Then she will turn around and crush Russia."

After the lecture I was sitting with the Professor and several other men in the main room of the club, when a telegram was brought in announcing that Great Britain had declared war on Germany.

"What do you think about the result now?" some one asked him.

"I think," he replied solemnly, "that the war will last a long time."

The next morning, August fifth, I received orders from the State Department to return immediately to my post on the cruiser *Tennessee*, then anchored at Tomkinsville.

It was necessary to start for New York early that afternoon, in order to catch a transport at the Battery,

but I was extremely anxious, before I went, to have an interview with the Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan. I had with me a statement proving conclusively that Turkey would enter the war as an ally of Germany, and also a summary of her resources, military and material.

In the circumstances I would have been eagerly welcomed by any other Secretary of State of any country in the world. I came direct from Turkey with information of vast and timely importance—and true.

I was received in a large anteroom by a pompously polite individual of the ward-politician type, to whom I explained who I was and what I had, and asked him to tell Mr. Bryan. I suppose he did, for he went in to the Secretary, and after a few moments emerged with the announcement that Mr. Bryan was very busy, but would try to give me a minute or two.

"Did you tell him," I asked, "that I am leaving soon, and must see him this morning, or not at all?"

"Sure."

I sat there for hours without receiving a summons. In the meantime a string of men of a peculiar and distinctive type passed freely in to the Chief. They all wore derby hats pulled down over their eyes, cigars tilted upward in the corner of their mouths, and canes under their armpits. I do not know who they were, but the modern reporter is certainly too much of a gentleman and scholar to have belonged to that gang.

They all used the same formula and the same pronunciation.

"Is Brine in?"

A nod and in they went.

I am certain that none of them was a consul-general from the seat of war with fresh information of vast and vital importance.

At last my time was nearly up and I said, "I shall have to leave soon now."

"Oh," replied the gentleman in charge of the waiting-room, genially, "the Secretary has gone up on the Hill,"—meaning to the Capitol. "He's been gone about fifteen minutes."

"Nihil de mortuis nisi bonum!" William Jennings Bryan was a very great and good man, on the whole; but he certainly was a scream as a Secretary of State.

On the cruiser, going over to France, there was a seedy newspaper man, a political writer, whose career had been ruined by inebriety.

"Billy sent me over," he explained, "on government pay, to sober up and quit drinking. He put me on my honor. As long as I don't touch liquor, I can stay over there. As soon as I take a drink, I am to come home."

"What is your job?" I asked.

"Nothing particular. A roving commission. I am to report to him anything of interest or importance. The main thing is that I must not drink."

I related to him my experience.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it is the easiest thing in the world to see Billy! If you had come to me, I'd have taken you right in."

Perhaps. But here is a flash of light on the true great-

ness of William Jennings Bryan, and on the things that really interested him. He would send a man to France, at government expense, to cure him of the liquor habit, but he regarded the World War as a matter of secondary importance.

At my bankers' in New York I learned that letters of credit were no longer issued for travel in Europe, but that a money belt worn next to the skin and filled with English sovereigns was the proper thing. With this they supplied me, and I must say that I have never worn a more comfortable-feeling garment.

I proceeded to the Battery, took the lighter to Tomkinsville and had one trunk hoisted on board the *U. S. S. Tennessee*, when the Captain appeared, and, looking over the side, called out, "Put that trunk off. Go to Boston and take the *North Carolina*."

Back to New York, on to Boston by a night train and finally to the Navy Yard, where I found my ship, ready to sail, and was lodged in the chronometer room.

There were numerous consuls and other foreign officials on board, scattering to different parts of the world. Among them, Garrett of Baltimore, Minister to Venezuela; Poole, Vice Consul-General to Paris; Denby, Consul-General to Austria; Cooke, Consul to Patras; Clark, Collector of Customs at Liberia.

There were also a couple of army officers with a small guard carrying eight million dollars in gold for the relief of Americans stranded in Europe. This was to be deposited in several principal cities and be used mainly for cashing drafts and checks, as the banks were no longer doing this. The money was in small barrels resembling sardine casks, and gave a great surprise to any who attempted to lift one.

Our destination was kept a secret until the last day, although it was evident from the chart that we were headed for some place in England. At least five of the party desired to reach the Mediterranean. Automobiling across France was proposed, bicycling, and even leaving our trunks and walking. The spirit of Michael Strogoff, "J'arriverai," prevailed to a man. It was taken for granted that railway travel in France was entirely suspended on account of the intense military demands.

We received news regularly by radio, and one day we were informed that a fleet of five German war vessels was abroad in the Atlantic, and that the sea was being scoured by British and French cruisers in search of them. We actually saw a British man-of-war at a great distance, which, the moment she descried us, started toward us with such speed that we could see the white foam boiling about her prow. We broke out the brilliant colors of Old Glory and she faded into the horizon and disappeared. We tried to talk with her, but she would not answer us. We had passed a German petroleum ship a short distance back, and it is probable that the Englishman made a good prize soon after leaving us.

There were naturally many diplomatic and consular reminiscences swapped by the foreign officers on board, but the best story was told by Mr. Garrett, of Venezuela.

The President of Bolivia, he related, invited the British Minister to dinner. The latter accepted, but when he

arrived at the palace with his wife, he was received by the President and his mistress. The Englishman took his lady upon his arm and walked out.

This greatly offended the Bolivian populace who rode the Minister out of town backward on a donkey and pelted him with overripe vegetables. The British Government could inflict no forcible punishment for this indignity, as it is impossible to get at Bolivia. The Foreign Office therefore decided that no such country existed and published all their maps accordingly. After a lapse of time the Bolivians found themselves in straitened circumstances through lack of British money and sent a delegation to London to arrange a loan.

The Foreign Office asked them, "Where is Bolivia?" The delegation explained, whereupon the Secretary solemnly brought an atlas. No Bolivia could be found.

"You are impostors," they were told; "there is no such country. Get out!"

On August 15, 1914, we arrived at Falmouth, and the next day a party of us, consuls and naval officers, took automobiles and made an all-day trip: to Land's End; St. Ives of the nursery rhyme; Penzance of piratical fame; Redruth, where illuminating gas was first used, and so back to Falmouth.

There are many beautiful countries in the world and not a few that are highly cultivated; but there is no other land that has quite the effect of being at the same time well groomed and homelike which is produced by the English country-side. It is a vivid green land with highly cultivated fields, cut up into small patches, separated

by hedges and by stone fences covered with earth and flowering vines. We passed field after field of very heavy oats and wheat, and pastures of emerald green. The rolling hills, checkered with patches of pasture land and of yellow grain, were very beautiful. The cultivation came right down to the edge of the sea.

Along the magnificent roads are strings of little villages, of *Merry Wives of Windsor* appearance; low, two-story houses, many of them thatched with straw, and built of stone or brick, doubtless hundreds of years old. Occasionally a comfortable farm-house is seen nestling in a grove of trees, and I fancy that Mr. Wardell lived in one of these. The automobile is premature in rural England and dissonant. The picture is incomplete without the old stage-coaches.

We went on to Cherbourg on the *North Carolina*, and landed. I was already familiar with France and the French, but I found the people changed.

All the gaiety was gone out of them. They were serious and determined. And here I got the first inkling of that great harvest of tragedy and death on which the curtain had already been rung up. The little café where we took our early morning coffee was presided over by an old gentleman who told me he had been keeping the place for his two sons, both of whom had gone to the front. One, the eldest, had recently been killed at Liège.

We left Cherbourg for Paris the afternoon of the same day, after providing ourselves with the necessary credentials for traveling through France. The officials treated us with the greatest consideration, even reserving for us two entire compartments on the train. Our two army officers, with their barrels of gold, came along. One of them was Captain Sevier. They were to leave a part of their eagles and double eagles at the French capital and take the rest on to Vienna, where Americans with useless letters of credit were anxiously waiting for it.

The country between Cherbourg and Paris gave the impression of being thickly wooded—which it was, with fruit trees, among which were innumerable little patches cultivated to the last degree of productiveness. The stations were crowded with men from forty to forty-five years of age, waiting to get into uniform and hasten to the front.

The lasting impression which I brought away from that brief visit to the world's gaiest city, was of emptiness and solemnity. Then on to Marseilles, with only one barrel of gold.

A slight indiscretion committed by me soon after leaving Paris laid me open to the suspicion of the French authorities and contributed considerably toward relieving the monotony of our journey.

We were all together—we Americans—in a reserved compartment, and naturally fell to joking occasionally. As a result of my translating an article in an Italian newspaper, some one asked me if I also spoke German, and I laughingly replied, "Ja! Ja!" About an hour farther down the line the train was boarded by French police, who demanded speech with the German in our party. They even indicated me as the guilty party. I explained that I was pure-blooded American.

"But, monsieur, you were distinctly heard to say "Ja" at ——, an hour back."

They wished to take me with them to explain to higher authorities, but the nature of my papers, from the highest sources in France, obliged them reluctantly to depart. This comedy was repeated every few hours until I left French soil. They must have had a perfect intelligence system, as I said only those two words in the interdicted language, and I do not think there was any one except the American party in the compartment. Probably they had us connected with a microphone.

We threaded all day the lovely valley of the Rhone, a vast garden, overlooked from the foot-hills of the Cevennes my many picturesque ancient castles. A peaceful Arcadian land, now stirred to its remotest hamlet by the threat of a terrible danger and the trumpet cry of "aux armes!" Interminable trains, filled with soldiers, were crawling to the front and many cars loaded with beautiful horses; besides heavy and light artillery caissons, and all the machinery of war.

There was a continual stream, or wave, of young men coming in from the fields and converging on the railroad stations. Some of them carried hoes, spades or pruning implements, which they dropped as they walked along. They were, for the most part, tall, robust, powerful fellows; not at all the little, dark "froggies" of myth and the American stage.

From Marseilles to Mentone, where we arrived at four A. M., after a long tiresome night passing through the Riviera, the same conditions prevailed, with the addi-

tion that charming French girls now began to appear on the trains, gathering contributions for the Red Cross. Wounded were coming in, too, and buildings were being hurriedly fitted up for hospitals. All along the route we saw women in the fields, gathering crops; ladies in highheeled boots and peasant girls working together.

O France! Gallant, devoted, lovely France! Home and great teacher of the Arts, Mother of the Muses!

We did come in before all the orchards were cut down, before all the gardens were defiled, before all the cathedrals were destroyed.

We gave the blood of our boys, and thousands of them sleep where they fell. The Spirit of Shylock is indeed abroad in our land, but it is not all pervading; there are many of us—very many of the best of us, who do not believe that lucre is more sacred than blood.

We passed Monte Carlo in the early dawn and could see dimly the famous Casino and the lights of the town: a homelike pretty place, of charming cottages, where the quiet idyllic life of the inhabitants is explained by the fact that they are not allowed to gamble!

We entered Italian territory at Ventimiglia and proceeded to Genoa, where our party broke up. Here we lost our last barrel of gold, which the officers took with them to Rome.

I went on to Domodossola, on the Swiss frontier, via Milan. I passed wonderful Lago Maggiore, and skirted the lower spurs of the Alps, the train darting out of one tunnel and into another, every few minutes, as it seemed. I was anxious to get up into Salvan, in Switzerland, where my wife and family were waiting with a useless letter of credit, but was informed that the train went no farther.

Domodossola is a quiet Italian village, surrounded by mammoth Alps. I took my valise and went to the Hotel Europe, where I had an excellent dinner, and an unforgettable wine, served in an artistically shaped bottle, a good bed and breakfast—bill, seven and a half lire. I wonder if the war has spoiled Domodossola? It didn't remove the mountains and wine, at any rate.

I caught a train the next morning and found my family at Salvan, installed in a picturesque, rambling hotel. I walked into the dining-room and saw my little daughter seated in close proximity to a heaping plate of wild strawberries, and she greeted me with, "Look, papa, many, many dobbellies!"

My wife had about ten francs left and we went around to the bank with her letter of credit, where they informed us that all payments had been suspended. But I was independent of banks, being a sort of traveling bank, myself, with my money belt well-stuffed with British sovereigns.

Switzerland was an armed camp—fairly bristling with bayonets. Troops, the best in Europe, probably, tramped all day before the hotel, and I could hear them at night, whenever I happened to be awake. They wore caps with double visors, before and behind, and carried packs and Alpen stocks. They were camped in the town square, and every day detachments made long tramps into the mountains, returning at night. Great quantities

of mountain artillery were in evidence. I was informed that the bridges over the immense canyons were mined. At any rate, they were guarded by soldiers, and any one lingering for a moment was ordered to "move on." I was told that there were three hundred and sixty thousand men under arms in little Switzerland. If one adds them to the mountains and the ravines, he has a long list of powerful reasons against violation of the neutrality of that country.

But to get back to Smyrna. We descended practically the whole length of the Italian boot leg: Milan, Bologna, Ancona, Brindisi, at which last named town we took ship to the Piræus, and from thence, on a wretched little British steamer, overrun with rats and cockroaches, to the capital of Asia Minor, where we arrived late in September, 1914.

Thus ended my vacation of three days in the United States, to realize which I crossed the Atlantic and the Mediterranean twice, in addition to traveling over a great extent of France once and of Italy twice; and all this under extraordinary conditions, never to be reproduced.

CHAPTER XX

BEGINNINGS OF THE GREAT WAR

THE GREAT WAR broke out early in August of 1914, but the United States did not enter until April 2, of 1917. During that period of nearly three years I resided with my family at the strategically and materially important city of Smyrna, in charge of British, French, Italian, Russian, Belgian and other interests, including, of course, American. This was the biggest job that I have ever tackled.

I was a long distance from the Embassy, with which communication was infrequent and uncertain, and had to take the responsibility for grave decisions. Though my task was about as difficult and important as that of the Embassy, there was no such glory in it. A consul can come back to Washington from war, fire and massacre, and be "Horton from Smyrna," or "Jones from Tokio," and be given the cold shoulder if his work has been so good that it deserves promotion into those higher grades which are held by a small but jealous, watchful and influential group.

I knew this, but still I was filled with deep satisfaction. Here was a chance to serve my country and the civilized world in a big way, to comfort the suffering and to save lives.

The situation involved a vast amount of detail which alone I could never hope to cover. It was necessary to

organize and form committees of the principal men of the various nationalities. The foreign colonies in Smyrna were large, especially the Italian, British and French, and they were to a great extent rendered destitute. Large sums of money, amounting to many thousands of pounds sterling, were allotted me by the different governments for the relief of individuals, and each case had to be examined separately, to determine whether or not the applicant's financial situation entitled him to aid.

A sort of bank, also, was organized, as sums of money were coming in from all quarters from private sources, and we were authorized, in addition, to make loans on real estate. Funds were realized by writing drafts on the Treasury of the United States, which were sold in the open market, and the proceeds changed into the currencies of the colonies represented, and into the local mediums. As a result of the great number of these drafts thrown upon a limited market, they suffered considerable depreciation. The United States was acting as the banker for about half the civilized world.

Besides all this, there was the actual protection of those with whose interests I was charged. The situation was peculiar.

The Governor-General, Rahmi Bey, was a shrewd despotic person, whose intellect was an equal blend of Oriental and European, the latter doubtless inherited from Jewish ancestry. He was tall and very straight, with piercing eyes and a high, thin-nostriled, Turanian nose. He possessed a keen sense of humor, a quality rare in Turks. I cultivated Rahmi Bey, as he was my only re-

source when any of my charges got into trouble, which was frequently.

I soon discovered that the Governor-General had no faith in the final victory of the German-Turkish arms, and that he was extremely anxious to keep an anchor to windward. He was playing a double game: keeping in at the same time with the authorities at Constantinople and the prominent British, French and Italians at Smyrna.

In reality, he cordially detested the Germans, whose officers were often overbearing and rude to him.

He was especially friendly with the leading British citizens of Smyrna, who entertained him lavishly at their palatial homes. He was a hearty eater and could carry any amount of European or Oriental liquor without losing his wits or power of locomotion.

The Germans in the capital were continually pressing Enver and Talaat to be more severe with the Allied colonies at Smyrna, and unpleasant orders were frequently received which Rahmi evaded to the extent of his power. He told me frankly that such was his policy and agreed to cooperate with me.

Unfortunately, Constantinople seems to have got an inkling of this state of affairs and began to act, through its agents at Smyrna, on legal Turkish holidays and at times when the *Vali* was absent from the *Konak*, or difficult to be found. The orders received were apparently inspired by malice and the sole desire to make their victims uncomfortable. The favorite move was to round up the colonies suddenly and crowd the people into dark cel-

lars where they would be obliged to stand for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. It then became necessary for me to take a carriage or a car and to start out at night in search of Rahmi, to obtain their liberation. The temper of the people thus treated was not always of the sweetest when I had finally succeeded in getting them out after an all-night chase.

In May of 1915 a serious situation arose, with which Rahmi found it difficult to deal. There came a general order for the transportation into the interior of all the Allied colonies, men, women and children, to be interned at some point at a distance from the railway. The *Vali* told me that they would be plunged into dire misery and would starve.

He said, "I will begin with the vauriens, the disreputables and the poor devils who would be miserable anywhere, and proceed slowly in hopes that there may be a change before I reach the others. In the meanwhile, you send off a telegram to the Ambassador at Constantinople, protesting against the inhumanity of the measure and asking his intervention. Say 'Deportation begun,' and that will throw sand in the eyes of the Germans.'

Rahmi added the following extraordinary statement, on which I make no comment:

"Morgenthau first suggested to Enver the abolition of the capitulations, and persuaded him to proceed to that step. Therefore he should have sufficient influence with Enver to persuade him to revoke the order for sending the British, French and the others into the interior."

I telegraphed the Ambassador as suggested, but he replied:

"To-morrow is Friday and can not see the Minister of War."

The order had of course been launched purposely at that exact time. On Saturday, at Rahmi's suggestion, I sent a telegram to Minister Droppers at Athens, to be forwarded to Washington, begging the American Government to intervene in the name of humanity. The Vali undertook to get it through to Athens.

Nothing resulted from either of these steps and the Governor-General became irritable and vicious. On June eighth the deportation of the lower classes began. They were first shut in prison and given nothing to eat. When I asked the *Vali* what they could do about food, he replied, "They can buy it." I objected that they had no money and he said, "They can borrow of one another."

I sent Mr. Brett, the courageous and admirable British chaplain, to see Djemal Bey, and seek permission to take the prisoners money and food, but he refused, saying, "We shall wait three or four days and then decide what we shall do."

About one hundred of the poorer classes were sent on foot to Nymphio, eight hours distant from Smyrna. Among them were old men, one of whom, eighty years of age, dropped and died by the roadside. Some were seized in their houses at five A. M. and were not even given time to put on their shoes.

I immediately sent two clerks of the Consulate out to Nymphio, with bread, cheese and money for these unfortunates. It should be noted that the majority of the Allied subjects treated thus cruelly by the Turkish Governor were Jews. They were locked in dirty prisons, without food, were beaten and were threatened that, if they did not raise large sums of money, they would be sent on foot to Sivas—a sentence equivalent to a lingering and painful death.

The Vali was persuaded that Mr. Morgenthau could stop the pressure for deportation of Smyrniotes by taking the matter up seriously with Enver, and he said to me:

"Every time I am asked why I do not continue the deportations, I shall take it out on the Jews. Perhaps that will wake him up, being a Jew himself."

On the whole, the British, French, Italian and other colonies at Smyrna placed under my protection did not suffer that extreme persecution which culminates in death by violence or starvation; nor did those Greeks who were subjects of King Constantine, known as "Hellenic Greeks," about forty to forty-five thousand in number. With reference to these latter, the *Vali* frequently told me that he intended to treat them well, as he considered King Constantine an ally of Turkey and Germany.

The most frightful victims of Turkish and German malignancy were the sixty thousand Rayahs, or Greeks under Ottoman sovereignty. These were massacred, robbed, driven out of their homes, ravished, or were drafted into the army and set to digging trenches and other work of that nature, without food or clothing, until many of them died of starvation or exposure.

As the British fleet was continually bombarding the coast, many of them were put to digging trenches on the hillsides, in full view from the sea. The British communiques: "Bombarded workmen digging trenches, killing many and causing others to flee," caused much amusement to the Turks. Some Rayahs succeeded in concealing themselves for months in wells or in holes dug in gardens, and I knew of the whereabouts of several of these.

Not a few, and these were the most fortunate, escaped to the Greek islands in caiques and even rowboats.

The Armenians, numbering about twelve thousand, were not especially persecuted at this time, in the same manner as the Rayahs, the policy of the Turks being to bleed as much money from them as possible, for "the National defense." They were, for the most part, prosperous, and frequent lists were made out, the sum which each was to pay in Turkish gold being set opposite the names.

A Turkish gold pound had an actual value of four dollars and forty-four cents, and the victims of this pressure made frantic efforts to get rid of their coin. Many thousands of pounds were offered to me as low as two dollars, against government drafts, or drafts on American banks.

Now, American paper, on account of the great amount that we were throwing on the town for relief work, was worth about eight dollars to the pound. This was good business, by which I could easily have profited, but I did not do it.

Buying gold pounds for two dollars and selling them

for eight dollars in perfectly good money on a large scale will not leave one's finances long in an anemic state. I was accredited to the Turkish Government and did not feel that I could do any act contrary to its interior policies, or that might involve my own in difficulties. I could have cleaned up, though, in a short time and such opportunities are few. But I am not a financier.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MONEY OF THE AIDIN RAILWAY

Soon after the Turkish declaration of war upon Great Britain, the authorities took over the Aidin Railway, an English concern, and a day or two later Mr. Barfield, the manager, drove up to the Consulate and brought into the office a number of sacks containing a large amount of money in Turkish gold pounds, besides several bulkier bags of lesser coins.

He asked me to keep these packages in the Consulate. I told him that I did not know what was in the bags and did not want to know, but should undertake to keep them.

The next day Carabibber Bey, Secretary to the Governor-General, came to my office and told me that I had the money of the Aidin Railway and must immediately turn it over to him. I replied, more or less truthfully, that I did not know of any Aidin money in the Consulate, but would look the matter up and let him know.

Carabibber Bey was a Greek, who had been in the employ of the Ottoman Government for many years and possessed its full confidence.

I found myself in a very delicate situation. I was charged with the protection of British interests and could not give up the money without first consulting Mr. Barfield, and I could not provoke a possible violent entry of the Consular premises by the Turkish police.

I must spar for time, so I persisted in my statement

that I did not know whether I had the railroad's money or not.

At length Carabibber went away, after informing me that the thing was serious, and that energetic measures would be taken as soon as he had consulted with his chief.

Immediately after his departure I sent a trusty messenger to Mr. Barfield to inform him of what had happened, and asking for an interview, to be arranged in such a way, if possible, as to evade the Ottoman police. He responded by immediately driving up to the Consulate, boldly and openly, explaining that it would have been impossible to evade the police, who were dogging his every step. He wished to consult with me as to any possible plans to save the money, which he maintained could not be claimed by the Ottoman Government, as it had been collected before it had taken over the road.

We finally decided that he should drive away openly with the bulkier sacks, which contained the less valuable coins, and that I should undertake to hide the rest. This he did, and the ruse worked to perfection.

I heard nothing further of the demand to hand over the money, but several months later I mentioned the affair to Carabibber Bey, and he replied, "Oh, we know that you gave the sacks back to Mr. Barfield. The police were on the watch and saw him drive away with them."

There was a certain embarrassment in his manner which has always made me doubtful. Did the Turkish officials actually believe that the railroad had only that small amount of money? Was the *Vali*, who was not in-

clined to be too severe with the English, satisfied to let the matter rest?

In so far as the Turkish public was concerned, the ruse had proved perfectly successful, as I learned later. It seems that a band of hamals, or water-front roustabouts, had been organized to storm the Consulate and take away the "millions" belonging to the Ottoman Government, but disbanded after seeing Mr. Barfield leave the place with the bags. That money proved very useful. All the employees of the company were discharged and thrown penniless on the street, and I was enabled to pension them and keep them going with these funds. The accounts, carefully kept, were afterward approved, with thanks, by the London board.

The night after the interview with Carabibber Bey, I hid the gold, without letting either my wife or the members of my family into the secret. Adjoining the Consulate, and facing on a cross street, was a building containing the offices and warehouse of a wealthy flour merchant, an Italian subject. This was connected with my building by a thin party wall. I confided in the flour merchant, a man whom I knew well. About midnight, when everybody on the second floor, where my family lived, was asleep, we silently made a small hole in this wall, and I carried the bags of gold up-stairs and passed them through it. The cavass, whose turn it was to stay in the Consulate, I had sent off on a mission, carefully thought out. I shall never forget how hot it was that night, or how heavy gold is.

We hid it in the flour, replaced the bricks, and brought

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down the wall-paper, which we had lifted, in such manner that all trace of our work was covered. The Italian has been dead some years, and I believe that no one else, until to-day, has shared this secret with me.

CHAPTER XXII

THE TENNESSEE INCIDENT

Soon after my return to my post from my three days' vacation in the United States occurred the incident of the U. S. S. Ship Tennessee. I was much mystified and, to say the least, astounded, on receiving the following message one morning from the second officer of that ship, Jessup:

"Inform the Vali Bey if his batteries do not cease firing on the Captain's launch, I will take up position to bombard the fortress."

With my Vice Consul, Leland Morris, I immediately called on the Governor-General, who put an automobile at our disposal to drive down to the port of Vourla, where the cruiser was anchored. We were instructed to say that Rahmi Bey repudiated the incident, regretted it and would come down himself in full uniform and apologize.

Mr. Morris and I spent the night on board, and learned, for the first time, full particulars as to what had happened. It seems the Captain had started in his launch along the shore, to make a friendly call upon the *Vali*, and that two solid shots had been fired at him from a battery on the hillside, operated, I believe, by Austrians.

"They straddled me," explained the Captain, using a military expression. "One shot struck just in front of

me and the second just behind. If I hadn't put about, they would have got me."

I sent the Captain's explanation in full to Ambassador Morgenthau, who replied with an order for the ship to raise anchor and sail away immediately. It seems that the Turks had explained to him that blank shots had been fired to warn the Captain benevolently of the mine fields, and that the Ambassador had accepted this version. The Tennessee immediately left, but there were tears of vexation and shame in the eyes of some of the officers.

The next day I called again on the *Vali*, who said, "Oh, I hope the ship is not going away! I hope she will come back, as I should like to go down and apologize. The port is closed to men-of-war but not to a captain's launch, and there are no torpedoes in the shallow water over which he was going. I know of no reason for firing on an American launch, as we are not at war with the United States."

Of course the Ambassador had his reasons, no doubt very good ones, for his action, but I have always regretted that he did not allow the *Tennessee* to remain long enough in the harbor of Vourla for the Turkish Governor to go on board and apologize.

The offending battery was, as I have said, manned by Austrians, who evidently did not share Rahmi Bey's friendly feelings for the United States. The repudiation by him, officially, of an open act of war, might have had an important influence on subsequent events. At any rate, it would have greatly increased our prestige at Smyrna, and throughout Turkey.

There was a complete system of telegrams and telephones between Vourla, the batteries, and the military headquarters in Smyrna, and there is no doubt that these were kept busy during the two hours consumed by the Captain's launch in traveling from Vourla to the spot where she was fired on. The Captain had with him all his international signaling apparatus, but he was fired on suddenly and without warning.

From this incident and others that will be related, it will appear that, though we were never at war with Turkey, she committed acts of hostility toward us, even before the rupture of relations, declared by her.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SMYRNA FORTRESS

On March 9, 1915, I received a telegram from the American Minister at Athens that the Admiral of the British fleet cruising outside Smyrna had an important official communication to make to the Vali through me. I informed the Governor-General of this, who gave me an automobile and deputed Carabibber Bey to accompany me to Vourla twenty kilometers distant. We drove over a horrible road, which had been much cut up by shells from the British vessels, and all the bridges of which had been broken down by the same means. Soon after leaving the town we could see the gray, dirty and businesslike cruisers sailing around in a semicircle, dropping occasional shells on the hillsides and on the road. We tied a couple of white handkerchiefs to a cane, which my companion held high as we drove along.

Arrived at Vourla, we hired a caique, a long rowboat pointed at both ends, propelled by a couple of sturdy Turks, and started for the fleet, still flying our white flag. As none of the vessels took the slightest notice of us for a long time, but kept steaming around in a circle and blazing away, I began to feel a slight apprehension lest one of them might take a shot at us, and to wish that we had brought a bed sheet and not a handkerchief for a flag of truce.

At length, however, the Euryalus displayed a white

flag and lay to, and soon after sent a launch to take us in tow. We were received on board by Admiral Pierce, a tall, thin, solemn old man, who took me to his cabin and questioned me minutely as to the official standing and character of Carabibber Bey, after which the latter was sent for and the three of us took tea together.

The Admiral then made a detailed proposition to the Turkish representative, which I translated. As I was in charge of British interests, I can never state what this was; suffice to say that it was an astounding communication, and that I shall never forget sitting there on that dirty ship, drinking tea with the stern old British Admiral and the Turkish representative, while I listened to words that could only have come out of one of Sabatini's novels—or an unwritten page of British history.

As I sit here now and read the copy of the proposition, which I made at the time, I wonder if the *Vali* could have accepted it, and what the effect on general results would have been, if he had. At any rate, he refused, and a few days later there appeared a statement in the Turkish press that the Admiral had offered him an immense bribe, which he had not for a moment considered. That is what the Turkish papers said, but I am not vouching for the correctness of their version.

On Friday, the twelfth of March, 1915, the bombardment of the fortress commenced. The guns were so loud that they shook the windows of the houses in the city. They gave forth a deep, yet spiteful, coughing sound, like nothing so much as the barking of great dogs. When there was a mist, or at night, red streaks could be seen pouring out from the guns, the sound arriving several seconds later. When the shells exploded in the sea, columns of water rose into the air to a great height and when they struck the fortress, similar jets of darker material, débris from which could be plainly seen raining back upon the earth.

The people of the city were not much disturbed by this bombardment, as they did not believe that the British would drop shells into the town itself. They soon came to look upon it as a theatrical spectacle of absorbing interest; as indeed it was. The quay was crowded every night with spectators, and seats at the many cafes along the water-front commanded a high price. The commodious terrace of the Consulate was a favorite gathering place of the American colony at this time, and as often as a shot struck the fort with telling effect, some one was sure to cry out, "That was a solar plexus!"

But to return for the moment to Rahmi Bey. He was taken prisoner by the British after the war and confined for some time on the Island of Malta, where it is said that various of his former hosts of Smyrna, who had taken refuge there, turned the cold shoulder to him. He bitterly resented this, as he considered that he had been their good friend during the war, and had saved them from much annoyance and persecution.

He returned to Smyrna as agent for an American tobacco firm, I have just been informed, but fled from there to escape the vengeance of the blood-stained Mustapha Khemal, who was rounding up and hanging all persons of sufficient intelligence to be dangerous political opponents. The flower of Turkey have perished in this way, suspended in rows from tripods just high enough to clear their feet from the ground. I believe the cynical, shrewd, handsome Rahmi, once despot of Asia Minor, is now in Moscow. I wonder how he is living.

I have never been quite convinced that Rahmi's reply to the British offer was as categoric as was made to appear in the Turkish press. The day following my visit to the flag ship, Carabibber Bey came to me and told me that he and I would go down again and transmit the Governor's answer to the Admiral.

In the meantime Messieurs Charlton Giraud and Eric Whithall, one French and the other English, and both great cronies of Rahmi, made a trip to Vourla. Carabibber Bey informed me that "negotiations were progressing favorably, and soon the position of Smyrna would be better than it had ever been before."

A day or two later he volunteered the information that "as the Government's reply to the Admiral would be a flat refusal, it had been decided, out of delicacy, not to ask me to see him again." An official statement was made to the effect that Giraud and Whithall had not been to Vourla at all, on any mission for the Turkish authorities. All this was extremely confusing and perplexing and gave the impression that somebody was lying.

The matter was cleared up, in so far as I was concerned, by Charlton Giraud. He told me that the Vali had agreed to make Smyrna a neutral town and had sent himself and Whithall to the Admiral with this proposition, to which Perteff Pasha, the Military Commander,

had also agreed; but that Humbert, the German Consul, had telegraphed to Constantinople, and a reply had come from that city forbidding the continuance of the negotiations. This explanation dovetails very well with all the features of the incident, and with what followed.

A day or two later Enver came on from the capital, evidently to straighten things out and to impose the German will. He brought also the glad news that the Turks had, single-handed, whipped England, and that any parleys with that defeated and humiliated nation would be ridiculous. He was received with royal honors, and I had the doubtful distinction of dining with him. I learned, from a sure source, that many Turks of prominence at Constantinople were becoming disaffected with the Germans, and that proposals, similar to those made at Smyrna by Admiral Pierce, were being favorably considered at the capital.

Had things gone better at the Dardanelles, the history of Turkey and of the war would of course have been changed. Smyrna would never have been destroyed by the Turks, and thousands of Christians would have been saved from massacre. And that was a close shave, as anybody familiar with the truth as to the Dardanelles expedition, will testify.

The most vivid and characteristic recollection I have of Rahmi is of meeting him one afternoon in front of Costi's café, during the progress of the bombardment. He was pacing to and fro, watch in hand.

"It is now five minutes of five," he observed. "I have noticed that our British friends always cease firing on

our works at five o'clock, and devote half an hour to taking tea, which is their national beverage. Ouzo (a kind of white whisky) is the Turkish national drink, and while they have their tea, I always take my ouzo."

At five he shut his watch with a snap, and, in fact, the firing ceased. "Come in with me," he said, "and we shall all drink together."

This cursory narration would not be complete without mention of, and deserved tribute to, the fox terrier that was brought by an Austrian battery to Smyrna from the Dardanelles. Louks—for such was his name—was a prisoner of war and had been captured from the English. I found Louks sitting on the door-step of the Consulate one morning, and, the moment the door was opened, he dashed in. The Austrians came after him and I gave him up, but he escaped and returned to me. The next time two officers came and said, "This is our dog. Why do you keep him?"

"I am not keeping him," I replied. "He came of his own free will. Take him, of course, if you want him."

They attempted to do so, but he flew at them with his teeth showing, and every hair on the bristle.

A day or two later they left to plant their battery opposite English Island, and Louks remained with me as a constant companion. I could not take a step without having him at my heels, and, whenever I sat down, he curled up on the floor beside me.

He was an English dog and he knew that I was in protection of British interests. There is no other explanation of his conduct.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BLOCKADE OF SMYRNA

A STRICT blockade of the ports and shores of Asia Minor was maintained by the British fleet for about three years, but the extreme richness and self-sufficiency of the region prevented its being entirely effective as a coercive measure. The great flour mills operated by enterprising Greeks ensured the bread supply. Coal for power, for gas and heating, imported mainly from England, soon disappeared, but this led to the exploiting of an excellent quality of lignite, which made a fair substitute.

Sugar became scarce, but *petmez*, a wholesome sirup made from grapes, took its place. There was also plenty of delicious honey from the flowers of the wild thyme covering the mountainsides. I consoled myself with the reflection that the ancients had no sugar at all and depended entirely on honey.

There were no matches after a while, and one became aware of the important rôle which this little article plays in our civilization. There was nobody in Turkey who seemed able to make a match. But fire can be kept burning, and can be borrowed, as our progenitors of the Stone Age knew. Of course, the chief use of the match is for the lighting of cigars and cigarettes, but we all provided ourselves with those tiny balls of round wicking which are fired by a small steel wheel and a bit of flint,

preferred by Turks and other Orientals to the match from time immemorial.

One day a Turkish woman, heavily veiled, came to the office to see me, and, at her request, a chair was placed for her in the recess behind the main staircase, where she awaited her turn, smoking vigorously in the meantime, as the blue-gray clouds that poured from her retreat bore witness. Suddenly she dashed out into the main entrance, screaming and frantically tearing off her voluminous trousers. It seems that she had thrust her lighter, still burning, into a deep pocket and it had eaten through to her leg.

I have seen Loie Fuller's fire dance, but it was nothing to the scene enacted by that Turkish woman, in any respect: effectiveness, sincerity, manipulation of draperies, originality of movements. I say this, without in any way prejudicing the sincere sympathy I felt for her. It should be remembered also, that she in nowise compromised her Mussulman modesty, as she managed to keep her veil on.

But to return to the blockade. Our chief danger of depletion lay in the fact that Turkey was being stripped clean of the necessities of life for the benefit of Germany.

A mixed commission of Turks and Germans—profiteering scoundrels—was running about the country engaged in this work, and trains marked "Berlin" were being loaded every day at Smyrna.

The local press rang with German victories; with the nobility and courage of the Teutons, and the cowardice, inefficiency and cruelty of the Allies. The populace,

which was overwhelmingly pro-Entente, did not believe any of this, but lived on rumors, mostly unfounded and untrue, picked up in various ways. Every man one met would whisper, after looking cautiously around, "I got another bit of news to-day. There has been a great French victory," etc. All such reports were eagerly seized upon and went over the city like wild-fire.

One day the Dardanelles had been taken, the next the British fleet had been destroyed; Kitchener was sending two million men to Turkey, a great Allied fleet was coming.

This last was the most persistent rumor, and people used to walk the quay and scan the horizon for the delivering vessels. Commerce, of course, was entirely destroyed and the inhabitants were getting poorer and poorer.

Sometimes definite dates were fixed for the arrival of the fleet, and were believed, after the manner of those visionaries who predict the end of the world. The eighth to the tenth of December, 1915, was the time finally agreed upon, confirmed by rumor and imagination, and great disappointment was felt when these days passed without fulfillment.

That the Turkish authorities feared the imminent seizure of Smyrna by the Allies was evident from many signs.

Shukri Bey, who had intimate connections with numerous prominent officials, stated that preparations were being made to transfer the government to Odemish, on the Aidin Railway. The *Vali*, together with the Chief

of Staff and Carabibber Bey, actually went up there to look the ground over.

Friendly Turks told me that plans had been made for a general massacre, in case the final attack by the enemy on the town began. I was informed that the committee organized to lay plans for the massacre and conduct it methodically and effectually were: Fikri Bey, Ismail Bey, Djela Bey, Ahmet Bey, Hadji Ismail Bey, Keour Ali Bey (alias "The Murderer"). The last named was chairman of the committee. The Vali himself, splendidly mounted, rode through the city with a staff of aids and announced to various groups of people that they should be calm and have implicit confidence in the government, which had determined to defend the town to the last extreme; but that, if it became impossible to hold it, the streets would run with blood and not one stone would be left upon another. We did not find these words very reassuring.

There were frequent rumors of German submarines in the vicinity on their way to Constantinople to sink the British fleet, and one day a group of German naval officers actually appeared in the cafés, only to disappear again as mysteriously as they had come.

In the early days of the blockade various people escaped to the islands, and thence to liberty, in rowboats and caiques; a number would meet at some lonely point on the shore, where a bark, previously arranged for, would be waiting for them.

Italy, it will be remembered, did not come into the war at the beginning. When the Consul-General, Marquis

Carletti, finally received word that his country had entered the lists against the Central Powers, he lost no time in leaving. Turkey. The manner of his going can only be described in slang. He literally "scratched gravel." He took no chances on travel overland through Constantinople, Sofia, Vienna. He did not know what incidents might occur on the road. In less time, almost, than is consumed in the telling, he bundled some necessities into carriages, and, with his wife and party, fourteen in all, including several priests, drove down to Vourla, where he ordered the owner of a small caique to sail them over to Ingleso Nesi, a small island supposedly occupied by the British. In fact, the English actually did hold this point for a short time, but were driven out by Austrian cannon.

It was stormy when the Marquis reached the coast, and the caique owner refused at first to set sail. Tempted at last by offers which he could not resist, he got under weigh, only to run upon a rock and dump the whole party into the water, which fortunately was shallow. They were carried to land on the backs of sailors and peasants who must have been sturdy fellows, as both the Marquis and his wife were no slight burdens.

They waited in the quarantine station until the hole in the boat was mended, and set sail again, this time to disappear behind a point of land and be seen no more. I learned afterward in Rome that a torpedo boat picked them up and towed them to Samos.

Mrs. Carletti, bidding good-by to my wife, said, "We leave like this, but we will return in different manner.



General Lyman Von Sanders

The German who taught German army methods to the Turks



King Alexander of Serbia

My husband will come back as governor-general of Smyrna."

I am convinced that she made this statement on sufficient authority, in so far as her own government was concerned. The Italians did certainly expect Asia Minor as their share of the spoils in Turkey, and do yet, for that matter. They have not forgotten their aspirations in that direction, nor the promises made them, when their help was needed.

But my old friend the Marquis will never go to Smyrna as governor-general, for the all powerful reason that he is dead.

The visit to Smyrna of Field-Marshal Liman Von Sanders gave me my first contact with German military pomposity, though I believe that the Field-Marshal was an exaggerated type. The fame of his invitation to dinner at the American Embassy, and the story that he left the table because he had been seated lower than cabinet ministers, had already preceded him. I was invited to meet him at a reception in the Austrian Consulate, and found him sitting alone in a corner of the room, side by side with a young girl. A cordon of vice consuls and secretaries had been thrown across the room before him. The Austrian Consul, Radimsky, explained to his colleagues, who had been invited to meet the Marshal, that there would be no introductions, as His Excellency wished only to refresh himself from his labors by talking with young girls; the Marshal would graciously permit the guests to walk up and down before the line and look at him.

Radimsky, by the way, was a charming fellow, who maintained till the last a persistent cordiality to and friendship for Americans. He is now Czechoslovak Minister to Sweden.

I bear Von Sanders no ill will for his conduct on that evening. I understood his desire, as far as the young girls were concerned, and sympathized with it. I have often felt that way myself. The one point of human contact in this very great man was his weakness for the fair sex, and, for that reason, he did no special harm to the Allied subjects during the period that he established his headquarters at Smyrna. He was otherwise engaged. There was a pert young Levantine miss with whom he fell hopelessly in love, and he took rooms on a narrow street directly opposite her house. Here he installed himself at a window and gazed across the way hour after hour. The young lady, needless to say, was greatly flattered, amused and interested, and spent most of the day at her own window, exchanging looks with her elderly admirer.

The town, too, plunged in the mysteries of a long, grilling blockade, found relief and distraction in this human comedy. An endless string of promenaders passed beneath the two windows, at which they discreetly glanced. It was during the time of Liman Von Sanders' sojourn at Smyrna that the spotted fever epidemic was at its height, and all pedestrians passing his house were forced to leave the sidewalk and go out into the middle of the street.

This disease, which was taking toll of high and low

alike, was communicated, so the doctors informed us, by a special kind of louse. It was even believed that the deadly insect differed from the common variety by its ability to hop like a flea, and for this reason beggars and the unwashed were given a wide berth.

The American Consulate was the most dangerous place in the city during the epidemic, because of the multitudes who were coming there for relief. I took the severest precautionary measures. The entire place was sprayed twice a day with a disinfectant, and all the employees were obliged to wear linen gowns that buttoned tight around the neck and reached to the floor. Their feet rested on thick mats soaked with the disinfectant. Despite all these precautions my Italian clerk, Mr. Pariente, who sat in the same room with me, was stricken down and died in two days.

Cholera was also prevalent in Smyrna during the days of the blockade, but we did not seem to mind that so much.

CHAPTER XXV

SOME DIPLOMATIC INCIDENTS

IN OCTOBER of 1916 the British colony was thrown into a panic by the arrest of the two Hadkinsons, father and son, for spying and sending information to the Allies. The elder Hadkinson, Oscar, was about eighty years of age, and the younger, Percy, was the father of several children. Both were highly connected and were prominent members of the colony. A Greek lawyer, Kyriakidhes, with whom they were associated, was also arrested on the same charge. There seemed to be no doubt of their guilt.

I went to see the Vali and found him furious.

"Don't try to do anything to save them," he cried.
"They must be hanged. They were friends of mine, whom I trusted, and their action has imperiled the entire British community, which I have been trying to help."

I did not blame him much, but thought it my duty to do all in my power for the Hadkinsons in view of the fact that the British were under my protection. I learned that the three prisoners had been demanded by Constantinople, which was fortunate for the two Englishmen, as the *Vali* would certainly have hanged them on the spot.

There was one arrow in my quiver: the British had in their possession a prominent prisoner by the name of Sabri Pasha, whom the Turks were extremely anxious to get back. Rahmi Bey had often spoken to me about this, and had asked me if there was nothing I could do to secure the repatriation of Sabri. There had been talk on both sides about exchanging him for General Townsend;

VENGEANCE WREAKED ON ABMENIANS 249

cers and sailors of the ships City of Chios and Assiout, which had been seized in Smyrna harbor at the outbreak of the war. These unfortunates were interned at Menemen for years and were fed and cared for, with great dif-

as also for the seventy civilian British prisoners, offi-

ficulty, by the American Consulate.

I therefore rushed off to Constantinople to see Ambassador Elkus, that scholar and gentleman and worthy representative of the American people. The prisoners, it seems, were on the same ship with me. I did not see the Hadkinsons, but Kyriakidhes was brought on shore at Constantinople covered with blood, and soon died. His throat had been cut during the night.

I told the Ambassador about Sabri and why the Turks were so anxious to get him. I forget the reasons at this moment, but they were strong ones. I explained to him that it could be argued that the hanging of the Hadkinsons at this time would prejudice the negotiations for the exchange of Sabri Pasha. He saw the point and drove over to the Sublime Porte immediately. It worked, and the two Englishmen were not hanged. In fact, I saw Percy Hadkinson after the war and he thanked me, with tears in his eyes, for saving his life.

But whenever a Turk is cheated of his legitimate prey, he invariably gluts his vengeance on the Armenians; a thing which happened in this instance. Rahmi was soundly rated by Talaat for not showing sufficient vigilance in his province, and the Hadkinson matter was cited in evidence. He therefore unearthed a general Armenian conspiracy, and threatened to send the whole colony on foot to Angora—a sentence of slow death—if they did not give him the names of fifteen leading members of the alleged Revolutionary Society. He got hold of fifteen names, somehow, and declared his intention of hanging these people. I told him that he would eternally damn his reputation, if he did this; that he knew as well as I, that there was no Revolutionary Society, and that I would certainly make the truth known in Europe if he put these poor devils to death.

He did not hang the fifteen "leaders," as a result of my intervention, but about seventy Armenian families were aroused from their beds at one o'clock in the morning and sent away on foot into the interior—ostensibly to Angora. I do not know what became of them, but I sent Miss Elsie Pohl, a German teacher in the American Girls' School, to Constantinople to intercede for them.

It was necessary to make all communications by messenger, as the Turks, long before our diplomatic relations were severed, seized our diplomatic mail, broke the official seals and read it.

A small valise full of such mail for the Embassy, entrusted to Doctor Cass Arthur Read, Dean of the International College at Smyrna, was thus violated by them and returned to the Consulate. I reported this and similar insolent outrages to Washington, but I believe that no protest was made.

Our persistent attitude of "turning also the other cheek" to Turkey, the real reasons for which are known only by the directors of a few great corporations, had already begun.

CHAPTER XXVI

AIR RAIDS

The last week of May, 1916, there were two aeroplane attacks on Smyrna, from the base at Mytilene.

During the first of these a number of bombs were dropped in the water near the *Konak*, and others on the Mussulman quarter of the town, killing five or six civilian Turks and wounding about seven more.

My wife and I, standing on the terrace of the British Consulate, in which we had temporarily taken up our quarters, could see these planes, low down and very near, glittering in the sun. They tipped slightly every time a bomb was dropped, as though to let it slide off.

Printed proclamations, bearing the British coat-ofarms, were also dropped on the town, announcing:

"To the Vali Pasha Rahmi Bey.

"If you continue to fire on Long Island and the Ships of His Britannic Majesty in the Gulf of Smyrna, the aeroplane will repeat this attack."

I still have a copy of this in my possession. It seems that the British were actually established in the island, but that an Austrian battery of big guns, which had been secretly moved during the night, was making it untenable for them.

Rahmi Bey called upon me in company with a German officer and asked me to inform the Embassy tele-

graphically that he would immediately intern all the British, French and other Entente subjects in the Mussulman quarter; and that, if the attack were repeated, he would hang one Entente subject for each Ottoman killed.

He also stated to me privately that Turkish indignation was at the breaking point, and that he could think of no other measure to avert a general massacre of foreign subjects. I believed, and still believe, him.

Perteff Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the troops, an intelligent Turk with a European wife, informed me that if more bombs were dropped on the Mussulman quarter, he would no longer be able to control the army.

The Vali, acting upon his threat, rounded up all the "enemy" subjects, big and little, and concentrated them in houses in the very center of the Turkish population. He then left for Constantinople.

I visited my protégés, and found them in various stages of indignation and resignation, though for the most part they showed considerable fortitude. Their situation was unpleasant, to say the least. If the British were really bombing the Mussulman quarter, they would be in the center of the attack; if the threatened massacre broke out, they were all there, convenient for the purpose.

As there were over twenty thousand people under my protection, whose lives were in immediate and imminent danger, I considered the state of affairs critical. I therefore telegraphed to the Embassy, asking it to communicate the facts to Rome, Paris and London, begging them to discontinue these attacks as having no great military.

value, and endangering the lives of thousands of their subjects. Incidentally, all my clerks had been taken with the exception of two Americans, and the extra work entailed in caring for all these people kept us busy night and day.

My telegram was acted upon, but not till another attack had taken place, which actually relieved the pressure and saved the situation. This time all the bombs dropped in the native Christian quarter and worked great havoc. Scenes of frightful atrociousness resulted, which greatly solaced the Turks.

A Greek mother, for instance, ran about the streets, screaming and stark mad, carrying in her arms the body of her headless babe; and an Armenian bride and groom, who had just been married in the American church, were both killed in their bed on their wedding night. The whole front of their house had been torn off, so that they could be plainly seen.

Allah is mighty and all merciful!

In those days, if an aeroplane bomb dropped within a mile of its objective, the pilot was commended for good marksmanship.

I got hold of the British official communiqué, which stated that "successful bombing of the railroad head at Smyrna, where troops were being embarked, had been carried out, and that the soldiers had been seen flying in all directions."

On June second the *Vali* returned and I met him at the railway station. He informed me that he had had a talk with Mr. Phillips, our Chargé d'Affaires, who had



Warning dropped on Smyrna in 1917 from British aeroplane



Archbishop Gennadius of Saloniki Who officiated at the founding of the American Y. M. C. A. at that city in 1918

got off a long telegram, supporting my request, and that he hoped to begin letting the prisoners go. He immediately gave an order for the release of those over sixty years of age.

But it was the second aeroplane raid which did the business. If those bombs had dropped also in the Turkish quarter, there would have been a massacre of Englishmen, Italian and French at Smyrna of which the world would have been talking yet.

But the Turks were destined to have more complete and consistent satisfaction some months later.

On the morning of March 30, 1917, about eleven A. M., to be exact, I was standing on the large terrace of the Consulate-General, with two Vice Consuls, Morris and Dortch, and a clerk, Berryl Whittall, when I witnessed an aeroplane battle, the details of which I immediately jotted down. For the sake of vividness and accuracy, I quote from my note-book:

"Three guns of the battery on Mount Pagos warned the people that hostile planes were coming. Running up on to the terrace we saw two heading in from the sea. Passing over our heads they went in the direction of Paradise, and we soon heard the explosions of dropping bombs. They were evidently attacking the big buildings of the aerodrome. Soon another plane rose to a great height over Mount Pagos, and a fourth appeared, and stood by, a little distance out to sea.

"The one over Mount Pagos swooped down and opened fire on one of the two planes, which sank slowly and obliquely to earth, exactly like a wounded duck. Its enemy pursued it for a few minutes, to make sure of it, then turned back and rose again into the clouds. The

other of the two planes, first seen by us, circled with the evident intention of getting between its stricken companion and the foe, when the latter dropped suddenly from the clouds and a battle began. The rapid fire of the machine-guns, though very distinct, did not have a vicious sound. Tat! Tat! Tat! Tat!—such a noise as a boy might make by beating on a table with the flat side of a ruler.

"It was soon over, and the eagle from the clouds was an easy victor. The second plane was not wounded! It was killed. It turned over and dropped head on, till, with a crash plainly heard by us, it fell among the cedars of a Turkish cemetery, on a hillside overlooking the sea. It looked for all the world like a huge dragon-fly, falling, falling. On account of the great height and the distance from us, it appeared to be coming down slowly, which, of course, was an illusion.

"The third plane flew away out to sea, toward Myti-

line."

There was much speculation in town during all the rest of that day and the night, as to what this battle meant, and the nationality of the participants. The morning papers announced that a Turkish aviator had brought down two British planes and put another to flight. The truth proved to be as follows:

The three defeated aircraft were British, from Mytiline, and the victorious pilot was the German ace, Buddecke, who already had a record of seventeen successful fights to his credit. He had been despatched secretly to Smyrna with a plane of latest type to lie in wait for the antiquated craft which the British were sending over occasionally from the neighboring island.

On his return from the battle he passed directly over

the American Consulate, low down, and we could see him distinctly.

The two aviators in the wounded plane were Lieutenant Treachman and Assistant Jones. They coasted down into a vineyard near Paradise and turned their plane over on one side to crush the wings. Then Jones, who was uninjured, jumped out and dragged out Treachman, who had a sprained ankle. He threw gasoline over the aeroplane and into it, setting it on fire. By this time some Turkish soldiers had run up, whom he held at bay with his revolver till the arrival of an officer, to whom he surrendered.

I was informed that Treachman was from Kiora, Stockton-on-Tees, England. He was taken prisoner, but I hope that he finally got home safe. The two aviators in the other plane brought down by Buddecke, a Farman, were Morgan and Sandle. They were literally smashed to a pulp and charred to cinders.

Their funeral was held the next day, the Turks and Germans giving them military honors. The procession moved from the *Konak* to the British Church at the other end of the city, escorted by Turkish and German soldiers. There was considerable friction over the arrangements, that even found an echo in the public press, both Turks and Germans desiring to reap full credit for this spectacular victory.

The Reverend Brett, British pastor, read the funeral service, and a sadder and more impressive one I have never heard. Buddecke circled about in the air and dropped flowers. He was a brilliant and brave aviator,

destined to add many triumphs to his list, but he found his Waterloo, I believe, in the long run.

The plane that escaped was also British. Seeing itself outclassed, it left. Morgan and Sandle deserved all the tributes of a generous foe, for they could also easily have quit the scene of battle, but, out of a sense of duty, they came on and engaged a manifestly superior foe.

CHAPTER XXVII

TURKEY BREAKS RELATIONS

On April 20, 1917, the Ottoman Empire broke relations with the United States and the flag was pulled down for the first time since 1819, or nearly one hundred years before. During this entire period the United States had been a persistent friend of Turkey, and had even now done no act justifying the severing of diplomatic relations. It has so continued till the present date, swallowing insults and aggressions that have, in several instances, been tantamount to acts of war.

About two months before the rupture came I received by special messenger a long despatch from the State Department, in secret code, informing me that Turkey was about to take this step. How the Department found this out I do not know. I had attempted to convey this information to William Jennings Bryan at the beginning of the war, as I have already related, but was unable to see him. The Great Commoner, fortunately, was no longer at the helm of State, which may account for the fact that information about the war was beginning to ooze into the Department.

I was instructed to read the records of the office for years back and to destroy all communications that might be of a nature compromising to any inhabitant of Smyrna. Thousands of letters had been written to us during the years, complaining of acts of injustice on the part of Turkish officials; or begging the influence of the United States in matters of contention; or furnishing political or other information. The archives of a British Consulate in a neighboring city had been seized, and several hangings had resulted.

This was an enormous job, and it was necessary to split it up among about half a dozen competent and trustworthy persons, who were kept busy reading, condemning and tearing out leaves for a space of over two weeks. These we burned in the fireplaces and washroom of the British Consulate, where they were carried in our pockets, and plastered to our bodies, in great secrecy, as one of the *cavasses* was a Turkish spy.

The consular "Miscellaneous Record Book," a journal in which I had recorded the events of each day, was sealed up in a leaden casket and dropped into the water reservoir on the roof of a house in the suburbs, whence we fished it up again in 1919. This book, if it escaped the fire of 1922, and the subsequent burning of the house to which the Consulate was removed, would make very interesting reading.

The official seals of the American and friendly governments were destroyed.

I was also instructed to get as many as possible of the colony out of the country on one pretext and another, without betraying the fact that hostilities were impending. Some left, but when the blow fell I had about sixty-five citizens on my hands, whom I was instructed to conduct, at the expense of my government, to Berne, Switzerland, via Constantinople, Sofia, Vienna.

The *Vali* was most agreeable. He informed me that a private compartment had been prepared for me as far as Constantinople, and that I could go ahead and pack my baggage, which would not be inspected by the local authorities. All that was necessary was that I should give him my word of honor that I would not take a piece of paper, not even a cigarette paper, with me in my luggage. I gave him this promise, much pleased, and we packed our many trunks, finishing about eleven at night, as we were to start at six the next morning. Tired to death, we sat down to supper, when the police arrived.

They opened all our trunks, throwing things about on the floor. They examined everything minutely, even cutting open neckties, to see if there was any paper in them. They did not finish till morning, barely in time for us, thoroughly exhausted, to catch the train. They found nothing, for I had kept my word, even though the Turk had lied and laid a trap for me. That is my last recollection of Rahmi Bey, and it eclipses and absorbs all others.

The Austrian Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Radimsky, came down to the train at that early hour, to wish us good-by and godspeed. They even brought flowers.

I will pass over briefly the trip to Berne, which was made mostly in a car with painted windows.

At Constantinople we had arranged to have our special go through to its destination, but at Sofia it was detached and we were all huddled on the railway platform. A guard was placed over us and a chalk line drawn which

we were told we must not cross. I argued with the officers that we were not at war with Bulgaria, and asked permission to telephone to our Minister who was still functioning in Sofia. They refused, and were, in general, insolent and unfriendly. We got hitched on at last, somehow, and proceeded on our journey. Arriving at the Austrian frontier, I descended with the keys of the whole party and approached an officer in showy uniform.

"Here are the keys of all our trunks," I informed him.
"I shall gladly delegate some one to help the officials open and conduct their examination."

"Keep your keys, monsieur," he replied, in the most friendly manner. "We wish to cause you no inconvenience, and we are not curious."

Arriving at Vienna, we took up the quarters assigned to us, and I was visited in a few minutes by an Austrian officer.

"Are you in charge?" he asked me.

"I am," I replied.

"I came to request you," he continued, "to inform all your people that we wish them to consider themselves the guests of the city. You are free to circulate about the streets, to visit the shops and places of interest, exactly as if there were no war. Be assured that you will not be watched or followed by police. We hope that you will enjoy your stay in the city. If I can be of any service to you, please let me know."

I have never been more deeply touched. We did enjoy ourselves, and we were not molested, nor did we see any signs of unfriendliness anywhere; and this despite

the fact that the gay and beautiful capital was being severely pinched. The bread and milk rations were small, even for us; there was no butter and no sugar and no lots of other things.

I have always considered the Austrian the most perfect and elegant gentleman of Europe, if not of the world, and not even the harshness and bitterness of the war caused me to revise this opinion. I believe that there has never been any unfriendly feeling for Americans on the part of the Austrians.

I left my compatriots at Berne in care of the Legation, which was charged with the task of repatriating them. There I received three telegrams from the State Department: to proceed to Barcelona, to Athens, and to Saloniki. As the last named post was in the thick of the war and was the base of the Allied operations against Bulgaria and Turkey, I decided that it would be the most interesting and that I would be more useful there than anywhere else. I therefore went on to Rome with my family, to find out the best route from that city to the capital of Macedonia.

Just before I left Berne two jet-black negroes came in, whom I had seen about Smyrna, but who did not come away with my party. I was much surprised, as the route was closed after out transit.

"How did you get through?" I demanded.

"We just eased out," they replied.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FROM ROME TO SALONIKI, 1917

At the Italian capital I was advised by our Embassy to proceed to my new post via Corfu, and was given a letter to Admiral Saint Père, of the French Embassy, who would arrange for transportation of myself and family from the coast to that island.

He received me most affectionately and promised that we should be sent by a French cruiser and that he would telegraph to Taranto orders for our reception on arriving in that city.

We left, therefore, by a train crowded mostly by military and arrived in the morning, fortunately, as it took me all day to find my "cruiser," while my wife, baby daughter and sister-in-law sat on our trunks and baggage in the broiling sun on the sidewalk.

And here I received my first impression of the military power of the Allies. Up to this time I had seen nothing but Germans, had heard nothing but accounts of their prowess. Constantinople, especially, had been most disheartening, crowded as it was with Prussian officers in helmets, dashing furiously about in big automobiles with noisy horns. But here was an old Moorish city, converted into a vast military camp, with not a German or Turk in sight. It was guarded, too, by stern and watchful sentinels, whose "Halt!" was not to be denied. For-

tunately, my papers were an "Open, Sesame!" and commanded instant courtesy.

I made numerous inquiries about my "cruiser," but could find no one who had ever heard of her, so I took a dilapidated one-horse cab and drove over to the port, a long distance from the railway station. I stopped various British officers riding in similar hacks, and asked them about the "French cruiser" sailing that evening for Corfu.

They were all polite enough—an Englishman always is—but they were in a hurry, and worried. No information was available in this way. I waited about the port for hours, till at length I discovered, quite by chance, a large steam launch piled with trunks and baggage, in which was sitting a British Third Secretary of Legation whom I knew by sight. He was being escorted out to a dingy little steamer in the bay by a number of Italian officers. I had been informed that this young gentleman was on his way to Athens, and that we should be together as far as Corfu on the same man-of-war.

I went into the office and, by great good luck, found the Captain, who fumbled about in his pockets and produced a telegram to the effect that he was to take me as a passenger. He told me to hurry, as he was sailing soon.

The affair had been badly managed, and our Embassy was to blame. The British never blunder in affairs of this kind. Back then to the railway station to find my family still sitting on the trunks, where they had been all day in dust like milk and heat like the Inferno. With great difficulty, and with the aid of much strong lan-

guage, I obtained a dray to take us and our effects to the wharf, where we embarked on a tug for the cruiser.

She proved to be one of two little coasting steamers requisitioned for this business. Her armament consisted of one machine-gun in the prow. The captain informed me that the sister ship had been sunk by a German submarine, on the trip preceding this, but he assured me cheerfully that there had been a moon then, and we were to sail in the absence of that treacherous orb. He thought our chances of getting through were quite good indeed. There were strict orders that each passenger should wear a life-preserver during the entire trip.

I did not know what to do about my family. I had no moral right to take them on such a venture, but I could not put them off at Taranto without going with them, and that I felt I could not do.

While I was mentally debating the question we got under weigh, and we did reach Corfu without incident, or I should not be writing this. The discipline on board was bad, too. Strict orders had been given that no lights were to be shown, but certain of the passengers persisted in keeping lamps burning in the dining-room without serious rebuke. I sat on the deck all night, scanning the dark waters and wondering what on earth I should do with that baby and those two women in case a German submarine should put in its appearance. My genial and courtly former Greek colleague at Smyrna, Demaras, and his charming wife both went to the bottom of the sea together soon after, on a similar trip in those infested waters, victims of a submarine.

Admiral Saint Père had informed me at Rome that our Minister to Serbia, Mr. Dodge, had crossed over to Corfu with his family on this same cruiser, a recommendation which had naturally borne considerable weight with me. I saw the Minister on the island, and he told me that he refused to embark on the ship as soon as he saw her, and had waited at Taranto with his wife until the arrival of a destroyer, for which he telegraphed. I suppose the Admiral did not know this. Had I known it, I should have done the same. It is possible that the vessel to which Mr. Dodge refused to entrust his wife's safety, was the very one that was sunk, and that he thus escaped going down in her.

Corfu was overrun with Serbians: the remnants of that brave nation who, with incredible sufferings, had been established there, mainly in the Bella Venetia Hotel, one of the two famous caravansaries which have been for years favorite resorts of British tourists. Corfu is the Cuba of England. In the other, the Saint George, I took up my quarters with my family, while I planned the next stage of my journey to my post.

The horrors of war had not been able to destroy the invincible charm of Corfu. Though the refuge of an evicted nation, and overrun with vermin, it was still smiling and beautiful. The stars were still there, the laughing sea, the olive groves, the memories of Ulysses and Nausicaa. While we dined, fairly well, by the sea at night, I closed my eyes and drifted back to the days of Homer.

And here came to me news of the devastating fire at

Saloniki, confused but persistent; one of the great conflagrations of history. The whole town was destroyed, rumor said, and the American Consulate with it; there would be no need to go, as there would be no city there. This delayed me for some days, till at last I obtained definite information that the old town had indeed been wiped out, but that the flames had not reached the new or European quarter, in which the Consulate was situated.

I therefore, after much inquiry and discussion, decided to cross over to Santi Quaranta, on the Macedonian coast, by steamer, and from thence go to Saloniki by automobile.

Our first effort at departure was doomed to failure. We had loaded our baggage on a ship and had ourselves embarked, when we noticed a number of destroyers suddenly leave their mooring and dash out to sea at such speed that the water actually poured back over them. We were ordered to go on shore and return to our hotels. The next morning we learned that the British mail steamer coming up from Malta had been sunk by a submarine just outside the harbor, and later a half-dozen or so survivors came in.

We set sail for Santi Quaranta and actually reached there without incident. We were genially received by the Italian military post, or *tapa*, who put us up for the night and sent us on the next morning in two automobiles.

We were three days and two nights on the road, although the Serbian Crown Prince had actually made the trip, as I was informed, in one day of twenty-four hours.

Over the mountains of Macedonia and the vast Plain of the Vardar is a picturesque journey at any time, but in those circumstances, when the roads were congested with marching troops, and all the stops were at military stations, it was unforgettable. The French posts were guarded by stern Algerians, black as Othello, whose "Alt!" brought our chauffeurs to a sudden standstill. They sternly took our papers, and returned them with the same uncompromising sternness, although the "Entrez, mossoo" was a guarantee that we could go in without being shot.

We passed innumerable sharp curves and skirted many precipices, over which we looked and not infrequently saw smashed lorries and motor-cars lying far beneath. One lorry that I glimpsed especially fastened itself on my memory: its four wheels were sticking up in the air and it somehow suggested a dead horse, on its back.

This was a dangerous trip; as I look back upon it now, I realize that it was extremely dangerous. I should not have taken my family with me. I could, in fact, have left them at Corfu, and I tried to do so, but my wife was simply unmanageable, and insisted on coming with me, her argument being that it was no more dangerous for the rest of them than for me. I was obliged to go as soon and as fast as possible, and they simply came along.

During the first day of the route we might at any time have been attacked by bands of roving guerrillas, with whom the region was infested, and farther on there was a fair chance of running into a battle. At times we could distinctly hear the cannon. But in those days men lost the sense of caution and of fear. I believe that much of the reckless driving that is costing so many lives throughout the world was learned in the Great War.

The first sight that I got of marching troops was of a French brigade advancing over the hillslopes, in open and irregular formation. Soldiers on the march always give the impression to the inexperienced eye of the civilian of much greater numbers than actually exist. A thousand men seem to him like ten thousand. These Frenchmen were extremely picturesque. They stretched over the hills for a long distance, and were accompanied by an incredible number of mules, donkeys and horses, laden with tents, machine-guns, and bundles of every shape and description. There were many queerly shaped wagons, too, some of them with chimneys,—evidently traveling kitchens. Only the elephants were missing to confirm the impression that Hannibal was again in the field.

British officers tore by us from time to time, in big automobiles: red-faced men, with tense eager faces, dusty as millers. They drove at terrific speed, crowding us to the edge of the precipice, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. I learned that a dangerous attack was developing and that they were getting to the front. This was just before we got down into the Plain of the Vardar. And then we drove, or rather seeped, for about half a day through British troops coming up the road: men, lorries, beasts of burden, and big guns—tremendously big guns, some of them.

Whoever has seen a sight like this will never forget how great an amount of impedimenta an army is obliged to carry with it. All of us who have read Cæsar's Commentaries know this in a vague way, but it is brought home more vividly to him who chances to see a modern army under way. These were reinforcements. I shall never know whether they arrived in time to take part in the fighting or not; but of one thing I am sure: their officers did.

And dust! I have no words to describe it. All the detachable earth in Macedonia was afloat. We could see but a few feet through it and were literally obliged to feel our way.

We came out of the river of Tommies at length and found ourselves on the wide Plain of the Vardar, racing toward Saloniki, which we wished to reach before nightfall.

Long before we arrived we were greeted by the acrid smell of smoke, and finally, just before sunset, we drove into a scene of wide desolation. Where houses had once been, there were smoking cellars as far as the eye could reach, and fallen walls. The first standing building that we saw was the Metropolis Church, or Church of Saint Sophia, intact in a sea of ruin. This had been miraculously saved, we were piously informed afterward by Orthodox friends. There was good reason for the belief, for there it stood, and the thing seemed otherwise impossible.

We found the Consulate, a pretty building in a small garden, outside the fire area, and in no further danger.

The furniture in the house belonged to my predecessor, and he had sold it all off. There was a great dearth of all useful articles in Saloniki at that time on account of the war and the fire. So there we were, in a bare house, and no possibility of buying anything. It had been impracticable to bring my own furniture.

As we sat looking at the bare walls, wondering what on earth we should do, an unexpected and unforgettable thing happened: a communication from British Headquarters, or "G. H. Q.," informing me that I was authorized to draw on them for beds, bedding, household utensils, or anything else that they had that might be useful to us, and asking me to send in a list immediately. I did so, and the very next day a big lorry came around, manned by British Tommies, who fitted us out very comfortably with camp beds, bedding, pots and pans, dishes, towels. Doctor Ryan and Miss Gladwin, of the American Red Cross, were also very helpful to us.

Had it not been for these acts of courtesy we should have been obliged to sleep on the floor. In fact I discovered, during the war, that the English hold to the tradition of blood relationship with us, and treat us accordingly, when occasion offers.

Immediately after my arrival at my new post I was prostrated by a feeling of weakness and obliged to take to my bed. I sent for a British doctor, who took me off to the military hospital, where he informed me that I was overcome by fatigue and would probably never be able to work any more. This did not frighten me at all, and I mentally consigned him to a place warmer even than the



Lieutenant Colonel Edward Ryan, A. R. C. Commissioner to Serbia and Greece during the Great War



Jews of Saloniki

Near East, at the same time resolving to rest as rapidly as possible. Whoever has had the patience to read the preceding pages will agree that there was ample reason for diagnosis of "fatigue."

I was put into a big room at the hospital whose only other occupant was a cadaverous-looking officer, suffering from malaria. He was a very tall fellow—or long, rather, as I never saw him standing, and silent even for a Britisher. He spoke only three words during the several days that I was in the hospital and it required an aeroplane raid to force them from him. He lay on his back and read hour after hour.

There was a Greek battery encamped but a few hundred yards from our windows, and one afternoon it surdenly, and without any previous warning, turned loose. People reading descriptions of this kind do not grasp the entire scene as it happened, unless, indeed, the writer be a Defoe. The only way to sense such a situation is to put yourself, mentally, in the writer's place.

Just imagine yourself lying on a sick bed, in time of war, suffering with extreme fatigue and something like nervous prostration; then, unexpectedly, a battery of cannon, two or three hundred yards from your window breaks into full chorus, and, in addition, you can hear the droning of aeroplanes and the crashing of bombs. My first impulse was, I frankly confess, to jump out the window and run. I was not too tired to do that. I rose on my elbows and looked at my British roommate. He was lying on his back and quietly reading.

Then I talked to myself. "George," I said—I always

call myself "George" in these intimate colloquies—"you are the chief representative of the United States in this region. You mustn't let any British officer outdo you in sang-froid."

So I grasped the sides of my camp bed and lay still as a mouse.

The uproar ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the succeeding silence was all the greater because of the contrast. As soon as I could perfectly control my voice, I observed, casually, to the officer:

"Infernal racket, wasn't it?"

"M'yas," he drawled, "bally row," and kept on reading. I should like to know the name of that book. I believe I could revive my own Monks' Treasure or Like Another Helen, with an advertisement like that. But I am not sure it was either of those; and now I shall never know.

Soon after that experience I arose and dressed, contrary to the doctor's orders, and carried my valise to the door of the hospital, where I called a cab and was driven home. In about a week I was hard at work again, but the good physician always treated me coldly after that. There is nothing so offends a doctor's professional pride as the recovery of a patient whom he has diagnosed as incurable.

I can not close this chapter without mentioning another act of British courtesy, which I shall never forget. Food was of an inferior quality and hard to get, but I was furnished officers' rations for myself and each member of my family. These were paid for, of course, but the

prices were reasonable. Each morning a lorry stopped in front of our door, loaded with every conceivable edible, from "bully beef" to Chutney sauce, sirup and lime juice.

Of course much of the tinned stuff came from America, but the British colonies, especially Australia and New Zealand, did not lag far behind. A staple meat item was Australian tinned rabbit. It seems that there are enough of these little animals in the Island Continent to supply the armies of the world.

I found that one eats rabbit enthusiastically two or three times, and compares it with chicken; after which he never cares for it any more, as long as he lives.

CHAPTER XXIX

SALONIKI-1917-1919

The Macedonian capital, during those great and critical days, was located on the spinal column of the war. If it could be broken there, the huge reptile, whose head was in Berlin, and whose body stretched through Bulgaria into Turkey, would die. It had spread devastation through the Balkans; the Turks were still vaunting their victory over the British, while the Bulgars were gloating over a map that displayed their country as of vast extent—"one of the great powers," as their Consul-General had explained to me at Smyrna, while he showed me this chart, hanging on the walls of his office.

The Wagnerian music of the cannon could be distinctly heard in the city, and whenever it became louder, the rumor ran about the streets that the enemy had broken through and was coming down.

One night a long series of fearful explosions, just outside the limits, convinced the population that they had actually arrived, and that a fierce battle was going on, a last desperate stand. The truth was soon learned: an extensive ammunition dump had been set on fire, and thousands of shells, big and little, were exploding.

I never ascertained how many Allied troops were concentrated at Saloniki, but general consensus of opinion placed those in the city and scattered throughout the province at five hundred thousand. The principal buildings were transformed into hospitals, General Headquarters, barracks and stores.

Whole cities of temporary hospitals sprang up in the outskirts. The streets were crowded with automobiles and huge lorries, or "camions," as they were called.

The British lorries were frequently driven by women; and red-faced British lassies, in uniform, sitting high up on the seats of immense vans, which they guided through the narrow streets and over the rough roads, were a common sight. Some of them looked very small on their lofty perches, and their hands bird-like, as they grasped the big steering wheels, but they were all determined and efficient. They went clear up to the front, too, and were appalled by no danger.

Two of them that I knew, were caught in a snowstorm in the mountains, and their engine stopped. They worked all night on it, got their huge camion going again toward morning, and, as the French say, "arrived."

There was a large Allied fleet always in the harbor, a necessary factor of the military operations, of course, but I remember it chiefly for its fierce and futile bombardments of enemy planes.

Raids were frequent, occurring usually at night. My predecessor had fitted up, with sand-bags, a sort of bomb-proof refuge in the cellar of the Consulate. The approach of an enemy plane was notified to the inhabitants by the firing of a gun, a few minutes after which all the lights of the town were shut off at the source.

We kept a lantern in the bedroom, and it was my wife who would hear the cannon. Her chief, and, I be-

lieve, only fear was for our little daughter, and she slept as lightly as a mother cat. How often have I seen her sitting up in bed, and heard her say, "The aeroplanes are coming."

Then she would scramble on to the floor, light the lantern, wrap a quilt about that blessed infant and start down the stairs. All the windows of the house were thrown open by myself and the servants, and a procession followed her to the cellar.

In a few moments the cannon on the men-of-war—just across the road; our house was one block from the seashore—would roar out in concert, and all the windows that had been left closed would fly in splinters into the rooms.

There was so much cannonading and bursting of bombs in the town that most of the inhabitants had pasted strips of paper over their window-panes, as a precaution against air shocks.

After a few excursions to our bomb-proof cellar, my curiosity overcame my fears, and I took the habit of going up on to the terrace, to watch the numerous shells exploding in the sky. It was really worth seeing and was not much more dangerous than the cellar, as the Germans had just perfected a bomb that did not explode until it reached the lower stories of a building.

The chief peril was being struck by a shell splinter from one of the Allied cannon. A captain of a Dutch ship had thus been killed at Smyrna, by a splinter from the shell of a Turkish anti-aircraft gun, fired at a raiding British plane. But I could not resist the spectacle of the long red flashes in the harbor, and the bright explosions, high up among the stars.

By day one could often see the visiting planes, and the pretty puffs of smoke that broke out in the sky, seemingly near them. But they never hit a plane, and I used to think—as I am an ardent hunter—that their chances were exactly those of a man shooting at a flying duck or goose with a rifle.

They did bring down a Zeppelin one night, though, and its burning lighted up the city and the surrounding country for miles. Strange to say, the passengers all escaped and hid for days in the Vardar marshes, where they were eventually captured.

The burning of Saloniki, like that of the ammunition dump, has always been a mystery, but has been attributed with considerable probability to enemy agents. The great conflagration afforded an opportunity especially adapted to the brilliant and erratic abilities of Colonel Edward Ryan, in command of the American Red Cross.

This extraordinary character was a rambling soldier of fortune, never happy except in the thick of danger and activity in some far distant corner of the globe. Richard Harding Davis would have delighted in him. He had followed an adventurous career in Russia and Central America; he was in Belgrade while it was being bombarded by the Austrians, and had performed prodigies of valor there. He had been decorated by at least half a dozen different governments. The last time I saw him was at the State Department in 1922, when he was just setting out for Teheran, having secured a post with the

Persian Government. He took a fever out there and died.

At Saloniki he was in charge of the large stores of supplies which we had collected, and he had brought over about a dozen American chauffeurs, whom he installed in a camp in the outskirts of the town. Colonel Ryan considered himself an officer in the regular army, and these men as his "soldiers." Out of this belief an amusing incident occurred. The boys were hard to manage, and the "Colonel" attempted to apply military discipline. He asked the British Marshal to imprison one of them, and feed him on bread and water.

The Marshal complied with the request, in so far as the arrest was concerned, but he came to me and asked if our Red Cross officers had such authority. At his demand, I referred the matter to the State Department, as a result of which the Red Cross Headquarters in America repudiated his action, and the "soldier" was released.

But at the great fire the Colonel shone. His lorries were the first on the field and did Trojan service in loading and saving the effects of the frantic inhabitants, as well as the people themselves. He told me that the French were the next to arrive, but that they refused to leave, after having loaded their camions, before a collection was taken up. The Colonel is dead now and so the French will have to fight this matter out with his heirs, if it interests them.

The most efficient hospital in Macedonia was that of two American women doctors, established at Vodena, which they conducted with admirable thoroughness. Doctor Flood was a sweet pretty woman. Doctor Keys, her associate, was a more stalwart type. My Vice Consul, Roberts, found her most attractive, for he married her and she is now with him at his post in Samoa.

Dressed in high boots and a military uniform, she stalked about with a big club, fearing nothing. When any soldier or attendant did not jump and run at an order of hers, she started for him with her club, though I believe she never got close enough to a delinquent to hit him. Even the flies feared this weapon, for not one dared to pass through her screened windows.

Sweet little Doctor Flood made an unhappy marriage, I am told, and is dead now.

The nature of my duties at Saloniki was largely that of an intelligence officer. That port was a sort of clearing-house for despatches from the State and Military Departments, and from our Embassies in London and Washington, to our Ministers and other officials in the Balkans, and Russia, and vice versa. I received daily long cables by radio, which I was obliged to decipher and forward; an immense and tiresome task. I was required to furnish the Department, also, all information which I was able to collect myself.

The chief diversion was shooting wild game. The region around Saloniki is a hunters' paradise. Pheasants, partridges, pigeons, wild boar abound, and the marshes of the Vardar swarm with duck. After a cold rainy spell one could drive along the military roads and pot from his car the greenheads that arose in a continual stream from the ditches on either side the way.

But the most fascinating sport was afforded by the large Asiatic woodcock that lives all winter in the bushes on the hillsides and in the deep grass, whence they are hunted out by specially trained dogs. They get up with a tremendous noise, usually behind you, and dart off on a zigzag flight; any good shot can understand the excellence of these qualities.

The chief Nimrod at Saloniki among the British was General Fairchild, on the General Staff. He specialized on "inspecting roads," and started out every day in a big car, with a couple of dogs and a shotgun, to look over the highways where game most abounded. He seemed to have a theory that the ducks and partridges scratched up the roads and should be killed off. He invariably returned from these vitally important tours with a good bag of game for the mess of the officers, by whom he was known as "Fairy."

On one of my own trips into the country I came near being the hunted, rather than the hunter. I was motoring across the flat Vardar Plain with a young British officer, when we noticed, at a great distance, a troop of animals scarcely distinguishable, on account of their grayish brown color, from the surrounding earth. At first they were small, but they rapidly grew larger and larger, sure proof that they were speedily approaching. As they neared us, we discerned that they were running so easily, so seemingly without effort, that they gave the impression of drifting over the fields.

Before we realized what they were, they had surrounded the car, and my companion cried, "Wolves!

Wolves!" They were about the size of week-old calves, ragged, patchy, dusty gray, lean, vagabond, veritable evil spirits of solitude and the wilderness. Their keen eyes flamed with hunger and curiosity. The chauffeur had stopped the car, and my friend and I were fumbling futilely with our gun cases, to get out a weapon. Even the cartridges had been packed away in boxes.

Just as their lips began to roll back from long yellow fangs, the chauffeur noisily started the engine, and they drifted across the road. As we moved on, they continued to drift, and rapidly mingled with the distant landscape and disappeared. I fired a long rifle shot at them without effect. They showed no terror, and their movements throughout were dignified and deliberate. They simply had been ignorant as to the nature of the automobile and its capabilities of offense and defense.

Among the outstanding personalities with whom I was intimately associated were Generals Sarrail, D'Esperey, Milne and Paraskevopoulos, and that romantic character, Essad Toptani.

The last was a sort of Homeric chief who had rendered great service to the Serbians and French during a critical period, by enlisting native Macedonian bands on their side, and was recognized by the Allies as President of Albania. He kept a sort of court in Saloniki, surrounded by his various ministers, and looked what he was, a rude chieftain of the old days when kings were chosen for their strength, courage and prowess. He never realized his ambitions, nor reaped the fruit of his loyalty, but was shot down by an assassin in the streets of Paris.

The most unforgettable of the Americans at Saloniki was Sam Moffatt, who, if he is still living, is still the greatest living liar. I hope he reads these lines, for I am sure that this tribute to his chief ambition will be appreciated by him. Dear old Munchhausen! His stories, told with perfect seriousness, were a sovereign antidote for the horrors and discomforts of war.

A favorite with Doctor Ryan and the other Red Cross men was a tale of a tree that he had cut down somewhere in the Far West, so big that several long freight trains, hitched one after the other, were required to bring it out of the woods.

My own choice, and the story that I have remembered with purest glee, had to do with his reasons for not joining us in hunting trips.

"This is too tame sport for me," he explained. "My favorite amusement is shooting flying fish on the wing from a motor-boat."

It is a fact that aviators at Saloniki frequently pursued with their planes and fired on the great flocks of geese which abound in the region.

Moffatt, it should be explained, had been commissioned by the American Red Cross to assemble, ship into the interior and set going a large consignment of motor plows which had been dumped on the wharf at Saloniki. He did a good and skilful job, and invited me out to a vast, fertile plain to look at them.

"With these," he cried proudly, "I can plow up all Macedonia."

Unfortunately, some essential part was missing from



General Paraskevopoulos
Commander-in-Chief of Greek forces in the Balkans during the Great War



General (now Marshal) Franchet d'Esperey Commander of Allied forces in Macedonia during the Great War

each machine, and none of them would move. I have no doubt they are standing there yet.

Sam Moffatt claimed that he won the war. He came down to Saloniki and announced that when the Bulgarian and German aviators were flying over Macedonia they saw his long line of American tractors and thought they were big cannon. They returned to Sofia with this news and the Bulgarian Government decided that all was lost and sued for peace.

The British, French and Serbians cultivated large areas for their armies, using American tractors of the caterpillar variety on the soft muddy plains. I remember one French officer who was making arrangements to introduce these into Algeria after the war, as especially adapted to conditions there.

No description of Saloniki at this time would be complete without reference to the Restaurant of the White Tower. This was a large building on the water-front, named after the ancient structure near which it was situated. It had been formerly used as a theater, and consisted of a vast hall, surrounded by loges, or boxes. At this the officers and soldiers, coming down from the front, indulged in revels of indescribable gaiety and abandon. Their life in the trenches has been described in many books on the war. Certainly no soldiers anywhere suffered as much discomfort as these men, condemned to pass many days on muddy plains, eaten by fevers and insects, subjected to all sorts of inclement weather, and engaged in continual fighting.

I remarked to an officer once, at the Restaurant, that

the boys were "going it pretty strong" and he replied to me, "We have only a day or two here, and we are returning to-morrow or next day to hell or possible death, and you can't blame us for condensing as much fun as possible into our brief leave."

When the place was full, the noise was so great that conversation was impossible. Rival groups of French, Serbians, British, Italians, Greeks, in as many languages, were vainly attempting to shout or sing one another down. Large numbers of girls were present, of the sort that always collect about an army, and these were continually being pulled from one tier of boxes up into the one above by the arms or legs, or being lowered in the same practical manner. Late in the evening several tables were usually assembled into one surface, and on this a number of girls would perform Oriental dances, disrobing meanwhile. Whole rivers of wine were drunk, with the inevitable effect, but good nature prevailed, and I never heard of any fighting.

One of the bravest women of the war was Miss Mary Matthews, a missionary teacher located at Monastir. This city was under continual bombardment, a large percentage of the houses being destroyed. She remained there to distribute the money which I sent to the suffering inhabitants, and to care for the ill and injured.

On one occasion she was talking in her room with an English woman, also a relief worker, and noticed blood trickling down her face. The brain of the unfortunate woman had been pierced by a flying fragment of shell.

Gas bombs were also frequently thrown into the town.

Miss Matthews distributed masks to the inhabitants, especially the children, showed how to use them, and always slept with one by her bed.

The road leading into the city was particularly exposed, and an approaching car was almost sure to be greeted by a salvo. One crept up as near as possible and then rushed in.

Major John Frothingham, of the American Red Cross, was located in Monastir during the war, doing effective work among the Serbian refugees. A wealthy man, he expended his own money liberally for this object. The orphanage which he founded for Serbian children was a much needed institution and the means of saving many lives. He put in charge of it a well-known Serbian woman by the name of Grouitch. On visiting the hospital he found that the children had been taught to pray every night for "their father Frothingham and their mother Grouitch." The Major was greatly affected by this, and somewhat amused, as Madame Grouitch was not his wife, and, in any case, the family was unnaturally large.

The Major, I am sure, can feel pretty sure of his future, both in this world and the next. Prayers such as those, from such a source, should be very potent.

Monastir, by the way, and the region around it, as near as I could ascertain by personal observation and investigation, was pure Bulgarian as to population, and Greek culturally and commercially.

The people in Macedonia changed their names and nationalities when need arose, which was often. If a man

were Panaretof under the Bulgarians, he became Panaretovitch when the Serbians arrived, and Panaretopoulos after a successful Greek invasion. He altered the sign over his shop, if he had one, accordingly.

During my sojourn at Saloniki I was the object of many exquisite courtesies on the part of the French High Command, especially from Admiral Merveolleux de Vignaud, and from various generals.

It was Commander-in-Chief Sarrail who furnished me with a *Drésine* and a military chauffeur when I was obliged to run down to the ancient city of Larissa, in Thessaly, on a mission connected with my duties. The rails were cleared of all ordinary trains, and our light car tore at terrific speed through the beautiful Vale of Tempe, sacred to the poets and Muses, and across the plains of Thessaly. My sister-in-law accompanied me, and we glanced frequently about in the hope of getting a glimpse of a dryad, or of Persephone, plucking flowers; but the speed at which we were going would scarcely have allowed us to distinguish them had they been there.

General Boucher came to the Saloniki station to see us off, at six A. M. I asked him on my return:

"What is the danger, General, of driving so light a car over the rails so fast?"

He replied comfortingly, "Aucun, a moins qu'elle ne déraille, mais cela n'arrive pas très souvent."

He explained further that he had sent the same Drésine down to bring us back from Larissa, but the chauffeur had been unable to arrive on account of a smash-up. On the morning of July 4, 1918, the Consulate was aroused by the strains of the *Star Spangled Banner*, played in a spirited manner, and, looking from the windows, we beheld a French naval band, which had been sent by Admiral de Vignaud.

It remained with us the greater part of the day, during which such an array of army and navy officers of high rank and of varied nationalities flocked into the reception rooms as could hardly have been produced at any other place or time.

Champagne, and plenty of it, is obligatory on such occasions, and must be paid for by the consul, out of his own pocket.

CHAPTER XXX

THE LAST DAYS OF THE WAR

THE breaking of the German-Bulgarian line on the Saloniki front was accomplished by a furious attack, in which all the different Allies participated with an élan and animus seldom equaled in the history of war.

I drove up in an automobile with Colonel Ryan to the headquarters of the Serbian Crown Prince Alexander, in the mountains, to find that he and his entire staff had left but an hour before. The camp-fires were still burning and neglected accounterments lying around. The Serbians had a recent and fearful score to pay off and they pursued the fleeing Bulgars with murder in their hearts. They stormed through the mountains on the run, pushing on even when wounded. Shooting was not good enough. They wanted to get near enough to stab or choke. There has never been such a ferocious pursuit.

I passed one night in an improvised hospital high up in the hills, where were two American surgeons, covered with blood from head to foot, operating on the wounded.

The Greeks, too, fought fiercely in this attack, and the first indication we had in Saloniki that it had begun was the arrival of large numbers of soldiers of that nationality, badly wounded.

The aeroplanes did much damage to the fugitives, crowded in the mountain passes, and a British officer described to me how the aviators dashed frantically off in anything that would fly, and how often they returned for new supplies of bombs.

As a result, many horses and other beasts of burden were killed, but the vultures fared badly at this barbecue, for the carcasses were immediately surrounded by hungry peasants, who cut them up and carried them away for food.

And now a curious diplomatic incident occurred. General (now Marshal) D'Esperey, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, informed me that he was expecting a Bulgarian delegation with offers of peace and alliance.

"We want no alliance with types of that kind," he assured me. "We shall receive them with the well-known French courtesy, but my only terms are unconditional surrender."

He invited me to be present at the interview, and I complied. The proposition of the Bulgarian delegation was as follows:

"We were forced into the war against the Allies by our geographical position, by pressure of the Germans, and by the intrigues of our pro-German rulers. But the Bulgarian people has always been at heart pro-Ally. Now that you have got our enemies and oppressors, the Prussians, on the run, we wish to seize the opportunity to throw in our lot with our real friends. Let us all move together on Constantinople. Our army is ready to march with you, but we have been largely influenced in taking this step by a prominent American official."

Even as I listened to this amiable talk, I could see in "my mind's eye," the official map of "Greater Bul-

garia," which had been shown me by my colleague of that race at Smyrna.

"We do not accept your alliance, gentlemen," replied General Desperey, in effect, "we do not believe that you have been influenced either by your love of us, or by the intervention of an American official, but rather by the prowess of the brave French soldiers!"

In his enthusiasm he forgot the Serbians, the British and the Greeks, but that was excusable in a Frenchman, and his meaning was plain. At any rate, the backbone of the great serpent was broken about midway of its length, and not long after the bells and sirens of Saloniki were ringing and shricking the glad news of Armistice Day.

The Turks were the most useful ally of the Prussians during the Great War, and the Bulgarians the most troublesome nuisance to the Western Powers.

CHAPTER XXXI

KING ALEXANDER AND THE MISSIONARIES

During the war Saloniki had been under military control, with the French headquarters in supreme command. Immediately after the Armistice the Greeks naturally took command, with General Paraskevopoulos at the head of his own and all the Allied forces. Put Chief Justice Taft into uniform and add a slight touch of the immortal Falstaff to his mental composition, and you have a fair picture of this genial Greek general. The French, British and Serbian forces, as well as the great battle-ships in the harbor, began slowly to melt away.

And now an incident occurred which, despite its seriousness, has always seemed to me to possess an amusing side.

About two miles outside the town is the Agricultural College of Doctor House. There, installed in comfortable quarters, he has been teaching dry farming, bee and cattle raising, for many years. Needless to say, this useful teaching has been combined with many prayers and much preaching, as the doctor is a missionary. He is a sweet, meek man, of saintly character, and has been ably aided by his wife, a sister of Poultney Bigelow, by his son Charley, and his daughter Ruth.

As most of the students of the college have been Bulgarians, in times past, the venerable President has acquired the language of this people, in which he loves to

preach. After the Armistice he continued to hold services in Bulgarian, with the result that he was arrested and thrown into prison as a Bulgarian spy. The action was quite understandable to any one acquainted with recent history in the Balkans. It was vital to the Greeks that their language should prevail in the region, and they could not permit Bulgarian to be taught in the schools; but they had been too drastic and spectacular.

I went to the Civil Governor-General, Mr. Adossidhes, an intelligent, cultivated, human sort of man, and said to him:

"This is the most foolish thing I have ever heard of. This arrest of Doctor House will be gleefully seized upon by the American press, which will devote columns to it. The papers will make out that this House is a near relative of the House who is the power behind the throne in America. I know for a fact that his wife is the sister of a publicist of great influence with the press. The British and French journals will take it up, with many unfavorable comments on the Greeks."

I was right. As a former newspaper man, I scented the sensational features of the arrest.

Mr. Adossidhes sprang to his feet and frantically tore his hair.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is terrible. What do you advise me to do? I did not order the imprisonment of Doctor House, which resulted from the too great zeal of the Chief of Police. The Doctor really shouldn't preach in Bulgarian, you know. But what can we do to offset this foolish act?"

"The evil can only be cured by heroic and equally sensational measures," I replied. "Telegraph for King Alexander to come up here and give a reception to the missionaries. He must also visit the school and praise its work. He must especially express admiration for the imported bull, which is the Doctor's particular pet, as a solace for a night in a medieval prison. But first of all, you must order the Doctor's release, and declare publicly that he was arrested without your knowledge or approval."

The order for release was immediately given by telephone, and the King telegraphed for.

His Majesty was glad to get the invitation to come to Saloniki, as it gave him the opportunity to make the trip in automobile, and he set out immediately. In fact, the character of this admirable young man had been well summed up to me by our American Minister at Athens, Droppers, I believe:

"He has only two real interests in life, his automobile and his girl."

He drove his own car and was a daring and skilful chauffeur of the Washington taxi-driver type.

A big reception to the missionaries, which I attended, was given in the Governor's palace by Mr. Adossidhes and the King, and the Houses invited His Majesty to a tea at the college.

Alexander ate the home-made biscuits of Mrs. House with huge enjoyment and did not forget to grow enthusiastic over the bull. He promised the support of the Greek Government to the American missionary institu-

tions in Macedonia and the country in general, and the Houses engaged to drop Bulgarian and begin the study of the beautiful language of Pericles. As an earnest proof of their sincerity, they immediately engaged a professor of Greek for the school.

Both promises have been faithfully kept and there is no country on earth to-day where American religious and educational institutions find such genuine hospitality as in Greece; as witness the important and flourishing Marsovan College, driven out of Turkey by massacre and fanaticism, which has been reestablished in Saloniki.

These institutions now work with the approval and assistance of the native clergy, which relieves them from all fanatical opposition and suspicion of proselytism.

When I first went to Greece I found the missionaries trying to convert the people, and engaged in a running fight with the local Christians. I persuaded them to enlist the priests on their side, and work with them, and I claim this as one of the most important monuments of my service abroad, in so far as missionary activities are concerned. When we founded the Y. M. C. A. in Smyrna, we called in the Greek Archbishop to bless the institution, and he, as well as other priests, came often to conduct services and give lectures.

The same thing was done, under my auspices, at Saloniki, when we laid the foundation stones of the Y. M. C. A. building there, on which occasion Mr. Venizelos also was present.

I had a very pleasant visit with King Alexander at Saloniki, and he was much amused at my account of how



King Alexander of Greece



Crown Prince George Afterward King George II of Greece

I came near killing him when he was about two years old.

The incident occurred at the old golf links on the slopes of Mount Hymettus, at Athens. I had made a particularly successful brassy shot and stood admiring the little ball as it sailed along about three feet from the ground, and wondering whether or not it would clear a gentle swell which it was rapidly approaching.

At that moment a round tow head arose from the earth in the direct line of the vicious missile—that of the baby Prince Alexander. I missed him by about an inch, and then went home, with enough golf for one day.

I have always been glad that my aim was not more sure, despite the fact that I narrowly missed an opportunity of distinguishing myself by a unique and original stunt. No man living, so far as I know, can boast of having bowled over a baby prince and future king with a golf ball.

Alexander, however, was reserved for a worse fate. He died in horrible agony from the bite of a pet monkey, and his removal from the scene was a veritable disaster to his country. He was harmless and genial and was becoming popular. Even his devotion to the beautiful Greek girl, Aspasia Mano, appealed to the popular humor, and it is likely that, had he lived, she would have been officially recognized by the government as his queen. Thus all the troubles and disasters consequent upon the return of Constantine, with his German consort, sister of the Kaiser, would have been forestalled.

Alexander, while living with his father and mother as

a young prince in Athens, was a gay boy, and prone to engage in nightly revelries which kept him out till all hours of the morning. His brother George, the Crown Prince, who was of a more serious nature, frequently remonstrated with him, but Alexander used to reply:

"That's all right for you. You're going to be king some day, and you must make a reputation for seriousness and sobriety. But I shall never be king, so there is no reason why I shouldn't have all the fun I want."

Both of these brothers were destined to wear the crown for brief periods.

Sophia, then Crown Princess, who ruled her household, even her husband, with a firm hand, endeavored to curb the youthful hilarity of her son Alexander, and ordered him to be at home and ready for bed every night at ten o'clock sharp; the garden gates, she informed him, and the palace door would be locked at that hour.

Returning about three A. M. not long after the issuance of this order, he found that it had been put into effect. The agile young man found no difficulty in climbing the garden wall, but it was not so easy to negotiate the palace door, which was not only locked but guarded by a sentinel, who said:

"I'm sorry, but I have strict orders from Her Imperial Highness not to let you in."

A compromise was effected after much argument and pleading: the door was at last opened with the understanding that the incident should be reported to the Crown Princess the first thing in the morning by the sentry.

But Alexander lost no time. He went to his father, Constantine, immediately after breakfast, talked to him as man to man and besought his help.

"It's all right so far as I'm concerned," replied the father. "I don't object to your having a little fun now and then, but what on earth shall I say to your mother?"

Sophia was an excellent housekeeper, efficient and thrifty, and a good mother. Though she was the sister of the Kaiser and the bluest blood of Europe ran in her veins, her manner in society was one of simple cordially. Her sense of humor was quite pronounced.

The water supply of Athens has been deficient from time immemorial, and she was greatly impressed by the scarcity of the useful fluid when she arrived in Greece as a bride.

"I must always decide," she once remarked, "when I get up in the morning, whether I shall order tea or a bath!"

In passing final judgment on much discussed Constantine, one must reflect that he was in a very difficult position. He was married to an estimable woman, mother of a fine family, who possessed an iron will, and who was, quite naturally and legitimately, more pro-German than the Kaiser himself.

Saloniki is growing and flourishing and bids fair to regain its prosperity and prestige of medieval times. It is being rebuilt, and the modern structures which are arising in its streets so recently ravaged by fire present a significant contrast to the desolate ruins of once prosperous and beautiful Smyrna. In fact, the remnants of the industrious populations massacred and driven out by the savage hordes of that arch-murderer, Mustapha Khemal, are furnishing new blood to the cities of Greece: Athens, Patras, Saloniki.

As I have mentioned Mr. Venizelos in this chapter, I can find no better place to say a few words about him. I have known him many years, and had heard much of him long before I actually made his acquaintance. Rumors of his growing popularity used to drift up to Greece while he was still in the island of Crete, leading revolutions for its freedom, and actually fighting against the Turks as the leader of a band.

From that time he steadily grew, until the final disaster of the Greek armies in Asia Minor. He is now living in Paris and is the subject of wide-spread dissension among his countrymen: about half of the race claiming that he was the cause of all the recent disasters of Hellenism, the other half acclaiming him as the greatest Greek since Pericles.

Of medium height, solidly built, with a round, highly colored face, and keen kindly eyes looking through big glasses, he is not immediately convincing as the hero of his turbulent career. And yet this is the man who fought as a Kleft chieftain, who was several times prime minister of his country, who made and unmade kings, who brought Greece into the Great War on the side of the Allies, and who was one of the big international figures at the council tables after the war, figuring as often in the public press as Wilson himself.

I saw him in Paris recently, in his luxurious flat. He is married to the former Miss Skilitzi, known as the richest Greek woman, which means that she has several million pounds sterling. His wife came into the room while I was talking to him, a plump decisive woman, wearing a very short skirt and carrying a tennis racket. He told me that he would not go back to Greece unless there was a general demand for him, and he himself were convinced that his presence were needed.

Since this interview with him, however, he has actually returned to Crete, and I read in an opposition Greek newspaper that "he is putting forth Satanic efforts to again become Prime Minister."

Incidentally, his two sons, following their father's example, have both married very wealthy women. It appears that Mr. Venizelos' many admirers have no cause to worry about the future of the famous statesman, or of his family.

CHAPTER XXXII

BACK TO SMYRNA

Shortly after the landing of the Greeks in Smyrna I was ordered back to that post. The history of that unfortunate enterprise and the series of dreadful events culminating in the burning of the city by the Turks and the massacre of its population, have been fully treated in my book, The Blight of Asia, and will not be repeated here.

One feature of my duties in Turkey is interesting, and deserves mention. I was judge of the Consular Court, and heard many suits, some of them of a civil nature and involving large sums. A prison was maintained on the ground floor of the building, which was often occupied. It was the only American prison in Turkey.

For some months I had a "boarder," accused of murder. I had not much doubt of his guilt, but was unable to convict him for lack of evidence. Following a violent quarrel over business affairs, he had gone to the house of his partner and made threats of bodily injury. About an hour later the partner was shot down while standing in a dense crowd at the Bourse, or stock market, in the Turkish quarter.

Two Turks, who declared to several people that they saw the man who fired the fatal shot, fled to Angora, and Mustapha Khemal refused to allow them to come and testify, though I offered to pay their expenses and guarantee their return.

This accused murderer had one redeeming quality: he was fond of children, and my little girl, then seven years of age, went regularly to say good morning to him, through the windows of his cell, which gave on the garden. She always referred to him as "my friend, the murderer," and he replied to her salutations with "Good morning, little Fairy."

On one occasion I was obliged to confine about half a dozen American sailors in our jail. These men had got drunk and raised such a riot that the captain of their ship asked me to lock them up. While in confinement, about three days, they broke up all the furniture in the place, including two iron beds, screamed and yelled night and day, and made an infernal racket by pounding on the metal doors. The Consulate stood on a corner and the streets were so thronged by wondering crowds that carriages could not get through.

The ship at last sailed away, much to my relief, and the prisoners with it, but not until the Captain, thoroughly enraged and disgusted, had mulcted them each a month's pay. This money he turned over to me with the request that I use it for worthy seamen in distress, a mandate which was religiously carried out.

Stranded sailors—men who have missed their ships—are continually coming upon our consulates for help, but I remember one mariner who asked no aid of any one. He was a gigantic Mobile negro, who, stranded and without funds, did not come near the Consulate. The first notifi-

cation I had of his presence in town was the news of a riot.

He went to work immediately. Noticing that ships were being loaded in the harbor, and that bales were being carried on board on the shoulders of Turkish hamals, those men who transport in this manner any burden, from a camel load of figs to a grand piano, he approached the boss, who spoke English, and demanded a job. Men were needed, and he was put to work on the spot.

He was cordially received by his Moslem colleagues, and things went swimmingly for several days. It seems that the Mohammedans took for granted that he was a co-religionist, as they had never seen before a son of Ham who was not also a follower of the Prophet. The gentleman from Mobile, however, was a Methodist. Now, it seems that an anti-Christian boycott was on among the hamals, who refused to allow any not of their faith to work on the quay. They began to suspect that the negro was an unbeliever and to interfere with his labors. As they could not talk with him, they attempted this by force, at first gently enough, at length more violently, with the result that he suddenly ran amuck. He literally cleaned up the whole quay, throwing several of the hamals into the sea, and driving the remainder from the scene. He was brought to me by the police. I helped him to get out of town and did not reprimand him. In fact, I secretly regretted that I had not some sort of decoration to confer on him.

"I'm sorry I didn't have my razzer on me," he grumbled, relating the incident.

"I'm mighty glad you didn't, Sam," I replied. "You

made a fairly good showing as it was. If you had done more, I should not have been able to get you off."

The Turks are very devout, and like the Catholics and the Oriental Christians have great faith in the efficacy of their saints. The tombs of the latter can be distinguished by the wall that is usually built around them and the strips of rag that are hung over the fez of the stone. These are mementoes of prayers, or "prayer rags," and serve to keep the defunct Hodja mindful of the various petitions.

Little is known of the life or history of these holy men, but the following particulars were given me by a Turkish friend, with regard to several of them:

Sheik Musta Effendi is interred with his wife. He is the helper of barren women, who go to his resting-place to pray.

Sali Déde is the Tuesday saint, and people go on that day to pray, especially for those in sickness. If a child is ill, its parents make the promise: "If my little one gets well, I shall bring oil for your lamp, or a broom to sweep your grave, or a green flag for your tomb."

Yussuf Déde, (Joseph) is the patron of travelers, who, when they arrive in Smyrna, visit his tomb.

Tomak Déde (at Constantinople) is the hammer saint. The devout go and hammer three times on his tomb, before they prefer their petition. He is buried in the Tash Kishla, and is popular with young people.

Saints are usually members of some religious sect or creed, who spend their lives in prayer. It is only after death that they have the power of performing miracles.

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Needless to say, women are the chief believers in their efficacy, and they often take their little children to the tombs, to be with them while they read the Koran and pray.

CHAPTER XXXIII

BUDAPEST-1923-1924

My LAST post was Budapest. This is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It lies astride the majestic Danube, is adorned with the stately palaces of emperors, kings and nobles, and its annals, which rival those of Constantinople, are rich in history and romance. Its principal streets are imposing, wide and well-built. The artistic taste and patriotism of the Magyar race is liberally displayed in many statues that commemorate the great men and heroic deeds of which the country is justly proud.

For years Hungary was the bulwark of Europe against the Turks, and the legends of its heroes in this struggle are even now fresh in the public memory. Traces of the Ottoman occupancy can still be found in the city.

The vivid and powerful novels of Maurus Jokai are many of them drawn from events that occurred during the long struggle between Turk and Hungarian, and are widely read in their native tongue.

Pest, the modern part of the town, lies in the plain, but ancient Buda, on the other side of the river, flows up the slopes of overlooking hills. Here are the palaces, most of them, the principal government offices and the ancient landmarks, including the Turkish and Roman. The long bridges that span the river add much to the picturesqueness of the town.

At the end of one of these, standing on an eminence, is the statue of Bishop Gellert, who is regarded as the patron saint of Budapest. Legend has it that the heathen, risen in insurrection in 1046, after the introduction of Christianity by Saint Stephen, rolled the Bishop down the mountainside into the river in a barrel. This is the version commonly believed in Budapest, though historians confine themselves to the bare statement that he was hurled from the cliff.

The Hungarians are in many respects a mysterious race. Evidences of their Mongol origin are written plain on many faces, especially those of the peasants in the villages.

Their language is sui generis, bearing no relationship to any European tongue, and little to any Asiatic. It is as unearthly as though the Hungarians had brought it from the moon, or from Mars. Some slight resemblances to Turkish can be distinguished, but this is probably due to the long years of Turanian domination. The Professor of Japanese in the University of Budapest informed me that Hungarian was related to that tongue, but that it was much more difficult to acquire.

Another distinguished Magyar told me, whimsically, that the ancestors of his race had originally set out, a small band, from the shores of Lake Baikal with a drove of cows, and had traveled for many years, looking for a rich, level grazing country on which to settle. Their children, or their children's children, finally arrived in Hungary, where they took root, turned loose their cattle and built villages. They learned their language, according to

this gentleman, from the cows with which they held commune during these long wanderings, comparable to those of the followers of Moses.

The Hungarians are patriotic and they have reason to be proud of their country's history; but it is doubtful if their language is much of an asset in their struggle for progress and commercial ascendancy. As a means of communication with the outside world it is in the nature of a Chinese wall.

About the only word that I learned during a two years' residence in their beautiful city was tilos (pronounced tilosh). It means "forbidden" and is posted up everywhere, as in Germany verboten is omnipresent, but it kept me in a continued state of anxiety, as I did not wish to break the laws, and I was never able to read the rest of the signs.

Fortunately for the foreign shopper, practically all the business in Hungary is in the hands of the Jews, most of whom know German, and not a few, English.

The capital, in fact, is frequently dubbed "Judapest" in local parlance. In no country in the world have the Hebrews obtained a firmer hold than in Hungary. The great landed estates are still in the hands of the Magyar nobles, who live on them in medieval state, surrounded by their dependents. There are also smaller holdings, held by rich bourgeois and by hereditary farmers of the Hungarian race; but the Jews are the merchants, bankers and great manufacturers.

And this situation has a direct bearing on the government finances. The Parliament is largely composed

of landowners, who represent the chief wealth of the country, which is essentially agricultural, and one of the richest, in this respect, in the world. The senators, naturally, are opposed to voting serious taxes on the land, and have a well-known working principal, "Let the Jews do the business and pay the taxes."

But for this state of affairs there would be little trouble with the Hungarian budget, and there would be small need of printing paper money.

On the whole, the Jews are quite happy in Hungary and flourish mightily. They own the costliest automobiles, crowd the most expensive restaurants, wear the showiest fur coats and sparkle with diamonds. "Jew baiting" exists to a certain extent, but is carried on mostly by young Junkers and college students, who seem to find a certain amount of amusement in this pastime. They rarely commit serious crimes, though bodies of Jews are occasionally found floating in the Danube.

It is but fair to state that the Jews residing in Hungary are as patriotic as the Magyars themselves, on the whole, and as willing to sacrifice their lives or their fortunes in defense of the fatherland. Their reputation in this respect was greatly impaired by the activities of Bela Kuhn, who brought Bolshevism into the country, from which it suffered greatly. I was taken down into a dark cellar and shown the room where numerous people were tortured and done to death by the Bolsheviks; and, in general, the terrors of their ferocious and bloody régime is still fresh in the memory of the people. The Jews in Hungary are very generally changing their

names, or translating them into Magyar; in this manner, for instance, "Wolf" becomes "Farkas."

The Hungarians are, for the greater part, royalists, and long for the return of their former kings. This statement is particularly true of the nobles and the old families. The remnants of the Austrian imperial family are concentrated in Budapest, where they find a safe asylum and much homage.

The Archduke Joseph and his wife Augusta are greatly revered and enjoy wide-spread popularity. I attended the wedding of the young Archduke, Joseph Francis, with the Princess Anne, at the Cathedral, and the reception at the palace on the hill in Buda. The leading noble families were at the church, where the ancient and historic costumes of the Magyar nobles made a spectacle of medieval splendor and picturesqueness.

The whole town was decorated with flags—a royalist demonstration—and the reception at the palace was worthy of the heyday of the Hapsburgs.

There was a truly notable display of valuable and historic jewels. This was in 1924. The most enduring impression of this fête was of the stately and charming manners of all these people of royal blood, and, at the same time, of their desire to appear gracious.

The Archduchess, mother of the groom, circulated freely among the guests, shaking hands and talking with all present, in the most charming manner. Augusta is a warm friend of our genial Minister, Judge Theodore Brentano, of Chicago, who has taught her the American game of poker.

When she comes to the Legation to play, which is frequently, she arrives in state, accompanied by a majestic major-domo, bearing a large box containing cards and chips. It seems that she knows enough about the game to prefer using her own equipment. This idiosyncrasy nearly caused a diplomatic incident on one occasion.

The then First Secretary, Mr. Shoocraft, possessed a large and intelligent German police dog, which was allowed to lie on a rug before the fireplace. When the Archduchess leaves the legation she summons the major-domo, whose duty it is to pick up the box of chips and cards, and walk out in a solemn and stately manner.

One night the dog, having taken it into his head that the man was stealing the box, leaped upon him and held him firmly with his teeth, to the great consternation of Her Highness, who very probably congratulated herself that she had deputed a servant for this task.

The Hapsburgs, despite their charming manners and their evident desire to win the affection of the people, are not for a moment forgetful of their lofty lineage, as the following incident will show:

My daughter, then eleven years of age, attended a children's party, at which was present a little girl of ducal blood, who joined gaily in the festivities. In the midst of her fun, her governess stopped her and said, severely, "Do not forget that you are an archduchess!"

Poor little brat! It seems cruel to remind a child of a thing like that.

Among the representatives of the old Magyar nobility the Count Apponyi is perhaps the best known in this country. He is a striking figure: tall, slender, distinguished-looking, with a white beard. The wedding of his daughter was also a great event in the capital and there was the same display of gorgeous uniforms. In fact, the Magyar nobles bring out these historic vestments on all notable occasions, and are very proud of them. Each family has its own, in the same manner as it has its coat-of-arms.

It was my good fortune, on several occasions, to be invited to great country places on hunting parties, and I shall never forget the baronial state in which these people live, nor their lavish hospitality. Their tables groan with a vast variety of savory food, prepared by the best cooks in the world, and the delicious Hungarian wines flow much more freely than water.

After much eating and drinking the hunting party starts afield in high dog-carts, attended by a wagon loaded with food of every description and many dozens of bottles of Tokai and other unrivaled wines. They hunt pheasants, partridges, hare and even deer, for a while, after which they all meet at an appointed spot for lunch, which lasts for a couple of hours. In fact, I should say that these are eating and drinking, rather than shooting, parties.

These Hungarian estates, in the arrangement of their houses, their game preserves, etc., are plainly modeled after the great English country seats.

We occupied a beautiful apartment in Budapest whose windows overlooked the Danube with its graceful bridges and continual procession of shipping; local ferries, darting to and fro; strings of lighters, drawn by sturdy tugs; huge, white double-deckers carrying passengers over the long sinuosities of the mighty river.

The trip by boat from Vienna to Budapest is one of the pleasantest experiences a traveler can possibly have, and no one who visits the Austrian capital should neglect it. As it is necessary to get up very early to take the boat, one should sleep on board, which can be done quite comfortably. But reservations should be made many days in advance, as there is a lively demand on the part of the initiated for these cabins.

During the entire journey a rich agricultural landscape, dotted with white farm-houses and pretty villages, unrolls like a vast and peaceful picture, while famous castles and fortresses look down on the river from either bank: the ruins of the frontier fortress near Deveny; the fortress of Pozsony and the Coronation Town; Komarom; the hill of Estergom, with its Cathedral and Primate's Palace; the picturesque ruins of Visegrad, perched on a rocky peak.

Late in the evening we pass beneath the lofty arch of Margaret Bridge, and glide up to the wharf of Budapest, after a restful and soothing day, whose every minute has been crowded with interest and beauty.

The Hungarians are a great people: great in music, science, literature, industry—in all that makes for the higher reaches of civilization. Americans are just beginning to appreciate the educational advantages of Budapest and are flocking there in increasing numbers to complete their studies in music—the violin, especially—and

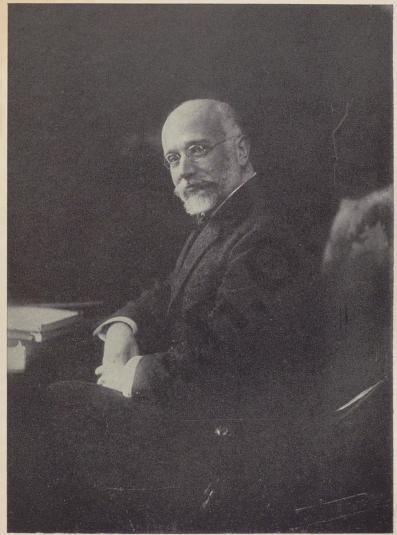


Photo by Taponier, Paris

E. K. Venizelos



House of Parliament, Budapest

surgery. No people, not even the Italians, are keener music-lovers. A piano recital by a master will fill a great auditorium to suffocation.

The first subway was built in Pest, and is in operation to-day.

The Hungarians participated in the Great War on the losing side, and they are eating the bitter fruit of defeat. Their territory was cut down to such an extent that large tracts inhabited by their countrymen fell into enemy hands. Great numbers of Hungarians, despoiled of their property, and persecuted, have poured in upon Budapest and sister cities until the housing problem has become almost impossible. There is naturally a profound feeling of resentment, not unmixed with a thirst for revenge. In fact, there are powder mines of hate in various parts of Europe which need only a lightning flash, or even a lighted cigarette butt, to blow them up.

Several years ago the Hungarians of the United States sent a statue of George Washington to Budapest, to be set up there, and every year there is an official celebration by the Hungarian-American Society at this statue. In 1924 I was invited to make the speech for this gathering, and said, among other things:

"The first notable object that the immigrant sees, nearing New York, is the colossal Statue of Liberty dominating the harbor. This act of the Magyars in America (the gift of the Washington statue) makes me feel as though the Statue of Liberty had stretched her hand across the seas and had grasped hands with the deathless Spirit of Liberty in Hungary. There is a very friendly and brotherly feeling between the people of the great re-

public that owns George Washington as its father, and the people here who are thrilled by the patriotic songs of Petöfi, and the pages of whose history are immortalized by the statecraft and heroic deeds of Louis Kossuth."

CHAPTER XXXIV

FINAL WORDS

I AM often asked by young men: "Do you advise me to go into the Consular Service?"

This is a question that I prefer not to answer. The responsibility is too great. In early life one finds one's self on a highway, along which one has come for a short distance with sure footsteps. Suddenly—after school or college, this highway splits up into many roads that lead off into the distance, the ends of which can not be seen. There are no sign-posts. At the end of one road is mediocrity, of another failure and poverty, of another fame, of still another power and palaces. No telescope has ever been invented that can see the end of these thoroughfares.

Mr. Harding, a good and able man, but not a genius, went into the newspaper business when young, and died President of the United States.

One thing is certain: the consul, at the end of a long and faithful career, will be retired on a small pension which will cease at his death and leave his family unprovided for, unless he has means of his own.

The fundamental weakness of any permanent government job is that it puts a man entirely at the disposition of a small clique—a clique of very good men, sometimes, but always human. There is no help for him. He can get on no faster, can rise no higher, than they decree. As he

gets older and the end looms in sight, he feels this more and more. The powers that be may protest that in their particular Department, whether it be Army, Navy or State, exact justice is meted out, but they are not infallible, and, as I have said, they are human. When we consider the great opportunities that life in these United States affords, and the heights to which an ambitious man may arise, it becomes a serious, almost a cowardly thing, to put one's self entirely in the power of a Department clique.

On the other hand, the Consular Service is alluring. It gives a young man a fair salary to start with, combined with the opportunity for foreign travel and residence abroad. If one is sure that he is of the plodding office type, that he has not in him the ability to attain any of the prizes that American business, professional or industrial life affords, that there are no palaces and satrapies at the end of any of the other roads, then he had better choose the one leading to a consulate. But in so doing, he should be fully aware that he is possibly trading his birthright for a mess of pottage. It is a great and glorious and pregnant thing to be a young man in America.

I was beginning to make a reputation as a writer of successful novels and short stories when I embarked upon a consular career, but during the twenty-five years of that career I had no time to write anything. There have been, however, consolations in my own case. If I have not imagined romance, I have lived through days of great actuality. I have saved lives. I have had the

unique experience of twice evacuating my colony on account of war, both times from Smyrna; and of seeing two cities in which I was stationed, Smyrna and Saloniki, destroyed by great conflagrations.

Another thing which the candidate for a consular appointment should remember is that he will be "retired" at the age of sixty-five. He will find himself out of a job, and equipped with a mass of experience and training which fit him for no other.

What shall he do? Hang around the State Department, frequent reunions of his former colleagues and talk shop—shop to him no longer? If he has been wise, he will have devoted the last ten years of his official life to preparing for his new career.

The big men of America, the men holding down jobs which boys can not handle, are young at sixty-five.

Kellogg, Secretary of State, is seventy; Taft, Chief Justice of the United States, sixty-nine; Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, seventy-two; Edison, the world's greatest inventor, seventy-nine; Herrick, our Ambassador to France, seventy-two; Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, is over seventy.

And not in America only is this true: Asquith, one of England's greatest statesmen, is seventy-four; Thomas Hardy, who is still writing the world's best poetry, eighty-six. Sophocles, when he confounded his judges with the brilliance of his intellect, was over eighty.

We can not, of course, all of us be Mellons or Tafts or Hardys, but that is not necessary. A retired colleague of mine is cultivating a vegetable garden, and getting much fun out of it, with some profit, materially. He could not do better. In fact, the country is in more pressing need to-day of good gardeners and farmers than of financiers and politicians.

General Milne, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in the Balkans during the Great War, has gone to Africa and taken up a tract of farming land. He is nearing seventy.

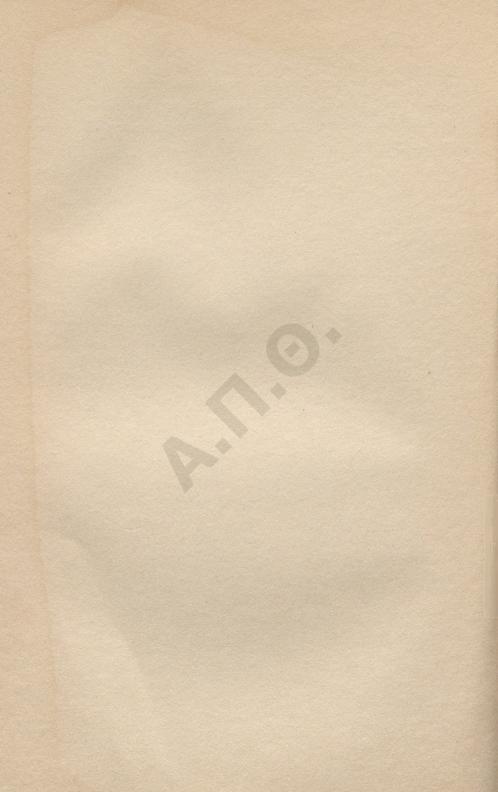
The most dangerous and dismal enemy of the man of sixty-five to-day is loneliness. If he does not find some pursuit to occupy his mind, he will die of it. When he gets around that age, his lifetime friends begin to die off; to drop into the Great Unknown, where they hear not, neither answer. The new generation has been educated on different lines, and knows little of the Elysian Fields where the Great Masters walk, from whom he drew his inspiration, solace and culture. They speak a different language. They speed up a sixty miles an hour, without time to glance at the flowers by the wayside, and the mottled kine, knee-deep in clover. They have forgotten the dreamy strains of the Strauss waltzes, and jerk through the Black Bottom to hysterical and discordant African sex noises.

But it is a pretty good world, after all, and there are sane people still left in it. Human nature has not basically changed. The brave and genial spirit can always find congenial friends.

The only antidote for loneliness near the end, as at the beginning of the road, is work, and a keen interest in something—in everything.

Personally, I am glad to have acquired my freedom at an age when it is still not too late to take up the broken threads and to devote my entire attention to pursuits that most enthrall me.

THE END









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